THE REVIEW

FALL NUMBER

1928

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VOL. Vol. 43

MO. 1928 - 1929

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Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.
Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second class matter.

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VOLUME 43 NUMBER 1

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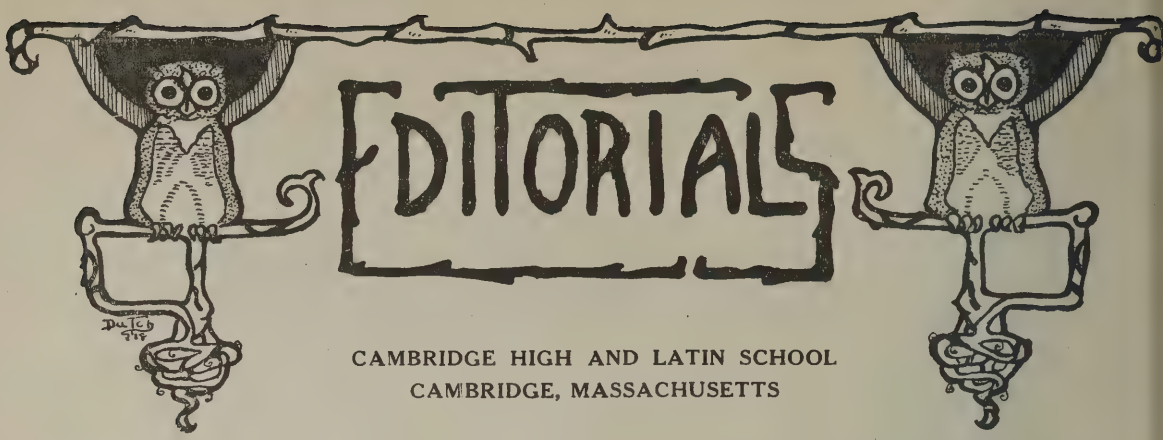

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

WELCOME, Freshmen! We are glad to see your faces in the corridors and proud to have your talent in the School. We feel that, in spite of all the well-worn jokes at your expense, we could not live without you. *You* are the life of the School.

We know that it may seem egotistical to offer advice to you who are so nearly our equals in knowledge; but we venture that in the hope the advice will be taken as we mean it — friendly assistance with the success of your future; and consequently that of the School in mind.

Only three or four short years ago and *we* were in your places. As the year progressed it became apparent that the Freshman Class had divided into two camps. One group decided to concentrate their efforts and advance: the other faced the fours years with no thought for what was ahead. Almost all of us began with genuine dislike for work and a strong tendency to "raise Cain" in the class; but even these few traits which we held in common were soon to be characteristic of only one group — those who had *no definite plan*. The other group was surprised to find that studying was not so disagreeable after all — there arose an exhilarating feeling of contentment after having done a job well.

But this group with no plan? — There was anything but a feeling of contentment there! They made needless, distasteful trips to the office for discipline; they were in trouble at home; they wasted time on idle chatter which gained them nothing — except trouble; and, worst of all, they thought that *everyone* was working against them when it was only *themselves*. Many of them "dropped out" (which is a polite way of saying they quit) and the majority of the rest barely skimmed through their courses.

Those who had resolved to advance in their Freshman year, you will find now as presidents of classes, captains of teams, leaders on the Honor Roll, or quietly content at being mediocre.

And you, Freshman, what will you be?

PLEASE! YE LETHARGIC

THE yearly call for material is on again. Why don't you write that article or story that has been in your mind? Don't "let someone else who is better at writing" do all the work: we have found that *their* contributions are neither long enough nor good enough. We want *yours!* Just a little anecdote or article from *everyone* would give us a wealth of material — but we are poor!

SOME time ago notices were distributed among the students announcing the opening of the Cambridge Night School. Probably this particular opportunity for advancement does not affect you, but we hope that you will pass the word along to someone for whom this School may mean a better, a more successful life.

The School opened October the eighth with a record attendance of nine hundred students. The fact that one enrolls late makes no difference, for arrangements to complete the full course are easily made. Registrations should be made on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at Cambridge school buildings. Courses are given in most of the regular subjects and in addition — lip-reading and office practice.

Many of you nonchalant students may be interested in knowing that a great majority of the Night School attendants were once taking the same courses in Cambridge High and Latin School.

ATTENTION, JUNIORS

THE Secretarial Department is pleased to announce to Juniors that a new course in machine accounting and filing is now available.

The course has been made possible by the generous action of the School Board in purchasing several valuable office machines and seventy-five individual filing systems.

We sincerely hope that Juniors will not overlook this valuable opportunity to gain practical business experience.

There are times when fate seems inexplicably stern. We found it so when we returned this year and realized that one of our number was missing. It was with deep sorrow that we learned of the untimely death of Harry Trask who had made himself dear to us all.

The School extends its sincere sympathy to his relatives.

SENIOR ELECTION RESULTS

THE Review is pleased to announce to the School the results of the Senior Election. May we forecast at this time a very successful year for the graduating class.

The names of the officers are familiar to all of us and we feel sure that they represent the best that is in a promising class.

Seniors, your President!—"Bill" Squires, an athlete and a "good fellow;" he will serve you well.

Your Vice-President is Margaret Murphy, your Treasurer — Harold Browning, and your Secretary — Frances Mahady. We commend you for your careful selection.

You have Ruth Campbell, "Joe" Dugan, Sally Roche, Winifred Shaffer, and Shirley Trask to arrange the Drama for you.

The Reception Committee could be no better. They are: Helen Gately, Mary Altimas, Joseph Hyde, Mary Toomey, and Marjory Lynch.

Again we declare our faith in the class of '29 — are you with us?

ATHLETIC DANCE

THE Cambridge High and Latin School Athletic Association conducted it second athletic dance on Thursday Evening, October 11, the night before Columbus Day. This second dance was run in conjunction with Rindge Technical School as on the following day Cambridge High and Latin and Rindge Tech engaged in their annual Columbus Day classic. Music was provided by Billy Boyle's Copley Plaza Orchestra. The dance was a success financially. The proceeds will go to pay the debts incurred by the Cambridge High and Latin School Athletic Association. The student committee which planned the affair was advised by Mr. Foley, Faculty Manager and Mr. McDonald and Mr. Sheehan, coaches of the football team. A great deal of credit is due to this committee for their labor in making this dance a success, and to the students who attended, for supporting the affair.

Numbered among the guests were: Mr. Cleveland, Principal of the school; Mr. Bramhall, Headmaster; Miss McElroy, Dean of Senior Girls; Mr. Bliss, Dean of Sophmore boys; Miss Driscoll, Dean of Sophmore Girls; Mr. Downey, Dean of Freshman Boys; Miss Russell, Dean of Freshman Girls.

Because of the success of this dance it is our earnest desire that many more like it will be held in the future, for they not only provide an evening's enjoyment, but also serve as a source for arousing school spirit, a thing, that is very desirable in every school.

W. H.

PHOTOGRAPHY

IT was with the utmost interest that we read an editorial in last year's June Review under he "sincerely hopes that in future years a camera the caption "Photography." We quote the editor: club page will be a feature in the Review."— And we know that he was sincere in his hope, for he exposed cinema film amounting to almost half a mile on a recent European trip!

But that is beside the point. The article referred to, points out the fact that, although amateur motion picture making is still a luxury, "still" photography is within the range of us all. The rudiments of the science of photography are very simple and the beginner will understand them with very little trouble — so that ignorance need be no hindrance to interest.

Will those who *are* interested in forming a camera club make themselves known to the editor at the Review office?

SCHOOL SPIRIT

"The bigger they are; the harder they fall." Let's fall hard for "School Spirit" and get out to the Everett game *twenty-five hundred* strong!

AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

THERE is a flag that flies in fifty-eight nations. It girdles the globe, and is everywhere recognized — in African jungle, Arctic waste, Himalayan mountain — in remote as well as crowded sections — as a symbol of mercy.

In Turkey this flag is the Red Crescent, Persia prefers the Red Lion and the Sun, more than fifty nations use the Red Cross. All carry the symbolic meaning of help in time of distress, of health preservation, disease prevention, and international co-operation in humane effort, which recognizes no frontier, no difference in language, but only merciful help for all men.

Under this banner more than twenty million people in the other nations are enlisted. Under our own American Red Cross more than ten million men, women and children stand ready for service to their fellows. The Red Cross flag stands for national civilian relief measures in peace and in war.

You know the significance of the Red Cross flag when you see it flying at the scene of disaster. You know its humanitarian purpose when you see the Red Cross emblem upon the sleeve or cap of the nurse. You realize that ten years after the Armistice, the Red Cross still carries on for the World War veteran, providing comfort and entertainment for him in hospital, aiding his family where necessary, preparing and following through his claim for insurance, compensation or disability. A nation-wide public health service; prompt help by trained personnel in case of epidemics; safeguarding the lives of swimmers at seashore or bathing pool; teaching safety measures in factories and great industrial organizations — all are services rendered to the public under the standard of the Red Cross.

The Red Cross is three things in one. It is an international, a national and a local organization. It owed its inception to a young citizen of Switzerland, Jean Henri Dunant, whose one hundredth birthday anniversary was observed nation-wide on May eighth of this year of 1928. The quite casual journey of this young man in June 1859, through Lombardy, was to mark the beginning of the end of barbarous treatment of wounded in war, and the dawn of a new mercy and co-operation in humanitarianism that has since enveloped the world.

Dunant accidentally witnessed on this June ady the horrors of the battlefield of Solferino, where that day had occured one of the most cruel and gruesome battles in the world's history of war — the collision of the armies of Austria and of Franco-Sardinia, to decide which should hold supremacy in Northern Italy. Three hundred thousand men had met in deadly conflict, over a battle line ten miles long, and the furious struggle between the armies lasted fifteen hours, when the Austrians were defeated. Dead and woundede at the close of the days' battle numbered 40,000.

Succoring the wounded became the task of the young traveler. With the help of Peasant women he set up the first dressing stations" of modern warfare. Impressing volunteers, men and women, medical men and amateur nurses, he saved hundreds of soldiers' lives. He afterward described these events in a small volume, "The Souvenir of Solferino," which was to challenge the attention of the civilized world. He urged the formation of voluntary societies, whose aim should be to succor the wounded in time of war and to give aid in epidemics and national disasters in time of peace. Volunteer nurses to serve during the war without distinction of nationality, medical men to be treated as neutrals, ambulances and medical supplies not subject to confiscation as war supplies were part of his plan.

In a short time, the first Geneva Conference was called at which sixteen states were represented, as well as the order of St. John of Jerusalem, the English hospitalers. This international conference of 1863 — sixty-five years ago — adopted resolutions of great importance such as the neutralization of wounded, of hospitals, of medical personnel, and the standardization of the flag of mercy. In compliment to Dunant's native land, their meeting place, the conferees chose to reverse the Swiss flag — a white cross upon a red ground. Thus, the Red Cross became a reality.

Other conferences at Geneva followed, and the United States became a member of the International Committee of Red Cross Societies when President Arthur signed the treaty March 1, 1882.

Upon the 100th anniversary of Dunant's birth

(*Continued on Page 30*)

MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD: ELINOR WYLIE
A Book Review

"MR. HODGE and Mr. Hazard" is a book to live in when you are tired, when you are sick, or when you have read many detective stories. Then this fragile tale will come like fresh stinging rain to give you life. Its exquisite form will delight you. It will satisfy a longing to let your nervous thoughts wander over feathery frosty images of character instead of being hurtled from incident to incident. Over and over again you will gasp with joy at a perfect word or image. Elinor Wylie has not written poetry for nothing. You feel her delicate workmanship even in the chapter-headings, for instance: "Funeral of a Mouse; Ambush at a Breakfast Table; Camelopard at a Party; Crack of Doom in a Teacup."

The theme itself is a symbol. It is the symbol of a sensitive introspective nature coming into contact with a practical self-satisfied nature, full of knowledge and empty of wisdom. We see the same conflict about us, even in us, all the time.

This story is as a cameo cut from one summer of Mr. Hazard's life. He returns to England after some years in Freese, incurably romantic, remembering "the blackthorn more clearly than the mud." After recovering from influenza he goes to the country where he meets a charming lady and her daughters, Allegra and Penserosa (delicious names!). With them he lives a brief ecstatic month or two until the children's tutor, Mr. Hodge, appears. There is a sharp clash, and Mr. Hazard is left with only the memory of a summer.

Perhaps we should let Elinor Wylie herself pronounce final judgment on the elusive Mr. Hazard. I quote from the introduction: "He was evidently the victim of an excessive sensibility which the higher order of his talents failed to stiffen into character. With gifts and natural abilities far above the common, he nevertheless lacked the power of self-discipline to a regrettable degree, and therefore fell an easy prey to morbid introspection and the disapproval of Mr. Hodge."

The book is, in the opinion of the reviewer, the most exquisite piece of workmanship in writing that has been done recently. Surly it must survive. But who knows?

MAY SARTON

AUTUMN MOODS

I

FATNESS of fall is heavy on the air;
The days will fold their summer-wings for fierce
Wind-trampler nights. But now the glare
Of zinnias, tempest-hot, begins to pierce
Into my startled eyes. I long to splash
In copper-flame, deep purple, blue, clear wine.
I long to paint profusion, all this rash
And generous earth that needs one fruit of nine
She swells. But then I see the zinnia tempest,
The zinnias pouring color on the air
With autumn passion. Is there then no rest?
I swoon almost! Is there no beauty bare?
Are there no cruel crystal clouds to smite
The color with cool snow and make it white?

II

The petals of white poppies floating fast
To rot in palest fragrance on the ground,
The petals of the roses lingering past —
Quaint children of the wind — I have not found,
Not one. Are they then gone with birds or rain,
Their loveliness dispersed like summer-dew?
For now the days sweat heat and dust again.
Voluptuous and fat the earth anew
Bulwarks herself against a heedless sultry air
Hangs listlessly about — piquancy lost.
Wistful, I dream that winter will play fair,
And taking roses, poppies that must go
Strew us with them: petals instead of snow.

MAY SARTON, '29

MY LADY

THE Count of Rauchatel stood in the great drawing room of his hotel. He was slightly annoyed by the persistent disregard of his ringing. At length, he went to the door and called his old servant, who had served ever since the day he had left his father's home to serve in the army. The old man entered, and, in reply to the Count's hurried questionings, said:

"They have all gone, M. le comte. They have joined the rabble from the Quartier Latin who swarm over the whole of Paris. Is there aught that I can do?"

'Curse them," said the count, "I suppose that dog of a coachman has gone with the rest? I should have gone to Germany with my friends, but I thought that this would all blow over as the others have. Now here am I, stranded in Paris, with only you to serve me. Bah! Curse these Revolutionists for having upset my plans."

That night the Count slept soundly, little caring what the morrow brought, save that it might inconvenience him. The next morning, a little before noon, while the Count was eating the breakfast prepared for him by the faithful Jean, he heard a knock at the door. Jean, answering the summons, was roughly thrust aside and a squad of soldiers, whose leader, coming to attention before the indignant Count, rasped.

"Aristocrat, I have here a warrant for your arrest. Follow us quickly."

The Count, much too astonished to speak, drew his sword and leaped for the officer. After a brief, but fierce struggle, for the Count was a fine swordsman, he was overpowered by sheer force of numbers. The officer bade Jean gather clothes and bring them to him at once. Thus, in a few moments, the Count was walking down the street, surrounded by a squad of the Revolutionary police. He was conducted to prison, and thrust into a room in which there were already several other prisoners.

Two of the men were known to the Count, friends whom he had met in the army and who, like himself, had disdained to flee Paris. An old priest was there, one of those who had not sworn to support the Revolution. There, also, arose to greet the newcomer the aged Prince de Nevers, whose white hair and beard surrounded his face like clouds around the moon before the storm, and as the moon, too, his face, so calm and placid was it even in this Revolutionary prison. With the Prince was his grand-daughter, a beautiful girl of ninteen, whose jetty curls gave a pleasing contrast to the old man's snowy hair.

The Count, seating himself on a truss of straw, began chatting with his friends of the old days in the army, before the world went mad. So passed the day, and the night followed uneventfully.

Shortly after dawn, the door swung open to admit the officer of the previous day. He commanded the prisoners to follow him. Filing through gloomy, endless corridors, at last they reached a large room, where sat the Revolutionary tribunal. Taking their places at the end of a long line of prisoners, they watched the progress of the summary proceedings.

"Name? Henri Joseph Renard? Bien, Death. Next."

Their turns soon came with this rapid fashion of dealing. The judgment of their cases was the same. Death. But when? Led back to the room, they spoke of old times, of poetry, of science. They were bored by all this fuss, and resented the rough speech of their peasant judges. The day passed in talk, and the night dragged out it long hours of silence, broken now and then by the noise of musketry in the distance.

With the morning appeared the officer, this time with a scroll in his hand. Standing just within the door, he began to speak.

"Citizen Dubois."

One of the Count's friends arose, and, smilingly, he said,

"Adieu, mes amis." and strode from the room.

"Citizen Villeneuf."

"A moment, Raoul," cried the Count's second friend, and he bowed and ran after his companion.

"Citizen de Nevers."

The old Prince arose, and taking the girl's hand, knelt before the priest. Then placing her hand in the Abbe's, he, also, walked to the door.

(*Continued on Page 31*)

PARABLES

I

THERE is a man living by the name of Hiram Watson. You are not the only person who has never heard of him. In fact, no one outside his own village has. Since he was born, fifty-fours years ago, he has lived in the same farmhouse, half-way up a hill. Encircling the house there is a fence; this has always been there. Beyond the fence is a road. Once, when Hiram was a small boy, he decided to go up this road, — or down it. He arose very early, dressed, and put a piece of meat and some bread in a bag. Then he opened the gate and walked out into the middle of the road. At first Hiram thought he would go up it, for there was, he had heard, a very fine view at the top. But the hill looked steep and very rocky. After all, the view was hardly worth the climb, and he had never thought what lay beyond the view. So he decided to walk down the road. But there was nothing except a small, muddy brook. So Hiram turned around, walked through the gate, closed it behind him, put the bread and meat in the larder again, undressed, and crept back into bed. You have never heard of Hiram Watson.

MARGOT CLARK, '30

II

THE people of a vast tribe inhabiting the earth, were accustomed to bury their faces in dirt every morning for ten minutes exactly. Their fathers had told them that their fathers' fathers and grandfathers and before them too, many generations of fathers and grandfathers, had always buried their faces in dirt every morning for ten minutes exactly.

Suddenly, into the quiet comparatively monotonous routine of the tribe, there crashed an occurrence so terrible, so unwarranted and devastating, that the whole settlement was thrown into furious confusion. Three young women, strong in body and evidently in mind, failed to bury their faces in dirt for three successive mornings. The most important men and women in the tribe assembled to cogitate, and finally sent an embassy to the three, ordering them either to perform regularly in the future the rite which their fathers and grandfathers had performed before them, or expect to be severely punished and made to see reason. But the young women were firm in their decision and answered the embassy thus:

"We do not care whether our fathers performed this custom regularly or not. We do not grow beards because our fathers did, nor do we wears rings in our noses because our mothers' mothers did. During the ten minuets when your faces are immersed in dirt, we are rejoicing in the sun and wind on our faces, and are beginning our work for the day. We walk above the dirt, and because we do, we are unafraid of you or your punishments."

At this presumptuous speech, the tribe arose in a wild furore. Meetings, debates and riots occurred, for a few among the tribe sympathized with the rebels. When the young women refused to bury their faces on the fourth morning, they were peremtorily arrested and thrown into a dark cave. In front of this, lest they feel the sun or wind on their faces, a thick skin was hung. To complete the humiliation of the three, the tribe bound their arms behind them, and chained their faces to the dirt, so that not only for ten minutes of the morning but for every twenty-four hours of the day, they would have their pride and defiance broken down by suffering the very thing against which they had rebelled. For twenty-four hours of terrible agony, the young women lay in the cave, unfed, suffocating from heat and lack of air, breathing and eating dirt when their throats were swollen from thirst. On the next morning, the whole tribe had gathered, as was their custom, in a large field in the centre of the village. The chief, standing on a raised platform in the middle of the field, read aloud the usual passages and then, descending from his dais, knelt on the ground, scooped a little hole, and laid his face in it. The rest of the assemblage likewise knelt, scooped holes, and laid their faces in them. But only a moment of the ritual had passed when eight men and women raised their faces and crossed silently to the cave. Here they unbound the chains of the three sufferers, rubbed their stiffened limbs, and gave them water. Then, silently, the eleven passed through the deserted town, chose eleven horses, and rode away across the plain. When they had come to a high hill, they stopped and built on the summit a new kingdom, which grew and flourished in the sun and wind. Meanwhile, the tribe who were left behind continued to bury their faces in the dirt every morning for ten minutes exactly.

MARGOT CLARK, '30

A SAGA OF THE NORTHLAND

THE sun was bright, the sea was dazzling with the reflection of the sun on its blue-flecked depth; the sands were shining and the wind blew fresh and clear. The beauty of the day was overpowering, yet to the boy, lying prone in the golden sand, with the dazzling hue of the far horizon, tempered by the occasional flash of a white darting seagull, it seemed a dull enough background against his soul-troubled musings.

He looked down harbor to where the wharves, enhanced by distance, showed purple in light and shade against the white sea walls, built by his ancestors, the Viking sea rovers. In imagination the boy peopled the fast-crumbling wharves with a bright procession of people: first, a hardy band of warriors, blond and laughing giants, followed by women and children exulting in the strength of their husbands and fathers who were thus going gayly forth to war; then, their leader, richly attired and carrying his crimson cloak which is waving in response to the compelling tug of the southward wind. Amid the cheers of the townspeople, resounding in the clear air, he proudly steps into the boat. As the white sails slowly fill out and the ship slowly moves away from the wharf, another Viking ship has started to plunder the rich Saxon strongholds.

The boy's eyes cleared and with a groan he saw the wharves suddenly crumble, the people vanish with mocking shouts, and the proud ship disintegrate into nothing but the ever-moving waves. His eyes kindled as he thought of the Saxon towns to the south, filled with golden plunder and he half-laughed exultingly as he thought of the kingly fighting there.

His face darkened as he thought of the present decadence of Hogarth-on-the-Firth and his lip curled as he thought of Hogarth's former fighting men, now sitting supine and obese at the Great House table, and of their leader held in shameful thrall.

Turl, surnamed the Fearless, had not always been thus. Time was when he had carried the Viking shield against the Saxons, even sweeping down upon the far Gallic towns. Coming home in exultant victory, he was ensnared by the laughing lips and inviting eyes of Elanne who shamelessly held him prisoner but merely played with him as a toy.

So held in bondage, his wharves decayed, his shield tarnished, his vibrant manhood sickened, his men grew fat and maudlin, and he quickened his spirit with the red sparkle of wine instead of the sword's silver gleam.

So mused Harr, the boy, while gazing at the shimmering sea, not knowing he was breathing in great gulps of clear salt air as if to transmute the gross in his thoughts to gold.

That evening, he entered the dining hall, frowning to see Elanne, dainty but false at heart, smiled on by master and thrall alike. In his heart a desperate resolve took place and he looked around the walls, hung with the trophies of other and better days, as if he might never again look upon them.

Seizing his opportunity, he went swiftly to the head of the table where Turl, the master, sat eagerly pursuing any little thread of talk that Elanne dropped him, much as he himself would drop a word to a following cur. Harr, asking permission with a look, started to sing in his pleasing boy's voice.

He sang not of the wars, nor of the sea, but of a man who yielded to his baser longings, who was content to stay at home held by a woman's artifices, who forsook the creeds of Norsemen for the litany of bright eyes and mock-coy blushes. The former Vikings, recognizing in the song, an allusion to their present state, involuntarily sat up straighter. With perhaps a rekindled longing in their hearts for their olden customs, they breathlessly prayed for the safety of the intrepid minstrel.

It took longer for the audacious reproach to sink into Turl. At last, however, he sprang erect and drew a glittering blade from his belt of leather. The silent watchers feared for Harr, the daring singer, but with a groan as of a newly-awakened soul, Turl shook off the softly entwining arms and passed to his own chamber. He paced the floor all night frequently crying aloud. In the morning he had made up his mind and with all courtesy Elanne was escorted back to her father's lands who, so gossips said, was nothing better than a highway robber. Elanne was sent back with a strong guard as a protection against the wild beasts — but Turl was *not* in that guard.

In the ancient town of Holgarth-on-the-Firth you can find many old wives who tell you how Turl fought and overcame his weakness. The tale has been handed from mother to daughter and centuries have not dimmed the description of how on a May morning a splendid company strode the boards of the newly repaired wharves, how dashing Turl looked in his rippling red cloak, and how he and his laughing blond giants were cheered by the townspeople. And a real tale-monger of these old wives would rather die than

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REDEMPTION

THE flying-horse palace was in full swing. Shiny black and white thorough-breds reared on their hind-legs; red and brown Indian ponies galloped wildly; jet black stallions pawed at the ground daintily, their slender necks arched gracefully. Multi-colored paper streamers writhed snake-like over the heads of the spectators. The sweet, inervating odor of molasses candy in the making and the savour of sizzling hotdogs permeated the atmosphere.

In the foremost row of seats, perched precariously on the edge of a glass-like, varnished chair, legs dangling, stubbed shoe-tops almost touching the floor, a rapt, starry-eyed child shivered with delight at the glorious panorama unfolding before her. Both hands grasped the rounded arm-rests. The tiny knuckles whitened in an effort to restrain her emotion. Occasionally, wriggling ecstatically, she twined her legs about the iron supports underneath the chair. Once, when a twisted paper streamer whirled past her, she gave a little gleeful crow, which was smothered immediately by two small hands being clapped before her mouth.

These antics did not escape the attention of a rubicund old gentleman two seats farther down. He was of a genial, open appearance. His rotund dimensions promised a cheerful nature. His tiny, deep-set eyes should have been twinkling and happy; a broad, expansive smile should have creased his plump, pink cheeks. Instead, his eyes had a dull, glazed look and his mouth drooped at the corners. For he had learned from his doctor that morning that he had a month at the most to live. To know that he had but one month to live! You see this old gentleman was not prepared for death. In his happy-go-lucky philosophy of life the grim specter of Death had never intruded. He had lost his childhood faith in God, and he dreaded and feared the unknown dangers of the beyond. He was in much the same situation as a young child who has been left alone in the dash for the first time.

To break the unending cycle of his morbid thoughts, he had fixed his attention on this ragged child, whose unflagging interest in the brilliant carnival before her brought back memories of his own youth. With an effort he raised his heavy bulk and waddled toward her.

'How'd ya like a ride, sister?" he beamed.

Without hesitating a second the child placed a trusting hand in his and hastened toward the flying-horses, which were just starting up. With the aid of the ticket-collector, he heaved himself up and lifted the child on a horse. This, as far as she was concerned, was Paradise . Perfect happiness of this sort can come only to the very young. With joyous squeals she clung to the neck of her benefactor, begging him to ride on a horse that went up and down, too. At his dismayed refusal she allowed him to stand beside her horse and encircle her waist with a plump arm.

The whole afternoon was spent in this fashion. When the amusement resort closed, he had assumed his customary aspect. His eyes were twinkling; his face, wreathed with smiles. The child's desire had been fulfilled; the man, too, had gained that for which he was searching. His probing questions to the child has revealed her simple but satisfactory philosophy. No longer was he struggling in darkness. A ray of light had pierced the obscurity. He again had faith in a God who was just and merciful.

THAT YOUNG CALF

IT was haying time when I visited Salem. Everyone was busy, for black clouds were on the horizon. Just five more minutes — the last wagon load was stored. How it did rain and blow and thunder! There was no let-up all night, but the sun rose the next morning — even though it could be hardly seen. The cows were not milked before seven that morning — the "calf" that had escaped during the night was not missed. I was the only one who knew nothing of haying, so I was sent to find it. Cows, cows everywhere, but no sign of that young calf. I was famished, tired, wet from the long grass — but no calf. I called on all the saints in the calendar to help me but they must have been away — no calf. I came home when the sun was highest in the heavens — breakfast and dinner would be together. I told my discouraging story, but my uncle only laughed and pointed to a huge cow standing near the barn. That was the calf; it was older than all the others but was called a young calf from habit. All my trouble for nothing, with only an angry frame of mind to pay for it.

BEATRICE M. LEPOS

SCOTCH BALLAD

Jeamie gan'd through the aiken wod.
His true luve frae to see.
When he cam to the trysting-place
Nae Marian met his e'e

He looked about, ahint, afore,
And two times whissl'd he,
But naught dought he spie but a blude-red flow'r
Beneath a birken tree.

The birken tree was jimp and sma',
And snod and snawy-white,—
It look'd fu' like may Marian,
All in fair robes bedight.

But close ahint the blude-red flow'r
He spied a blackit tree,
Wha smirk'd at him wi' freitfu' face,—
Ill dooms he thocht to be.

A' of a suddent it was a mon,
Nae muir hich than his knee,
Wha look'd at him wi' a quair leugh,
Fu' doure was to see.

"O Jeamie, Jeamie, ye'll ne'er spie
May Marian sae fair,—
Wist ye you wane white birken tree?
O aince it was your dear."

Jeamie thocht he wad gang daft
Sae ill he felt to be.
"O ye sall dree this dulefu' day,
O I sall murther ye!"

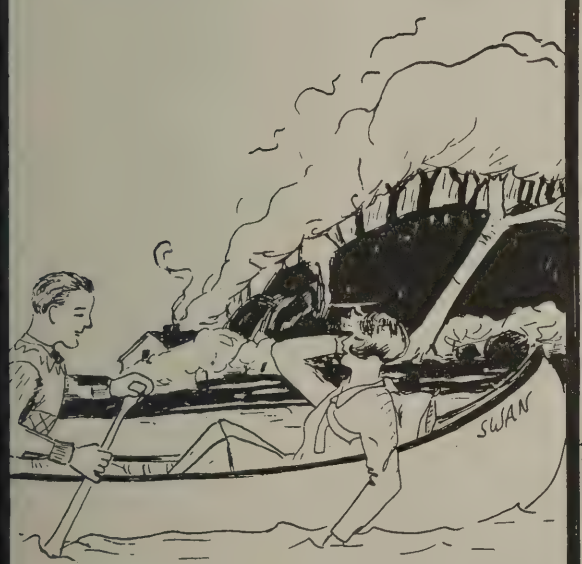
Jeamie tried to jump at him,
But dought nor jee nor move;
He felt his blude to water turn,
He stan't beside his lue.

"O sair, sair sall I dree this day
That Marian is a birk:
But noo I'm stack beside her here,
And I am noo an aik!"

JEAN CLARK

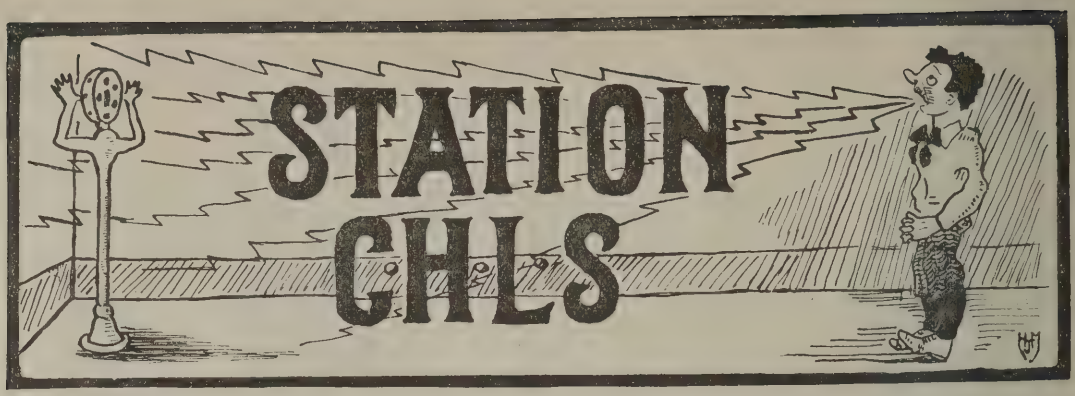
WE
CAN FURNISH ALL GRADES OF TEMPERATURE
~ AT ONE TIME ~

FOOTBALL CAPT.: WHAT DID YOU SAY THAT HE GAVE AS HIS WEIGHT?
MANAGER: ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY.
FOOTBALL CAPT.: WELL MARK THAT DOWN ABOUT TEN POUNDS. HE IS AN ICEMAN'S SON.



"HOW'D YOU SLEEP LAST NIGHT?"
"OH, LYING DOWN AS USUAL."

"I DRANK FROM A FIRE EXTINGUISHER YESTERDAY."
"AND HOW DO YOU FEEL?"
"OH, VERY MUCH PUT OUT"



ZZZZZZZZ, rrrrrr, aaammmaamm—squeak, squeal and other such noises suggesting static. With this Ladies and Gentlemen we open our 1st broadcast of the new season. This outburst is made possible through the courtesy of the firm of Atmos Phere and Son, producers of the finest line of "hot air", and through Izzy A. Matador, the most renowned bull thrower this side of Rindge Technical school.

Now, without further excitement, ado, commotion, tumult, agitation, trouble, bustle or fuss, we will proceed with our first specialty. This year, as is the case in most every year, many birthdays will occur — (I know they will, I received an inside tip). It is always difficult for proud parents and relatives to choose a present for their daughter and son, or their niece and nephew; accordingly, we are offering some suggestions to those who must give presents, and also offering some advice to the recipients on how to use such gifts.

To Mary may be given:

From Auntie (of the 1st degree of kindred) —"The Lives of Famous Presidents." (May be exchanged at the book-store for "Speed and Pep of Today.")

From Uncle Henry — a silver wrist band (may be credited and money spent for fancy cigarette holder.)

From Aunt Aggie (of the 2nd degree of kindred) — a silk umbrella (may be exchanged for vanity case.)

From Dad — new dress (kept).

From Mother — a suit case (may be raffled at Guild club for fifteen dollars for permanent wave).

To William may be given:

From Auntie (2nd degree) — "Lives of the Poets."

From Uncle Henry (1st degree) — a pair of cuff buttons.

From Dad — pocket flask.

From Mother — a gold pen knife (exchange everything except Dad's gift for searchlight for sport car).

I notice that the attendance at the football games is increasing. Let's hope the stands are always filled throughout the year, not during the football games alone, but also in the case of baseball, hockey and the other athletic activities. The crowds thus far are really large — and they should be.

This next section of the broadcast is in answer to a number of inquiries as to what P. G.'s are? Of course you've heard of them at least heard them; and you must have seen them. They are those sauntering, swaggering, self-satisfied, laughing, nonchalant things that roam about. They come into class late, and yawn in the face of exams. Many people walk a mile for a P. G., others don't want one in a roomful. All around, though, they're not so bad, they're mild, yet they satisfy — ask the teacher who has some. They eat in school, and during school, and are amused at teachers. They're the kind who don't know what next best to do. They're the kind of people who write articles like this and these.

Now friends and countrymen, we have here a great surprise. We are opening a great contest. Costs nothing, and everyone eligible except members of the Review staff and their families. Of course you have heard of other free offers, and other contests, but this is different. (different and How). You get prompt action and fair treatment. The prize is *not* an automobile, nor is it a shetland pony. You sell no post cards or aromatic perfumes. And the prize is not cold cash. It is — but wait, you will find out after the contest is over. In the following paragraph, all you have to do is to correct certain erroneous statements. It's easy. Follow the directions below carefully.

1. Do not write in invisible ink.
2. Send answers in promptly.
3. Judge's decision will be final.
4. Write the name and homeroom plainly.
5. Write on only two sides of the paper.

In case of tie, grand prize will be given to each tying contestant. (But don't worry about there being any tie.)

Below is the article. Watch for the mistakes.

I arrived at the spacious Harvard Square Station, and stepped into the warmth of a lovely upholstered waiting room. Although I just missed a Lechmere Square car, I did not worry, because I knew another one would be along immediately. I changed my mind, however, and boarded a luxurious bus marked Kendall. I was soon on my way toward the virtuous Cambridge High and Latin School. The ride in the bus was delightful, it glided along smoothly and noiselessly. My stop approached finally, and I pressed a small button which produced a very musical sound, thus warning the motorman I wanted to get off. The bus rolled smoothly to its stop. I got off and found myself face to face with the great school. I walked up to the door, opened it, and entered. The first thing that greeted my eyes was the Headmaster eating an ice cream ball with one of the pupils. I learned shortly after that it was the sixth period. I visited Mr. Bramhall's office, but was unable to see him as that kindly man was busy writing excuses for pupils who had gone to dances and the movies, and were unable to prepare their homework. On my way through the assembly hall to one of the classrooms, I heard the school orchestra finish "Is She My Girl Friend," and then break into "Mississippi Mud". I entered a classroom just in time to hear one of the teachers call off the seventh period. It seems that some of the pupils had dates, some thought it was too hot to have a seventh period, and some simply didn't feel in the mood to come, consequently there was no extra period. Then the bell rang, announcing the end of school. The pupils jumped up and dashed madly off for their homerooms. Because it was quite hot, no homework was assigned. After this, I left the building, and proceeded onward.

That, people, is the paragraph. In it are some hidden incorrect statements. Pick these out, don't correct them, simply pick them out, and send them or bring them to the Broadcasting editor at the Review office, and accompany them with a short article giving the reasons you thing the Broadcasting editor is either half crazy or totally insane. The winner will be announced as soon as possible.

Now friends and students and seniors, we have here a great surprise. We are opening a great contest. Costs nothing, and everyone is eligible except members of the Review staff and their families. etc. etc.

The winner will be announced as soon as possible.

This, ladies, and gentlemen, concludes the broadcast of Station C. H. L. S. for this period. I have here something else I would like to say, but as the brain cells are drying up, it will have to be postponed. Ah! I knew you'd come out with a crack like that. Yes, *it is* fortunate! Well, here comes a nice strong wind, so I guess I'll breeze along. I'l be seein' ya.

JOHN HUGHES, '28

EDITOR'S NOTE:

To any somber-minded individual — such as the ideal exchange editor — who is prone to criticize our humor as too long or too ridiculous, we offer the following "Retort courteous": "They who are serious in ridiculous matters are often ridiculous in serious matters."

C. H.

ALONE IN A CROWD

AT that time of day when light is slowly emptying from the sky and the streets of the shopping district are vast, bare channels of echoes, you will often hear among them the ardent voices of reformers or the lost strains of mendicants with a flair for the musical. It was at such a time that I wandered in the deserted streets listening with idle dismay to the strains of a trumpet, dismally off key, blown from some near-by corner. Suddenly, I chanced upon the source whence issued these mournful blasts, and immediately my belittlement gave way to pity and wonder.

Their creator was a little, gray man, his hair brushing his hunched, high shoulders, his attention riveted upon a musical score set upon a stand before him, his life and soul struggling dolefully within the trumpet. He seemed to be putting all the force of his being into those bursts of sound, though it must have been little enough, at that, coming from his spent, cramped lungs. Shortly, however, he put away his trumpet — for which I was thankful — and began to sing.

I have never listened to a song, sung under such circumstances and in such a voice. He was like no other street singer that I have ever seen. The amount of physical courage it must have taken for that old creature to get up and sing before a derisive crowd might be compared to that required for such an irrevocable act as jumping before a moving train. Once he had started, there must be no turning back; and there was none. He went on and on in a spent breathless voice, inspiring in sobbing gulps, expiring in toneless bellows, and filling the interim with a low, rumbling monotone. It was dreadful. His voice rose to a higher and higher pitch. Surely the man would burst or die from the effort of that terrible song.

He had attracted a crowd of perhaps a dozen men. Some women looked at him but did not stop; the lure of shop windows is for them more potent than any other attraction of the city streets. The onlookers were supercilious. They lounged about the singer with a mild degree of curiosity regarding him from their state of security with indulgent contempt. One or two passing women dropped coins in his box.

Like a spent swimmer he went gasping on oblivious of the crowd and its disdain, intent only upon the object of retaining life. He was struggling not alone against the definite and visible odds of attracting an audience; but against the concerted h o s t i l i t y which had driven him from the position of a legitimate competitor among men to that of singing hymns to them in the streets. He had stopped singing at last and had begun to speak. The man was versatile, or perhaps he was desperate. He spoke of peace. Peace, it seems, began with the birth of Christ. Endlessly he reiterated this with waving arms and wild gestures. It must have been the repetition of some axiom gleaned from a religious tract, but the truth remained, starkly cruel, that the man had nothing to say. He spoke from the sheer necessity of doing something to attract attention, and had made the quaint choice of dealing out hymns in return for the privilege of a little more life.

"Peace began with the birth of Christ," he said. "When Jesus Christ was born, peace was born, too. Peace is all around you. Love . . ." His voice was lost in the roar of a passing truck. Around that desperate figure peace lay heavy upon the heads of his listeners. It was putting them to sleep. But the theme of peace kept him going with untiring purpose. Endlessly and eternally the monotone kept pace with the one thought which had fixed itself within his brain, "I don't care what happens to you, but I've *got* to go on with life."

ELIZABETH TRACY, '30

YOU

Have an engagement on
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER
THE TWENTY-NINTH

THE EVERETT GAME

Everybody turn out!

THE purpose of debating is to be able to speak intelligently on any subject, when the occasion arises. The class of 1928 - 29 numbers about twelve upperclassmen who wish to become powerful and interesting speakers. Several of these have had previous experience since entering high school. Mr. Foley instructs the class. During the year we plan to prepare and give at least six debates on subjects which are continually coming before the public.

Thursday, September 27th, Mr. Foley announced that the subject of the first debate would be: "Resolve: that Cambridge should adopt the 'City Manager' plan of government." The following two weeks were spent in open discussion of the question. Several state documents, City Manager magazines, and books on political questions were analyzed, and the worth while material was copied. A brief, or outline, for each side of the subject was drawn up and the speeches were written. Those chosen to argue the affirmative side were James Ford, Hugh Farrington, John Murphy, and Edward Crane. Milton Segel, Hugh O'Rouke, Ned McKenney, and William Hogan upheld the negative end of the discussion. William Dennehy presided and Miss Hartigan acted as the judge. A detailed account of the debate will be found elsewhere on the page under a separate heading.

Later in the year two debates of especial interest which will be given are, "Resolved: that Capital Punishment should be abolished," and, "Resolved: that the President of the United States should be elected by popular vote." These classroom debates are only practice to prepare us for the many things that we hope to do. Every two weeks an informal debate will be presented.

Our biggest objective will be a debate with Rindge, if that is possible. Debating teams from other parts of the state may also be taken on later in the year.

It would be a fine thing to have two or three distinct varsity debating teams this year. Then, we could hold a debate on some live issue with a school, say Waltham, at its auditorium, at the same time that two other teams representing Cambridge and Waltham battle in our school hall on the opposite sides of the same question.

This system, if carried out, will permit nine or ten different people to become experienced in interscholastic debating, and will put an end to the cry that the picking of the varsity debating team is a cut and dried affair in which the same three people are chosen at each trial, regardless of whether they measure up to the other candidates for the team. And, also, this plan would give the other fellows, who, perhaps, are not quite as good as the first speakers picked, but good enough to hold up the name of the school, a chance to do their bit.

Possibly there will be a chance this year to gain revenge on Andover, who defeated us last year in a close and thrilling debate. Only a technicality presented Cambridge from annexing a win.

CLASS DEBATE

Monday, October 29, the debating class held its first debate of the season before an enthusiastic audience of about one hundred scholars. William Dennehy presided in a very dignified manner. The question was "Resolved: that Cambridge should adopt the City Manager plan of government." James Ford opened the argument of the affirmative with a long, brilliant speech that would do credit to any professional debator. This was followed by a shorter but equally interesting negative argument by Milton Segel. Hogan and Crane spoke well as rebuttalists. The other affirmative speakers were Hugh Farrington and John Murphy. Hugh O'Rouke and Ned McKenney also spoke for the negatives. When this issue went to press the judges had made no decision.

The whole debate went off in a very business-like manner and this bids fair to be a very successful debating season. With a few such debates as the first one our debators will be ready to hold their own with any high or preparatory school. With good support from the school, debating would be as popular as athletics. Anyway! here's to a grand debating year ! !

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MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions

Boston, Massachusetts.

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SALEM 12 CAMBRIDGE 0

In the opening game of the 1928 schedule, Cambridge held the strong Salem High School to two touchdowns, one of which was the result of a bad break. The first touchdown was the nearer earned of the two, while the last was the result of a bit of luck. After a forward pass had been knocked out of the air by a Cambridge back, it fell into the hands of a waiting Salem player.

On two different occasions, the fighting Cambridge team held their opponent in the very shadow of its goal. Capt. "Jack" McMahon was the bright star of the Salem team while Anderson of the "Witches" excelled because of his punting. Acting Capt. Fred Harlow and Abe Katz, each excelled for the Cantabs.

The summary:

SALEM	CAMBRIDGE
Moulton (Milner), le	re, Favreau(Milo)
Milner (Willard),lt	rt, White (Lukas)
Graczyk, lg	rg, Lynch (Butcher)
Donovan (Elmurtz), c	c, Coady (Reardon)
Prisy, rg	lg, Ross (Samorian)
Nazaroff, rt	lt, MaKee
McGee (Creem), re	le, Katz (Dugan)
Rylucki (Whilchead), qb	qb, Harlow
Burgoyne (Antim) (Coucher), lhb	rhb, E. Perry
Anderson, rhb	lhb, Hynes (Nolan) (White)
McMahon (Italien) fb	fb, McFadgen (V. Perry)

Score—Salem 12, Camb. Latin 0. Touchdowns made by Moulton and McMahan.

B. C. HIGH 6 CAMBRIDGE 0

An 80 yard run by Jimmy Lillio of B. C. H., straight up from the middle of the field after the kickoff in the second half, defeated Cam. Latin 6—0 at Russell Field. The teams were evenly matched and the ball changed hands many times in the first half. After the B. C. H. score the Cambridge team came back strong and put on an attack that was deserving of a score. Getting the ball on its own 40 yard line with Harlow and "Pick" Hynes plugging off the tackles, the team went to the opposing 10 yard line but here things went amiss. The Camb. team played a good game and from all appearances, Coach Leander MacDonald will present a powerful team within the next few games.

The summary:

B. C. HIGH	CAMBRIDGE
McCann, le	re, Favreau
Carvey, lt	rt, White
Burns, lg	rg, Lynch
Blancher, c	c, Doady
Early (Bleier), rg	lg, Butcher (Samorian) (Lucas)
Grohan (Morris) (Keeler) rt	lt, McKee
Welsh (Smaller) (O'Connor) re	le, Milo (Dugan) (Nolan) (Katz)
Bochner, qb	qb, Harlow
Ott, lhb	lhb, Hynes (A. Perry)
Cronin, fb	fb, MacFadgen (A. Perry)

Score—B. C. H. 6, Camb. Latin 0. Touchdown, Lillis.

CAMB. LATIN 7 RINDGE 6

After losing a tough battle to Newton in its first Suburban League Game, Cambridge Latin came back on the holiday and defeated its rival from the same city, Rindge Tech, 7—6. It was a hard fought game throughout. The extreme heat rendered it very hard to play for after the opening whistle the players were perspiring freely. Latin School started off well when Ross received the opening kickoff and scampered 30 yds. before he was brought down by the last Rindge man; had he avoided him, nothing could have prevented him from scoring a touchdown. Soon after this Rindge fumbled the ball in its own territory and McKee, newly elected captain of the Latin team, pounced on the ball. Then a forward pass, Harlow to Hynes netted a first down. From here on, over the goal line, practically all the carrying was done by Hynes. Harlow carried for substantial gaines a few times. But Hynes was crashing all ways, dodging, cutting his way, always gaining ground. Freddy Harlow added the extra point. In the second half, Rindge was somewhat stronger and scored a touchdown but failed to get the extra point.

(*Continued on Page 22*)

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Heard in French III

Miss F: "The adverb is made to agree with the feminine adjective — by attraction —"

Just some more of this feminine attraction.

Heard in Latin I

Teacher: "Give the dative singular of the word for gift."

Pupil: "Do — no!"

Heard in Domestic Science

Student (in Domestic Science): "May I have some pepper, please?"

Teacher: "Red pepper or black pepper?"

Student: "Block pepper to do some Latin on."

Teacher: "What is a remarkable feature about George Washington?"

Freshie: "His memory."

Teacher: "Why his memory?"

Freshie: "Because they erected a monument to it."

Pegacious: "Helen, have you been examined yet?"

Helen: "Yes, have you?"

Pegacious: "No, but I would rather be overlooked than to be looked over."

Teacher: "Give me a historical example of an inappropriate action."

Bright Pupil: "When Rome was burning, Nero played the fiddle when he should have been playing the hose."

1st Soph.: "Where've you been lately?"

2nd ditto: "Oh! I go to B. U. now."

1st Soph.: "How'd you get in?"

2nd ditto: "I flunked and they sent me down there."

1st Soph.: "You flunked and they sent you to B. U.."

2nd ditto: "Sure, Broadway University." (Merrill School).

Bright Boy

Vic thinks that sailors can't play cards on a ship because the captain stands on the deck; that they shouldn't put holes in Swiss cheese when it's Limburger that needs the ventilation.

Advanced English Scholar

Father: "What did you learn in school today, Willie?"

Willie: "I learned how to talk correct English."

Father: "Are you smart in school, Willie?"

Willie: "Ya betcha life. I ain't dumb."

Mother: "Jimmy, did you get that loaf of bread I sent you for?"

Jimmy: "No ,the store was closed."

Mother: "What, closed at this hour of the day?"

Jimmy: "Sure. There was a sign on the door that said, 'Home Baking'."

She: "When do the leaves begin to turn?"

He: "The night before exams start."

Questions of the Corridors*

1. Where was "Fred" Hamilton on the night of October the twentieth?
2. Who stole the upper limbs from that statue of the famous female track star (Venus de Milo) in the rear of the Assembly Hall?
3. ‡ Who is the lucky one to pass American History with Miss Dolan this year?
4. What is meant by the term "opisthognathous", and who is responsible for the word?
5. Why waste your time reading such things as this?

---

*Those sending in a correct set of answers postmarked Friday, the thirteenth of December, 1928 will receive a gun, set on the half-cock — and a mirror as a complimentary measure.

‡The nature of this question forces us to leave it as optional.

P20
3

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Heard in French II

Book: "pas de cigares, pas de cigarettes?"
Pupil Translating: "pass the cigars or cigarettes."

Beating Euclid:

According to some automobile manufacturers, the shortest distance between two points is a straight eight.

Her: "Why don't you play football?"
Him: "I would but I'm left-handed."

Astronomy Prof.: "Can you name a star with a tail?"
Ardent Stude: "Sure, Rin-tin-tin."

Woman: "What should a polite little boy say to a lady who has given him a penny for carrying her parcels?"
Modern Son: "I'm too polite to say it, ma'am."

Be Specific

Jack: "Have you got a pin?"
Jill: "Common, rolling, belaying, ten, safety, bar, stick, cotter, hair, hat, wrist, beauty, scarf, tie or fraternity?"

Heard in a Dye House

Foreman: "And in the large room in the rear we have several dyeing vats."
Lady Visitor: "Oh, isn't that a shame! And can't you do a thing for them?"

Heard in Latin II

Some translation when being corrected: "In the farthest end of the island is a fountain of water."
Miss X: "Well, what other kind of a fountain could it be?"
Bright Student: "A soda fountain."

May: "She thinks the hotel clerk is just lovely."
Belle: "Why?"
May: "He wrote opposite her name 'Suite 16'."

1st father: "Your son writes articles for his college-paper?"
2nd father: "Yes."
1st father: "Does he write for money?"
2nd father: "Yes, in every letter he writes."

Heard in Civics

Miss L: "Harvard was founded for the purpose of theological training for young men. You can see how it has deteriorated."

Dietitian: "Yes, a few lettuce leaves, without oil, a glass of orange juice. There, madam, that completes the daily diet."
Mrs. Overweight: "Thank you so much, Doctor, but do I take this before or after meals?"

A restaurant man put up a sign outside his place of business reading : "You can't beat our meals for $.30.
A new patron walked out disgusted and crossed out the b.

To make a friend, close one eye; to keep him, close both eyes.

1st Frosh: "Bet you don't know the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc."
2nd Frosh: "Sure I do. They were made of different materials."
1st Frosh: "What d'ya mean?"
2nd Frosh: "One was made of wood and the other was Maid of Orleans."

The Modern Girl

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear."
That was often said to mothers by the girls of yesteryear
But the girls now tell their mothers, as they start out for a spin,
"You must wake up early, mother, someone's got to let me in."

Prof. in Logic: "What should a captain do if he found his boat was leaking?"
Voice from rear: "Put a pan under it."

"Pop" Ularity visits C. H. L. S.

"Knise and Knifty" — *Shirley Trask.*
"So this is love" — *Bea Evers.*
"Ladies Prefer Brunettes" — *John Shean*
"Syncopation" — *St. Pierre.*
"Old Man Sun Shine" — *Ken Daly.*
"That's My Weakness Now" — *George McInnis.*
"Let a Smile be Your Umbrella" — *Francis Cahill.*
"Rhapsody in Blue" — *Eleanor Gray.*

ATHLETICS —(*Continued from Page 18*)

During this half Latin threatened many times to score but something went wrong each time, but when the game was over the McDonald men had once again triumphed over its city rival.

The summary:

LATIN	RINDGE
Katz (Dugan), le	re, Souransky (Harris)
McKee, lt	rt, Tagsdin
W. White (Bulcher) lg	rg, Belowsky (Malinski)
Reardon (Crady), c	c, Noniesky
Lynch, rg	lg, Popoli
Ross, rt	lt, Owens (Mulligan)
Favreau (Milo) re	le, Westberry
Harlow qb,	qb, Keough
Nolan (E. Perry) lhb rhb,	Gilligan (Veesachas)
Hynes, rhb	lbh, Boyle
K. White, fb	fb, Phillips, Burke

Score—Cambridge Latin 7, Rindge Tech 6. Touchdowns, Hynes, Boyle. Pt. after touchdown Harlow.

SOMERVILLE 6 CAMBRIDGE 2

On a mud and rain-soaked field, Cambridge Latin was defeated by Somerville High, 6—2. Because of the condition of the field and the slippery ball, fumbles were numerous. But the game was marked, nevertheless, by thrilling runs, and hard tackles. It was a hard-fought game with the result hanging in a balance until the final whistle. Cambridge Latin was the first to score. On fourth down, Somerville attempting to kick, fumbled and recovered the ball on its own 30 yard line. Cambridge took possession of the ball here and a forward pass, Harlow to Hynes gained 10 yards. Then the Somerville line held and Harlow's attempted drop kick only went to the five yard line. On the first play, Wells of Somerville was tackled by Favreau behind the goal-line for a safety. Somerville scored in the second period after an advance from midfield. The "Cantabs" came back and outplayed Somerville for most of the second half but failed to score though a touchdown looked in the making two or three times.

The summary:

SOMERVILLE	CAMBRIDGE
Hayes (Murley), le	re, Favreau
Toothacher (Whittemore) (Burrows), lt	rt, Lynch (W. White)
Corcoran, lg	rg, W. White (Samorian)
Baker, 3	c, Nolan
Reed, rg	lg, Butcher
Casey, rt	lt, Ross
Rodina, re	le, Dugan
Wells (Sullivan) (Vannon) qb	qb, Harlow
Luppi (Escott) lhb	rhb, K. White (McFadgen)
Murphy (Graham) rhb	lhb, Milo (E. Perry)
Peterson (Martin) fb	fb, Hynes (Hogan)

Touchdown, Peterson, Safety, Wells.

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Proceeds from dance will go towards our athletics

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Vice President ..... MARJORY LYNCH
Secretary ..... GERTRUDE BURNS
Executive Committee: EVELYN CUMMINGS, PHYLLIS GRACE, MARJORY LEIGHTON, FLORENCE SHAFFER.

THE above are the officers-elect for this year's work and play. Under their leadership and with *your* hearty co-operation, we hope to make this one of the most successful years in the records of the association. Obviously if you are not a member, you cannot contribute very much towards the success of the year. Therefore, for the benefit of those who for some reason or other have not yet joined, and this applies to upper classmen as well as freshmen and sophmores, the officers will appoint a week, sometime in the near future, to receive new members.

A doubles tennis tournament is now well under way. Anne Goverman (chairman), Bradley Britt, and Grace Mills comprise the committee in charge. At the present writing the tournament is in the second round. Before it reaches the third round, there will be several battles royal and we prophesy some rather surprising shake-ups. There are several good teams and it would be inviting disaster to prophesy whether a senior, junior or sophmore team comes out on top.

Miss Brown has already blown her whistle several times in basketball practice preliminary to the stirring interclass games. The freshmen and juniors practice on Thursday while the sophmores and seniors hold the floor Wednesdays.

The Seniors are rather proud, and justly, of the fact that they muster enough girls to form two teams, which are both incidentally, good. This is remarkable and they deserve full credit. Their captain is Sally Roche; their manager, Shirley Trask.

The Juniors, although slightly crippled by the loss of their star center, are, nevertheless, gamely planning to best their traditional enemy, the Seniors. They are led by Clara Flanders, their captain, while the pocket-size Miss Gertrude Burns is their manager.

With Ruth Hibbards as their captain, if the Sophmores do not win, it will not be through lack of willing candidates. It is estimated that fully sixty girls turned out at the opening practice, and like Jimmie Gallagher, most of them are "still hanging on." With such a spirit we think that the Seniors and Juniors wll not have a very easy time to keep their slate clean against Sophmore wins.

It is rather early to judge the Freshmen yet, but they seem to have plenty of promising material.

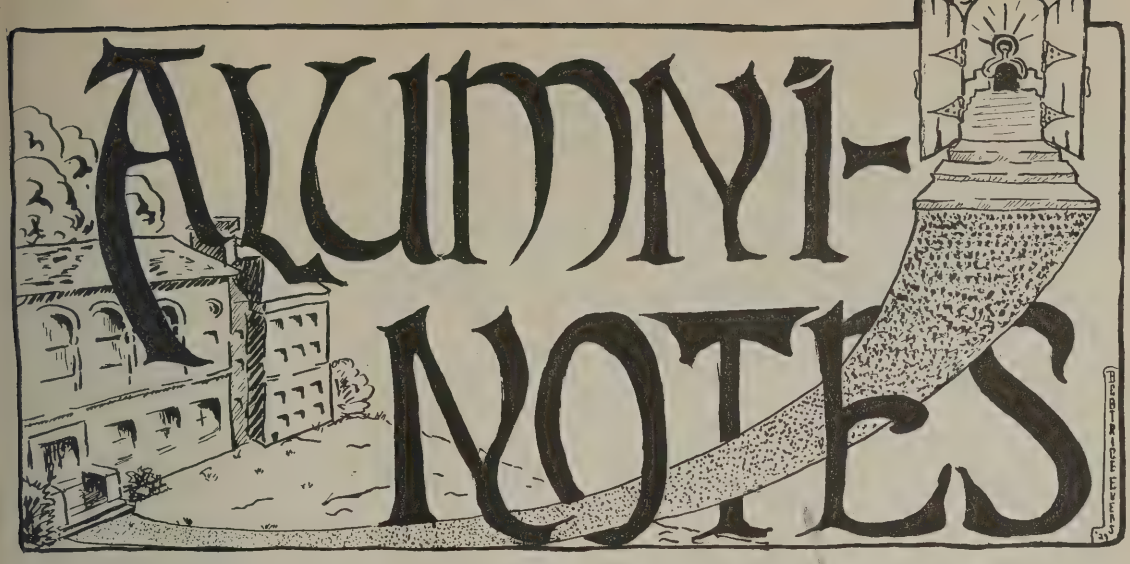
A hike to the Observatory Tower at Waltham was planned for October the twentieth. Originally set for the preceding Saturday, it had to be postponed because of bad weather.

The Freshman Initiation was held on Friday, October the nineteenth. We are very much inclined to shed a furtive tear over those Freshmen who very forgetfully neglected to attend, as on a later occasion the officers will very self-sacrificingly forego all other pleasures to give these absent-minded ones a very vigorous and public initiation. It is to be hoped that this will be as effective as a correspondence course in memory training.

This page will not be complete without the account of the unexpected gift to the G. A. A. Miss Brown, on being forced to part with the desk which for many years has hidden things quite as effectively as a larger one could do, very magnanimously gave it to the association for the use of its officers. It still retains its natural color scheme with the very interesting artistic arrangement on the top of judiciously spaced cuts and slightly warped pieces, the Misses O'Hearn and Lynch, Decorators Extraordinary, could not have been able to come to an agreement as to whether it would be more enhanced by a generous application of Mandarin Red or Canary Yellow. Up to the present date we see that, torn by their conflicting artistic emotions, they have contented themselves with merely arranging tacks in the letters G. A. A.

Plans are already underway for the first annual affair of the Association, the Freshman Party. Judging from previous affairs, we say, "Come early and avoid the rush." We hope to see all the members of the association there.

Note: The officers wish to announce that their executive meeting is held on Mondays after school in the locker room. At this time they will be pleased to hear any suggestion or answer any question that you might wish to ask.



1922

Harold Rosenwald was one of the fourteen men of the sophmore class elected at a meeting of the Harvard Law Review.

1924

Joseph Steinberg received the degree of Bachelor of Business Administration at Northeastern University's commencement exercises held in the Boston Opera House. His thesis was "Compensations and Incentives in Wholesale Distributing Business." Steinberg was, throughout his whole course, an active member of various social committees.

Beatrice Lambert Norman has successfully completed her course at Boston University.

At present she is Secretary to the Dean of Boston University School of Law.

1925

Evelyn Frost has recently completed her course in Miss Wheelock's School for Kindergartners; she is now doing substitute teaching in the Willard School.

1927

Hymen Buller made the first group in scholarship at Harvard his Freshman and Sophmore years.

Marguerite Steinmetz has succesfully completed her course at Burdett College.

Julia Sweeney was among the ninety-seven girls awarded scholarships at Radcliffe this year.

Adele Wood played a leading role in "Love in a Mist", the drama recently presented by the Idler Club of Radcliffe.

Irene Braithwaite is at Framingham Normal.

Anna Conley, Florence Hunter, Doris Buller, Frances Eastman, Agnes Frost, Gina Merola, and Grayce Peterson are all studying at Radcliffe.

"Red" McGirr is a Freshman at Harvard.

Miriam Berkman was one of the ninety-seven students who received scholarships at Radcliffe.

1928

Linda Cannon is now studying at the American University in Constantinople.

Genevieve McGlinchey who is now in her first year at Radcliffe received honorary grades in her examinations in Latin, Chemistry, and French.

Barbara Brintnall, also a Radcliffe Freshman, received high honors in her French and Latin examinations.

Christopher Sykes is at Andover.

Harry Dolan is at Riverdale.

Ina Berry is doing clerical work at the Library Bureau.

Sophie Fremerman is an employee at the City Auditor's Office, City Hall, Cambridge.

Frank Davis who is a Freshman at St. John's College, Fordham University, is starring on their football team.

Margaret O'Neil is employed as a typist at the Widener Library.

Frances Suchwalker is a bookkeeper at the New Home Baking Company of South Boston.

Louise Taylor is working at the First National Bank, Boston.

Evelyn Young is a stenographer at the Harvard Graduate School (Morgan Hall).

Estelle McCormick, Katherine Needham, Jennie Sandstrom, and Gertrude Wolf are all employees at the John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

John Appleton, Robert Dunn, Gilbert Mottla, Herman Field, George Foley, Arthur Gilman, Lawrence Henderson, Carl Laine, Ordray Southard, and Milton Talent are Freshmen at Harvard; they all succeeded in gaining honors in one or more of their entrance examinations.

Catherine Boucher, Madeline Navien, and Helen Good are Freshmen at Emmanuel.

Of the class of 1928 the number of students who were admitted to higher institutions of learning was one hundred and ten. Of this number ninety-three are in colleges, twelve in state normals, and five in private normal schools.

HELLO, nobody. You know nobody ever reads the Exchanges. (Hm. Perhaps I'd better change that.) Nobody but another Exchange Ed. Some folks say that exchanging consists of the practice of "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours." Nay, nay, not so. There is a serious purpose behind this stunt of swopping school papers. We do it to help the other fellow by giving him a line on what his paper looks like to us. He reciprocates (10c), and we get a variety of disinterested comments on our dear old "Review." (And some of them are extremly crumby, but we don't mind that because "Every knock is a boost.")

The "Blue and White" is the first to be pulled apart. This nifty looking magazine is published by St. George's College (methinks 'tis only a prep school, however) Kingston, Jamaica. Their fiction is rather dime-novelish. The poetry is fair to middlin'. The non-fiction (in the July issue, running strongly to Shakespearean criticism) is good stuff. The editorials are good. My chief adverse comment is that there are no jokes. Even such staid publications as "Harper's" and the "Atlantic" wise crack a bit. The Athletic Dept. amused me. St. Georges was defeated by Wolmer's by "the small margin of 18 runs". There, there, child. The game was cricket.

Next on the program come "The Maze" from The May School over in Boston. This was pretty good stuff. I liked the literary part very much. The cover is very effective. Departments also rate high in "The Maze," but no jokes. 'Stoo bad. A good joke always comes in handy.

Ne-e-xt. "The Criterion" from Patterson, N. J. Whoops, m'dear, I like your cover. What is it, a cross-word puzzle, mayhap? Inside you're all right. The stories are all good, especially "The Drummer Boy". Your poetry is very good. "Tam O'Shanter" needs no apologies. Editorials, Athletics, etc. are all good. Three hearty cheers! Some jokes at last. Extremely posh. I wish we had fencers at C. H. L. S.

Groton, next sta'n. "The Grotonian." Harumph! (ff) Maybe and then again, perhaps not. Your Athletic Department is top-hole. And Lit. is very fair, passing fair possibly. Book reviews, too, are better than ordinary. But there is ever present a feeling of standoffishness, a superiority complex almost. I'm afraid this isn't the plainest thing in the world. I wish that I hadn't felt this way, for you really have a very fine paper. Alas, no jokes.

Another prep school paper, "The Irvonian," Irving School. Well, well, here we have just the opposite. "The Irvonian" seems to be almost in the class of "Kollege Komiks." I'm inconsistent, I fear. I think this one has too many jokes. However, the very fine Athletic Department makes up for this deficiency.

The "Abhasi" from Abington High. Clever, eh what? The cover is good, but are those bats and if so, where's the moon? Possibly your pictures don't do you justice, i.e. in the Graduation number. "To Glaciers,etc." is exceedingly good, much better than the usual run of High School travel stories. But why such things as the "Saga of the Soul", almost Miltonic in style but—'nuff said. The Exchanges are short and sweet. I'll explain the blank cover (?) you asked about. 'Tisn't considered proper in the best regulated families to print on the backside of a "beeyootiful pitcher." Savee?

Ye Ed. is so surcharged with amazement, astonishment, surprise, or what have you, that he feels constrained to use proper English, at least temporarily. "The Chronicle" from South Paris, Me., High. This is by far the best paper I have received. The Literary Department is fine. All the departments are good and some are better. My only adverse criticism is your whatchacallem entitled "Seniors, 1928." It gives a good idea of your Seniors, but don't you think that stunt of nominating the "boy" or "girl friend" each time is rather rough on the feelings of your dear Seniors. I advise you to can that particular line, but leave the rest alone. That's all right. You've

got a paper to be proud of. I hope your "feller-citizens" appreciate that. It makes me more of a Maineiac than ever. Bully work. Carry on. —P. S. The Chronicle's Exchange Ed. praised a story of mine.

And here we have another "Chronicle." This one comes from St. John's Prep. Again good stuff. The Literary Department is very good, and the rest is fine. The best feature, however, is the Athletic Department. Your cover is very effective.

The Attleboro "Blue Owl" come next on the list. This extremely clever hoois is one of the reasons I like this job. Good stories and poems, especially "The Public Life of Helen of Troy." More publicity on an exceedingly debatable subject. Those two pages of snaps are a good touch of "Home and Mother". "Hoots" is very funny. The other departments are interesting. I like you. Return.

Our next offering, ladies and gents, comes from New York, Gowanda High School, to be exact. On the cover of the "Valley Bugle," there is a bugler bugling in a valley. How appropriate! Inside, I'm afeared that I have a couple of slams to hand out. (Gosh, how I hate that.) In the first place, I could not find the lit'ry department, and I looked three times just to be sure. Then they have a department called "Jokes." I'm not kicking about that. Au contraine. I don't like to find the bloomin' jokes bobbin' at me from among the pots an' pans of the Home-making page, out from Caesar on the Latin page and so on ad inf. (Ad inf.: ad inferno. See Dante.) Outside of that, it's all right. Athletics, Exchanges, etc., are good. It seems to be a paper fairly representative of the school as a whole.

"Farewell, my love,

Light of my life, Farewell."

As time and space are getting short, it behooves me to sign off. This is the Exchange hour, sponsored by the Cambridge Review, broadcast from Station C. H. L. S., Pete Hayes speaking. Please stand by for Station announcements.

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AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

(*Continued from Page 4*)

this past Spring, the Red Cross flag was flown in 58 nations commemorating his memory. Under that flag, during the World War, all nations transacted humanitarian work. Under that flag, since the World War, fifty-four of these nations have combined into the League of Red Cross Societies, with headquarters in Paris, France through which world wide campaigns for health, for promotion of child welfare, for training nurses, for fighting epidemics of disease, have been organized.

Through the clearing house of this League of Red Cross societies circulates a world helpfulness possible to contrast only with the national helpfulness revealed in the United States when contributions of money, material things, and service are poured out to aid the distress of suffering humanity, in a great catastrophe like the Mississippi flood of 1927. Corinth, ancient city of Greece — sung in HOMERIC verse, and remembered as the city to which St. Paul addressed his Epistles — was laid waste by earthquakes last April. The American Red Cross despatched monetary assistance; Italy sent nurses and doctors; Great Britain sent a great airplane carrier loaded with tents; money came from other nations. The same aid was given to Smyrna and to points in Bulgaria. Like calls have come this year from Brazil, where a mountain slide on Mount Serrat threatened the people; from Albania, where famines in the mountains destroyed many; from Philippine Islands, where twice this year a volcano, fire and flood caused calls for assistance. This is to mention but a few of the responses the American Red Cross has made in its spirit of international co-operation.

At the same time, through the League of Red Cross societies, a constant check on epidemics is maintained no matter how remote the section in which they may occur. It directs a relentless warfare against malaria in many nations — Greece and Italy especially. In the Congo are maintained child and infant clinics. A world-wide campaign to protect seamen's health is another effort.

We have tried to explain the origin and the purpose of our organization — the rest is in your hands. We need your help; you know our cause and its worth. If you feel that you would like to support us in any capacity, your aid would be greatly appreciated.

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MY LADY

(*Continued from Page 6*)

"Citizen Latour."

The priest stood, blessed the girl and moved after the others.

"Citizeness de Nevers."

She started, and, smiling toward the Count, followed the priest.

"Citizen de Rauchatel."

The Count yawned, brushed his coat-sleeve, and, with a last look around, turned and slowly sauntered to his death.

Clattering through the street of Paris, hooted by the children, and stoned by the older people, they saw looming before them the black shadow of the guillotine. They reached the square, and there they left the tumbrils. One by one, the heads fell into the waiting basket. The Count saw his companions mount the step: Dubois, gallantly; Villeneuf, gayly; the Prince, sadly regarding the girl; Abbe Latour, majestically; the young Princess, sadly, but with a smile.

And now, it is his turn. He ascends the steps and stops. Around the square, are crowds come to see the show; the women knitting, the men smoking placidly. He turns away and steps to the block, kneels, pats his collar away from his neck, and closes his eyes. Darkness for a moment, then a great pain, and nothing.

PETE HAYES, '28

A SAGA OF THE NORTHLAND

(*Continued from Page 8*)

to omit how Harr, the boy minstrel, proudly stood in the bow. Even though the white sails were fast receding and the reflection of the sun on the brightly polished shields glinted in their eyes, the onlookers affectionately handed down from mother to daughter a description of the proud, eager look on Harr's face, as standing side by side with Turl, the Viking ship headed out upon the open sea where the winds blow clear and strong.

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Class of 1928

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THE REVIEW

Christmas Number

1928

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Vita sine litteris mors est.

VOLUME 43 NUMBER 2

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CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL :: CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

HOW musical, how warm, how sacred are those two short words — Merry Christmas! If Santa Claus were a real man, he would get our vote as head of the League of Mankind. We know of no time of year when life seems more colorful, more full of happiness than Christmas time. We wish that it could be Christmas all through the year and it is with the hope that its *memories* will last until next year that we say from the bottom of our hearts — MERRY CHRISTMAS!

HOME ECONOMICS

UNDER the leadership of the following officers: *President,* Catherine O'Hearn; *Vice-President,* Shirley Trask; *Secretary,* Mary Toomey; *Treasurer,* Marion Taylor.

The Home Economics Club of the High and Latin School is looking forward with great enthusiasm to a full year. The officers with the executive committees have opened their program with a theatre party at the Repertory, showing Shakespeare's "Tempest." Later there will be a trip to the New Wing of the Boston Art Museum. Then several interesting lectures are expected. With our group of enthusiastic leaders, we are looking forward to a great many things from the club.

TO OUR SUPPORTERS

THE REVIEW appreciates the work done by many of the students in obtaining subscriptions. We sincerely believe that the work was done in an unselfish manner — that the students had no idea of ultimate praise or reward. We thank all those who have helped in this spirit from the ones who obtained two or three subscriptions to the Senior girl who collected the amazing total of *one hundred and forty.*

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THROUGH no fault of her own, the name of the author of "Redemption", published in our last issue, was omitted. Our mistake was quickly brought to our attention by several of our appreciative readers, and it is to them as well as to Miss Grace McGlinchey that we offer our apologies at this late time.

WHAT! AGAIN?

YES, again we call — more, more, *more* material! There must be a number of you who intend to enter the enchanting world of literature. We suggest that you begin now. From the amount of copy that is handed in at the Review Office, it is painfully apparent that many of you do not realize the opportunity you overlook by not interesting yourselves in your school paper.

To us there appear to be two substantial reasons for the existence of The Review: first, to provide the School as a whole with a medium of expression; and second, to provide the individual students with an opportunity to *practice* in expressing themselves. And we mean practice, for *very few if any of us* have really attained that stage in which our thoughts are expressed in fluent, logical, and interesting manner. (That is why your apparently feeble attempts are oftentimes acceptable for our publication.) If you would give us more material that is representative of *your* ability, we would feel more as though the Review were helping us *all* along instead of a constant, small group of contributors who are working overtime.

Perhaps it ill-befits us to attempt to arouse inspiration in our readers in this fashion, but the facts remain: — *we lack material, you alone can give it to us, you are the ultimate consumer,* and *the entire profit is yours!*

TALENT NIGHT

THE P. G. Hour was broadcast from Station C. H. L. S. on November 23. John O'Neil, the announcer, filled his part to perfection. The program opened with an overture by the C. H. L. S. Orchestra. Varied selections of vocal and instrumental nature followed, concluded by a one act farce entitled "Cured."

We sat spellbound under the full, rich voice of Marie Timmons; we were carried through Italy and France by the liquid notes of Otis Bramhall's clarinet. The silvery melody of Frances Overlock's violin wove a spell of enchantment over us. Willie Staffon's nimble fingers passed over the keys first in airy, lightning runs, then in sonorous, rolling arpeggios.

The farce, "Cured," afforded comic relief to the program and left us with a smile on our lips as we left the hall. Pete Hayes as the "dying" father kept the audience convulsed with multitudinous, realistic hiccoughs. Incidentally he did some very good acting. Anne Cleveland was as winsome as ever. Of course our Shirley adapted herself to the character as usual. Although the part offered little opportunity for her acting ability to be shown her portrayal of the abused mother was a finished performance.

As a whole, the program was exceptionally good. We hope to anticipate another like it in the near future.

G. M.

REVIEW PRIZE CONTEST

WE are happy to announce the prize-winning story and poem: Robert Creel's story, "Tough," and Ruth Campbell's poem, "Market Day." Both of these showed beautiful workmanship besides originality of conception. We congratulate the winners and hope that all those who so kindly submitted material will try again in another issue.

This is, perhaps, a good time to say a word about **what we look for in** material submitted. First, and most important, we want your own opinion, your own experience, not ideas borrowed from magazines or movies. Then we *do* want good English, which — alas! is only too rare.

We also wish to make a special plea for poetry. There is so little handed in that we are sure that many of you are too modest to hand in your poems.

J. C.
M. S.

THE BUGLE CALL

IF I had a son
A million and one
I would give them all to
The Bugle Call,
The Call of Liberty.

Although I had only three
And they were very dear to me
I gave them all to
The Bugle Call
The Call of Liberty.

MARY FALVEY

EL BUSCADOR

THE deep, whispering breath of an organ,
The overpowering sweetness or an orchid,
The awful depth of a canyon —
Each clutches at my mind
Like a dumb beast trying to express itself:
Each strikes a strange chord
Deep within me
That sounds and resounds
Then grows dim — beautifully — mysteriously.
Long ago, perhaps —
In another body
I might have understood
But now,
I search for meaning — and in vain.

CASIMIR HARRIS, '28

TOUGH, THE FAITHFUL

First Prize Story

HE was an odd little dog with no distinguishing mark of breed upon him. His coat was that of a shepherd, his nose a collie's and his eager ears a terrier's. A love for dogs was not the compelling motive in the mind of Tough's master when he decided to "keep dogs". It was rather the love of the dollars which the sale of the dogs brought. Tough, unlike his more fortunate brothers, could not be sold, so of course Tough was worthless.

"You're not worth your keep. You're eatin' me out of house and home" was the tune to which poor little Tough received his scanty rations each day.

Then came a day when the little dog received no food at all. When at last the master appeared he carried not food, but a rope. Expecting to be struck by the rope, Tough cowered into a corner, but instead of striking him, the man seized him and quickly tied the rope about his neck.

"Confound your worthless hide," said the man, "I'm goin' to drag you up into the hills and knock your brains out."

Whereupon the man started toward the open gate, dragging the struggling little dog behind him. They had just passed through the gate when down the street of the mountain town, there came a narrow two-wheeled cart behind a fat black horse. On the seat of the cart rode a sturdy lad who was whistling, seeming content with all the world. As the cart which was laden with bags and boxes of food, came opposite the gate the boy pulled quickly on the reins and the horse stopped. A frown spread over the boy's pleasant face.

"Mister," he said sharply, "look out there. You're choking the little fellow."

"All the better if I am," replied the owner, giving the rope a cruel jerk, "it'll save me from havin' to knock his brains out later on."

"I'd like to knock your brains out right now," blazed fifteen-year-old Jim as he jumped out over the cart wheel and grabbed the rope from the man's hand and with a strength born of rage, pushed the man aside.

Jim knelt and quickly untied the rope. He then picked the little dog up, climbed back into the cart and gave the horse the signal to go.

"I'll have you arrested for stealin' my dog," yelled the owner.

Jim stopped the horse. "All right, come on," he said. But the man stepped back into the yard, closed the gate and disappeared behind his house. The cart passed on down the village street toward the road which led up into the hills.

The little dog knew he had found a friend at last. He snuggled against Jim, whined and poked his cold little nose uder the boy's unbuttoned collar. Jim laughed and patted the trembling little body. "You're a friendly little rascal, aren't you?" he said, "And you're not very fat, are you? But Mother's cooking will soon fix that."

All day long Blacky jogged leisurely along up into the hills. That night the three camped beside the road, ate with marvelous appetites and slept like the dead. Early the next morning they were on their way again and by noon they had reached the road which led into the scented green hills that lifted up to the rugged peaks and slopes of the real mountains.

Thus leisurely the trip toiled upward, Jim often walking to lighten Blacky's load, while little Tough trotted happily alongside. Soon they would penetrate those fastnesses where little streams sang on the dropping slants and where the spicy pine and fir trees on the sharp slopes looked like woven tapestries.

Here it was that Jim's parents lived, Jim's father has the year previous suffered a breakdown in health and had been ordered by his physician to spend a couple of years in the mountains of Colorado. The family of three had left their home in an eastern city and established a temporary home in a beautiful valley high up in the Rockies. Jim felt compensated for the lonliness by the decided improvement in his father's health and by the ample time he now had for reading. He never tired of climbing the mountain slopes for he had become an expert mountain climber and

(*Continued on Page 7.*)

MARKET DAY

Prize-Winning Poem

A STEADY stream of chatting dames,
In gay peasant array,
Walked slowly toward the little town
One ancient market day.

Behind, their laughing children ran,
Their faces wreathed in smile,
For market day was a grand event,
That happened just once in a while.

Before the stalls, heaped high with food,
The villagers slowly passed,
Till all at once a gong was heard
As loud as a trumpet blast.

Clanking over the cobbled road,
A brilliant carriage sped,
Out of it popped a little old man
And this is what he said:

"Fortunate are ye marketers,
For on this market day,
My unusual band will play for you
In their gay and charming way."

From out of the carriage there appeared
A monkey dressed in red,
And with a hammer and old tin pan
He "played" as he wagged his head.

Scarcely had he finished this,
When a prancing funny dog
Jumped out of the colored wagon,
And danced a clever clog.

When the two had ceased performing,
Out to the people they came,
And on hind feet nimbly prancing,
Begged money from every dame.

But now the Sun is sinking,
Their farms are far away,
And so they leave with baskets brimming;
Thus ends this market day.

RUTH E. CAMPBELL, '29

A LEGEND OF MY NATIVE TOWN

ALTHOUGH I have lived in America fifteen of the seventeen years of my life, I am going to call the little Russian village where I was born my native town.

Since it is very small, and there are exceedingly poor means of communication, the long and dreary winter nights are spent in what sailors would call "swapping yarns". The families gather around the brick stove and listen to some legend, reminisence, or anecdote. Though I might have been only a tiny tot, yet I distinctly recall my mother's white-bearded father telling this one.

It seems that he was giving the reason why that portion of the forest which was just beyond my uncle's farm, was shunned by everyone. It was during the reign of Alexander II, just before that great Czar had freed the much abused and oppressed serfs, that a youth, virtually a slave to the noble for whom he worked, asked permission to go to Moscow to strive to get an education. His aim was to become a student at the university. The baron angrily refused the request, for to him it was as a slap in the face that a low, contemptible serf wished to acquire an education while his only son abhorred the thought. As the serf was the only boy in the vicinity of the nobleman's son's age, they were comrades. The disappointed youth found consolation in confiding the cause of his sorrow to his only friend. Immediately the adventurous son conceived the idea of running away to Moscow. So with the great city as their destination, the two lads started off through the forest. They had not been gone long before the baron heard the news. Thinking that the serf was alone, he called for his horse and five of his wild wolfhounds, and started out in pursuit. The dogs came upon the youths, and before their master could reach them, had torn them to pieces. When the baron saw his only son, he stumbled over to the remains and died of the shock.

So the people keep away from that part of the forest, for the baron's grieving soul wanders about.

ALEX NICHIPORUK

PRINTING THE "SUNDAY POST"

ON Saturday night you may see the great "Post" presses forcing out stacks of neatly folded newspapers at an incredible rate; sense their bewildering weight and power; hear the roar that nearly forces you to your knees with its overpowering strength, that makes you scream till your lungs split, but to no avail: nothing can be heard beside those superhuman, monstrous machines, shrieking their superiority to man who made them.

From eight o'clock to midnight, the supplements are printed, — the household page, fashions from Paris, weird tales from the South Seas and the wilds of Africa, Australia, and the East Indies, graphic descriptions of new inventions, and the comic sections. At midnight the first editions of the news sections, to go to far-off places emerge from the presses; new editions are being printed until three, four, sometimes even five o'clock. Think of the news telegraphed and cabled from all parts of the world. If you look into the "AP" room, you can see the latest mechanical miracle; under a glass case a typewriter taps out news of the latest prize fight without any apparent human aid: someone in New York is typewriting by telegraph. At a desk beside this, a man is taking down news from the old-fashioned telegraph, by the dot and dash system which seems enough of a mystery, perhaps, to you.

When the news, advertisements, features, and supplements are actually collected, they must be arranged to fit the page by the night desk; lead imprints of them must be fashioned and soldered together into words by the complex linotype machines; these must be neatly packed into frames just the size of newspaper sheets by quick, skilled men.

The room where the pictures are made ready to print is as fascinating as an alchemist's shop. A white light as blinding as the sun transfers the picture from the glass plate to lead, in much the manner in which a blueprint is made. You are told that the picture has been made, but it is not made evident on the lead until after an acid treatment; it is doused in water, which unexpectedly brings the picture out, delineated in vivid purple. Another acid turns it red, then it is dusted with a curious powder, about the color of brick-dust, called "dragon's blood"; after this it is baked, then treated to a waterfall of another strong acid which digs out all the light spaces. Any very large light spaces are gouged out by "routing",

(*Continued on Page 18.*)

BASEBALL HONOR

"WHAT? I'm not going to pitch?"

"You heard me. I just got a telegram from the coach saying that he wouldn't be here, and putting me in charge."

These were the words exchanged between two important players of the Centerville nine, just before the last game of the season.

"Who is going to pitch?" demanded Arthur, the star pitcher of the Centerville team.

"I am," replied the captain.

Arthur walked away, his head down, his eyes dark and his fists clenched. He went towards the outfield where he usually played when he didn't pitch. Arthur was thinking, "Fred wants to get the honor of pitching the last game. He wants to win. I wonder how I can thwart him."

There wasn't anything exciting until the fourth inning. Two men were on bases, and Jack was at bat. He struck out. Two out and Art went to bat with his mind made up to do his best for the team.

Crack!

The sound of bat and ball meeting was heard all over the field. The ball disappeared over the fence for a home run.

These three runs were still the only ones for either side when the Centerville boys went to their positions for the last time. By this time, Fred, the captain and pitcher, was very tired, as he was only a second string pitcher. He threw the ball with all his remaining strength, only to hear the clear, distinct crack, like a pistol shot on a cold, silent night. As the bases were full, everyone rose and began to shout.

"Get it, Art."

"Grab that ball."

The ball had gone on a long high flight to the position where Arthur was. As he was running to catch it, he thought, "It's going to be a hard catch. No one will blame me if I miss it. If I miss this, the others will win, and Fred will lose all the honor of winning a game."

All this time he was covering ground in great strides, and as he saw the ball descending, he made a dash and caught it, thereby winning the game for his side.

He was carried to the gym on his schoolmates' shoulders.

When Fred came to, he called Arthur.

"Arthur, come here."

"Well, what do you want?" asked Arthur.

"The coach sent me a telegram yesterday, to keep you out of the game today, in order to save your arm, because he signed up for the game with Trenton for tomorrow. He wants you to pitch, but he told me not to tell you."

NATHAN KRAMER.

TOUGH, THE FAITHFUL

(*Continued from Page 4.*)

often pentrated places where, apparently, human foot had never trod before.

Ever keenly sensitive to the beauty of the mountains, Jim felt, as they reached the summit of the last green slope and he looked down into the fir-clad valley where nestled his home, that never before had the mountains seemed so beautiful.

The twilight shadows were creeping down the western slopes and were beginning their ascent on the ranges to the east. As Jim stood viewing the scene, the purple mountain haze of the surrounding ranges faded into a distant and mystic blue. The expanse of rock above the tree line, in the crimson light of the sunset gave off a dull red glow, while above this vast expanse the mountains reared their peaks and wore their crowns of snow.

When the tired but happy boy reached home his parents came out to greet him and help unload the cargo of provisions. Tough received a royal welcome from both and was promptly installed as a member of the family.

For days thereafter Jim spent many happy hours with his new friend roaming about the slopes. Then came a day when the two, after a twelve hour tramp, found themselves on a slope a long way from home. They stood side by side peering into a deep gulch below, looking for a way to descend. In his eagerness the boy leaned too far over. A loosened stone, a slipping foothold, a cry, a crash and Jim lay at the bottom of the gulch with a broken leg. Tough quickly made his way down to his master and tried to entice him to rise.

"You're right, little fellow, we must get out of here. Night is coming on."

Slowly and painfully the boy started to crawl

(*Continued on Page 26.*)

DARN!

DARN it!" she said and turned back for the pebble which a vindictive foot had just missed shooting along. Then she glanced up to see if anyone had heard. On the bench just ahead sat an elderly gentleman opening a new box of oils. He selected a brush, then gazed gleefully at the sky. He looked as if he thought the sunset were delightful but his thoughts about it infinitely more delightful. He took out his palette, a shiny varnished palette — couldn't resist smiling. He squeezed neat brilliant worms of color onto it with childish precision, — and chuckled out loud.

Standing quite still, she had watched all this. Now she broke away from her trance of curiosity and walked on, not to seem inquisitive. He was, she thought, like someone reborn, someone just beginning to live an unfamiliar and charming existence. "I've got to have an adventure," she had said after a dreary fruitless day. Here was the chance. Swiftly she turned back.

"May I sit here? I want to watch the sunset." This was a lie but she couldn't very well say: "I'm looking for an adventure, and you're going to be it."

"Of course." He was obviously too entranced to pay her the slightest attention. He went right on painstakingly covering the upper half of the canvas with vivid orange. Then he looked at it with immense dissatisfaction. He stopped to gaze whimsically at the rapidly changing sky, then at his painting. "Darn!" he ejaculated suddenly, and looked over at her shyly — There is nothing like embarrassment to make one notice keenly the presence of other people. Perhaps he saw eagerness shining through her. Anyway he said: "Have you ever tried? This is my first attempt, and I feel decidedly lost." He chuckled a bit ruefully.

"Yes, worse luck. But it never seems to look the way I see it when I get it down on paper." What made her say that? it sounded ridiculous "One gets awfully discouraged."

"Why, child alive, don't say that. Look at me, an old fogey and bold as they make 'em in the line of art." He fairly twinkled like an expansive frosted bun. "Why you've got to do something about a sunset like this, even if it's only an orange mess. You can't just let it go."

The sun had gone down with that incredible swiftness of the final plunge. Then (O woeful sight!) he began to shut his shiny box. On the inside cover in gilt letters she read excitedly MICHAEL FOSTER.

"Excuse me, but are you the man who draws for the funny papers?"

"No!" He smiled triumphantly. "I was. I retired last week — to paint sunsets!"

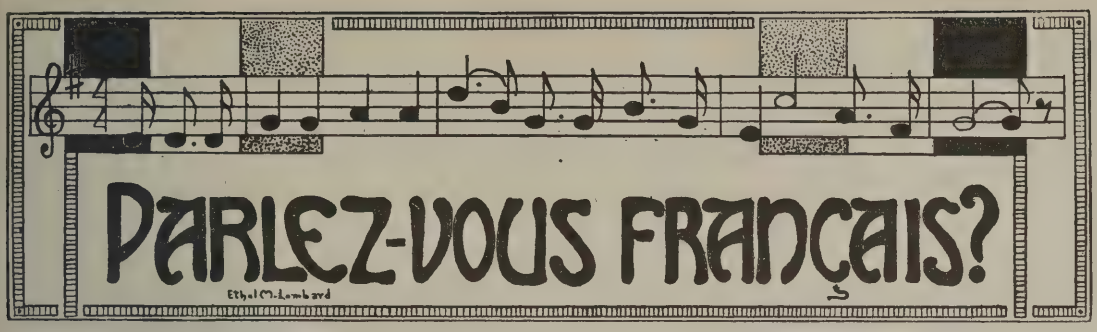
MAY SARTON, '29

ON LYING IN BED

LYING in bed is a luxury which can be most satisfactorily indulged at night before sleep comes. In the morning one is not so much the master of his time; one extra moment of bliss may throw the whole day out of joint, and cannot compensate for the amount of rush and worry it will cause. This is a time of distracted clutchings after lost dreams, of attempts to co-ordinate waking and sleeping, of a profound and overpowering desire to stay asleep.

Quite the reverse is night-time laziness; there is no desire for sleep, and there are things to think about. These may arise from our daily work; more often they are an attempt to escape from it. I have found no more satisfactory way to do this than lying in bed at night and warding off sleep with all the devices which my mind can muster. First there is the encasing darkness which may form a background for any form which the imagination is pleased to create. Next there is the stillness. Nothing jars the senses; they are free. Their work for the day is done. We live in mind alone, neutralized, insulated, situated in some void blackness without form or sound, free to view impartially both the world we know and the world that we conceive; to remember things, to forget them, or to invent new ones in their place. Best of all, we have a sense of complete control of time, hours ahead to go on thus thinking and exulting. But too often we reckon beyond the mysterious forces of our beings. Just as we are enjoying complete abstraction from ourselves, we are called back so gently that we do not recognize the summons. Suddenly our thoughts faint, lost as suddenly as a city engulfed in the sea. All night long our imaginations are thinking dire unimaginable things, some of which we shall never know, which we lose when we awake, which we are forever striving to regain.

ELIZABETH TRACY, '29



LES LETTRES AMERICAINES

LES Américaines disent volontiers que si leur industrie et leur organisation mécanique sont appréciées avec justice à l'étranger, leur culture est inconnue. Est-ce exact? Je ne le crois pas. Il me semble au contraire que jamais cette culture n'a été accueillie, au moins en France, avec tant d'intérêt et de curiosité.

Examinez le passé: les écrivains américains qui étaient arriés à franchir l'Océan sont en petit nombre et répartis tout au long d'un siècle. On peut citer Edgar Poe, Mark Twain, Emerson, Thoreau, Walt Whitman.

A la plupart d'entre eux, cette investiture européenne n'était accordée que par une petite élite. Edgar Poe a dû un public plus étendu au fait, accidentel, qu'il a été traduit par un très grand écrivain: Baudelaire. Je ne sais pas si Thoreau et Whitman ont eu trois mille lecteurs français.

Or, dupuis deux ou trois ans, cette attitude a beaucoup changé. Avant la guerre, apporter à un éditeur français une traduction d'un roman américain était un acte de courage. Aujourd'hui, les éditeurs demandent avec insistance qu'on leur indique des livres américains à traduire. Quelle este la cause de cet intérêt nouveau pour la culture américaine? D'abord, un des effets de la guerre a été de rendre, pour le Français moyen, l'Amérique moins lointaine. Des rapports plus directs ont constitué un premier élément d'intérêt. Mais il y en a un second beaucoup plus profond et plus fort: c'este le fait historique qu' après tout grand bouleversement social ou guerrier, les hommes ont besoin d'exotisme. Pourquoi? Parce que la jeune génération, qui a été élevée dans l'agitation des guerres, a beaucoup de mal à reprendre l'habitude de la tranquillité cet ennui était né, en France et en Angleterre, de la paix. Elle est inquiète. Elle s'ennuie. De après les guerres napoléoniennes, le romantisme de Byron ou de Hugo."

André Maurois

UNE EXCURSION

C'était un de ces jours nacrés où l'été et l'automne semblent s'unir dans une ineffable douceur, l'atmosphère de couleur de miel, les cieux pâles et clairs—tout était lucide. Une fine et subtile odeur de feuilles mortes y ajoutait quelque chose de piquant.

Nous nous sommes décidés, quelques amies et moi à faire une excursion à la campagne, à aller en canot. Aussitot dit, aussitôt fait. Nous montâmes toutes dans la grande vieille automobile et, ravies nous nous mûnes en route. Partout sur la campagne flottait ce brouillard léger des après-midis d'automne. Les feuilles tombārent en pièces d'or transparentes. Dans l'atmosphère-même il y avait quelque chose de ton mineur. Nous nous taisions . . .

Enfin près de la petite rivière nous descendîmes pour pagayer dans le crépuscule. Pas un jonc, pas un roseau ne bougeait. Le seul brint était celui des gouttes d'eau tombant de la pagaie, le seul mouvement, celui du rythme des bras et de la lente allure du canot. Pendant longtemps comme cela, sans un mot, nous navigâmes; nous passâmes ainsi sous un petit pont et devant une cascade et nous arrivâmes près des saules àla rive.

Il y .avait quelque chose de mystique. On croyait presque voir une nymphe de Corot inclinée au pied d'un arbre. Ou était sûr que l'âme de Corot errait dans ce paysage. Ce fut un de ces instants sans pareil où il n'y a qu'une voile entre e'homme et la vérité, un instant sublime et profondémente triste.

May Sarton, '29

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SIR, GO OUT AND WIN FOR DEAH OLD LATIN! (SNIFF, SNIFF!)
WEE WILLIE WHITE
CURSES!
AYE!
HARLOW
CAMBRIDGE
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!
COACH McDONALD
AYE!
AYE!
AYE!
Bughouse Fables!
The FRESHMAN Candidate
FIRE
(FINICKY FIVE)
ITS NO USE, FROSH, YOU CANT WIN THIS RACE!
Joe Senior
GOAL
YRS.
DIPLOMA
Christmas!
SWAN-SON
WELL, WILLY, WHAT DYE WANT FOR HIGH-SCHOOL?
SCHOOL SPIRIT!
Report Cards out again
Gayne
SIR GALAHAD, I GIVE MY PERMISSION
ALLOW ME TO TIE YOUR SHOE!
THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT COMES INTO HIGH-SCHOOL!

THIS is Station C. H. L. S. opening its second broadcast of the 1928-29 season for no good reason at all. This is brought through the fault of the Cambridge Revue, an all-star cast with Cas Z. Harris (also known as "Past-Definite" Harris), as the leading man. Now before going on with the story let me say here that the management is not responsible for accidents on the eyes.

Please stand back for the first spasm. Mr. Vol Cano spouting.

Good night kiddies, this bed-time story is made possible through the courtesy of the Liveboy Cleansing Company which produces an awful line of "soft soap." Augusto Wind at the mike.

Once upon a time, etc., two great Grecian celebrities decided to declare war, i.e., to be married. They planned to throw a big party, and sent pasteboards to all the gods and goddesses. But somebody slipped up, they ran out of postage stamps, and the goddess of hate wasn't able to crash into the eats. What a break! She decided she wasn't going to be walked over, so she tossed a golden apple into the middle of the brawl. On the apple were the words "for the most beautiful." Boy, oh boy, she sure knew how to start a riot. There were about twenty women killed in the rush, and at least twenty-five more severely put out. The contest finally narrowed down to Venus, Minerva and Juno. They didn't exactly know how to choose Miss Greece but they finally decided to leave it to a shepherd boy by the name of Panis who was supposed to know his apples. That boy should have bluffed a hangover, or a pass-over or something, when he saw them coming, but he didn't, and he got roped in. Try to please three women simultaneously is like getting an E from Miss Dolan, or like trying to start an oil boom in Hades. He slipped the apple to Venus, and that was where he slipped all right. He should have sliced it or something, but he didn't and his troubles began.

Moral: You can please some of the women all of the time, and you can please all of the women some of the time; but you can't please all of the women all of the time.

This is Mr. Cyn E. Marr speaking about to broadcast a theatre review. Which reminds me of a little joke. Two girls were talking, as usual, and one of them said "Who was that gentleman I saw you with last night?" And the other answered, "that wasn't any gentleman that was a Cambridge Latin student. Heh, heh, (joke). But to continue, don't fail to see the following attractions.

Children of No Importance — Featuring the Freshmen.

The Wrecker — Tim Crane (ask him).

The Head of the Family — "Bill" Squires.

The Fleet's In — With Joe Dugan and Barney Goldenburg starring.

Racing Romeos — With an all-star cast of seniors.

Show People — Starring the Sophomores.

The Terror — Leslie Wiehe (ask him, too).

Out of the Ruins — We P. G.'s.

All of these shows are accompanied by the students' orchestra who will play the following songs dedicated to the teachers, including " 'Sno Use Talking" (You gotta whisper), "You Took Advantage of Me," "Don't Hold Everything" (Let Loose some G's). "Who Wouldn't be Blue" (with marks like these), and others.

This, ladies', gentlemen and seniors, concludes the theatre review. I will now turn the mike over to the chief announcer. Please stand Pat.

The next feature is a story written by one our announcers. Our announcer went out on a quest to see if he could find the ideal man. His story follows verbatum (which means gentle and otherwise readers, word for word).

I was elated at this opportunity presented to me to seek the ideal man. Little did I realize the task before me. I was doomed to suffer disappointment. After much searching, I finally saw what I thought at first to be the ideal man. I saw him standing at Carl Krotki's store, care-

lessly, yet carefully leaning against the fountain, and nonchalantly sipping a raspberry, lemon, and lime drink. His polished shoes, his hair parted in the middle, and everything, about convinced me that the long sought male was found. And here, so near C. H. L. S.! Disappointment, chagrin, defeat! I counted my bridges before they were hatched. My friend had seated himself; and oh! Can I go on? There was the end of my Utopia. The reason "She" said "No." All is not gold that gathers no moss — *he didn't wear any garters!*

The football seaeson has ended, and hockey is coming in. The support and spirit at the games this year was a marked improvement over the preceding years, yet it was not good! it was simply fair. But it was encouraging. Perhaps, the necessity of the formation of the Athletic Association was a blessing in disguise. The hockey prospects are good, and we can do our share to make them better. We all have a chance to "broadcast," and let's do it. Cambridge Rah, Rah, Team!

This, ladies and gentlemen, brings to a close the program presented by Station C. H. L. S., of Cambridge, Mass., broadcasting on a frequency of four or five times too often. This is Mr. Vol Cano shutting off just in time. Good night, and how!

J. HUGHES, '28.

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PEABODY 19 CAMB. LATIN 0

PEABODY High School football team defeated Cambridge Latin School 19 — 0 to gain its first victory of the season at the Leo Buckley Stadium on Saturday, Oct. 27. Patenande, quarterback was the shining star for the home team which gained its ground through the middle of the visitors' line. Occasionally a few yards were picked up on runs around the ends but as a whole straight football was responsible for the gains. Near the close of the game Latin unleashed a barrage of forward passses but only a few heaves were completed and these for little gain. Beside Patenande, McCarthy and Maistrellis were outstanding for Peabody while Favreau and Harlow played a good game for the visitors.

The Summary:

PEABODY	CAMBRIDGE LATIN
Goldberg, re	le, Katz (Sheahan)
McCarthy, rt	lt, Ross
Hailonen, rg	lg, Butcher
Chipouras, c	c, Nolen
Jellison (Kimball) lg	rg, W. White (Dugan) (Reardon) (Samorian)
Connally, lt	rt, Lynch
Tymchush (Komarin), le	re, Favreau
Patenande (Ford) (McGregor) qb	qb, Harlow
Kalellie, rhb	lhb, Hynes (Whalen)
Turgeon, lhb	rhb, E. Perry (Hogan)
Maistrellis, fb	fb, K. White (Rinely) (McFadgen) (Bergan)

Score: Peabody 19—Cambridge Latin 0
Touchdowns: Patenande, 2; Maistrellis 1.
Point after touchdown, McCarthy.

BROOKLINE 20 CAMB. LATIN 6

By getting the jump on the Cambridge outfit, Brookline ran up 20 points in the first period of its game with Cambridge Latin and assured itself of victory for one touchdown by MacFadgen was the best that the visitors could do. On a sustained march featuring the carrying of MacFadgen and Harlow and the interfering of Kenny White, Latin scored in the second period. Fred Harlow missed the try for point after the game. McKee shone in the visiting team's line. Near the end, Cambridge threw quite a few passes by two, on to MacFadgen and one to Hogan, netted a first down.

The summary:

BROOKLINE	CAMBRIDGE LATIN
A. Lewis, le	re, Favreau
Fineberg (Blunt), lt	rt, Lynch (Butcher)
Hurly (Ford), c	c, Nolen
Walsh (Goldman) (Couth), lg	rg, Perry
Ventura (Golden) rg	lg, Reardon (W. White)
Redman (Gerome), rt	lt, McKee
Wallack (Hurley) (Sehomich), re	le, Katz (Dugan)
Roberts, qb	qb, Harlow
Robinson (Keely), lhb	rhb, MacFadgen
Hoolstein, Bellingham, rhb	lhb, Hynes (Hogan)
Fink (Horn) (E. Lewis) (McEltrick), fb	fb, K. White

Touchdowns: Robinson 2, Hoolstein, McFadgen.
Points after touchdown, Robinson 2.
Score: Brookline 20 — Camb. Latin 6.

LATIN 7 NEWBURYPORT 6

Coming from behind in the second half by driving continually into the Newburyport attack, Latin School scored the tying 6 points in the 3rd period of its game with Newburyport High School, on a remarkable play by Abe Katz, star left end of the Cambridge team. Standing midway between the passer and the would-be receiver of an attempted lateral pass by the home team, Katz intercepted the pass and raced unmolested for the touchdown. A successful kick by Freddy Harlow added the margin of victory. The touchdown by Latin School was only the season and the game was the first that they have third that has been scored on Newburyport this lost. "Pee Wee" Nolen, diminutive center and "Gig" McKee, captain and tackle of the Latin team were outstanding in the line. Their accomplishments were followed closely by those of Butcher, Lynch, and W. White. The entire

(*Continued on Page 19,*)

C. H. L. S. FOOTBALL TEAM

Kneeling, left to right — Dugan, Hogan, Samorean, Captain McKee, Harlow, Nolen, McFadgen and White.

Second Row — Manager Samson, White, Lekaskos, Butcher, Favreau, Ed Perry, Denehey, Perry and Assistant Manager Curran.

Last Row — Lallas, Hines, Lynch, Ross, Fort, Milo, Katz and Reardon.

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Heard in History

Teacher: "Where was the Magna Charta signed?"

Bright Frosh: "At the bottom."

He: "Does Lil look her age?"

She: "No; she overlooks it."

Doctor: "Be sure and eat the fruit with the skin on. What are your favorite fruits?"

Patient: "Bananas and cocoanuts."

Dick: "Uncle, how is it that no hair grows on your head?"

Uncle: "What a silly question. Why doesn't grass grow in a busy street?"

Dick: "Oh, you mean it can't get up through the concrete?"

She: Do you ever take any hard exercise?

He: Well last week I was out seven nights running.

Bill: How's Maud coming along with her driving?

Jack: She took a turn for the worst last week.

It's all right to begin at the bottom — except when you're learning to swim.

One of our enterprising young business men has just gone across to Europe. He is going to try and sell the foot of the Alps a set of snow-shoes.

Teacher: "Can anyone tell me what a harness is?"

Silence.

Teacher: "Well, is there anybody in the class whose father works among horses?"

Johnnie: "Please, teacher, mine does."

Teacher: "Well, what is it that your father puts on horses every day?"

Johnnie: "Please, teacher, every cent he's got."

The stingiest man we know of is the one who gave his little girl a nickel not to eat any supper, who took the nickel away from her while she was asleep, and then refused to give her any breakfast because she lost it.

"What do you intend to do when you graduate?"

"I was thinking of going into the lumber business."

"You would!"

"What made you flunk your Latin course?"

"I wasn't in the proper mood."

She is only a taxi-driver's daughter but you ought to meter.

Little Boy: What is green and purple, has four legs, and flies through the air and sings?

Old Lady: Why, I don't know. What is it?

Little Boy: Oh, I ain't made up the name yet.

Lowbrow: Aw, your college isn't so hot.

Highbrow: See here, my man, I'll give you to understand that my Alma Mater is so aristocratic that our football team calls its signals in Roman numerals.

Teacher: The principal parts of "swim", Bob.

Bob: Swim, swam, swum.

Teacher: Now, the principal parts of do.

Bob: Aw, quit your kidding.

Because a certain professor wore a very large pair of glasses the students could never tell just whom he was looking at. One day, seeing a student at the far end of the class chewing gum, he exclaimed, "Young man, bring that gum up here and put it in the basket." There was a moment of silence in the class and then five of the students arose and deposited the offending article in the basket.

Teacher (reproving Johnnie): "I'm afraid, Johnnie, I shall never meet you in the better land."
Johnnie (astonished): "Why, teacher, whatever have you been doing now?"

Mac: That's a good name for that theatre, Coolidge.
Jack: Yeah, the silent drama.

She: "Is your father a cop?"
He: "No, but he goes with them a lot."

Bus Driver (to Scotch vacationist): "Nice drive in the country, sir? Your boy can go free."
Scotchman (to son): "Jump in, Jamie. I'll wait till you come back."

Son: "Father, I have decided to become an artist. Have you any objections?"
Dad: "No, provided you don't draw on me."

Mel: "I call my girl 'Excelsior'."
Nell: "Why, because she's your ideal?"
Mel: "No, because she's quite the stuff."

Our Freshmen Think

That Lewis Carroll is a notorious leader of the Follies.
That Obregon is a fairy and a character in one of Shakespeare's plays.
That Raskob is a Jewish Rabbi.
That Suez Canal joins North America to Africa.
That a bridge lamp is useless if one cannot play bridge.
That a myth is a female moth.
That the Australian Ballot is a dance of the natives of Australia.

So Say We

He: "Personally, I can see only one objection to the long skirt."
She: "And that is —?"
He: "The length of it."

Prof: "Nature always makes compensations. If one eye loses sight, the other becomes stronger. If one loses the hearing of one ear, the other becomes more acute.
Bright Frosh: "You're right. I've always noticed that when a man has one leg short, the other is longer."

Maud: "Have you a cigarette lighter?"
Claud: "No, they're all the same weight."

Mart: "I love a beautiful and brainy girl."
Bart: "Is that so? Which one are you going to marry?"

A road hog is a man who gives you half the road; the half he gives you is half on each side of him.

Bill: "I dropped my watch in the river once and it's been running ever since."
Charley: "What! the same watch?"
Bill: "No, the river!"

St. Peter: "Who's there?"
Voice without: "It is I."
Peter (peeved): "Get out o' here; we don't want any more school teachers."

Heard in Geometry

Teacher: "So a circle has sides?"
Pupil: "Yes, sir — Inside and Out."

Bill: "Say, you know I'm an angel now."
Lil: "Why, how's that?"
Bill: "Well, the other day Mr. S— said I'd soon go flying out of the room."

Heard in Algebra II

Miss Morse: "The answer to the tenth example, Charles."
Sweeny: "I didn't do it."
Miss Morse: "In Mathematics when you make a statement give a reason."

Un Miserable

Bright Stude: "How far away were you from the right answer?"
Dumb Stude: "Two seats."

Disgusted Lady: Does your mother know you smoke?
Small Boy: Does your husband know you speak to strange men in the street?

Librarian: "Isn't this book rather technical?"
Small Boy: "It was that way when I got it, ma'am."

PRINTING THE SUNDAY POST

(*Continued from Page 6*)

which is shaving off the lead with an instrument resembling a drill. The finished picture-leads are sent down to be fitted in with the type.

The trimly framed trays of type do not actually print at all. They go down to the stereotyping room where imprints of them are taken on paper something like blotting-paper, but smoother, tougher and more fibrous. It is actually made of a sort of white manilla paper, thin, silky, pink tissue paper, and several sheets of white tissue paper, pasted together. Molten lead is poured on the imprints, bent concavely, and when this is hardened it is fitted on the long printing rollers in the presses. In the color press, each color must be printed from a separate roller, so a half-finished section of the "funnies", for instance, presents an odd panorama of a chance hat, stockings, some waistcoat buttons, perhaps a speech or shoe-laces, scattered incongruously about the page.

The presses are stupendously complicated, — enormous rolls of paper are reeled off from one end of the machine, through a difficult maze, to the other. The rollers, (I don't know what else to call them, which do the actual printing, revolve at a terrific rate through a trough of ink on one side and over the paper on the other. The paper is first printed on one side; next, whirled a dozen feet above your head, where it is printed on the other, then neatly folded, first in halves and then in quarters; and lastly, cut. The great machines are a miracle of delicacy in that they never tear a sheet, though delivering stacks of papers about six inches high, almost as fast as a man can pick them up. You are appalled by the rush and enormity of the intricate machines, about twenty feet high, thirty long, and ten wide; the never-ending, deafening roar; the realization that every Saturday night over three hundred thousand pounds of paper are used up in this process. You can hardly grasp it: you go out dazed, and as you go you see the last link in the great chain: the loading of the papers on mail cars. Huge piles are carried out by workmen; others arrive from above by way of a slide, to leave, on trains, for all parts of the world.

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ATHLETICS — (*Continued from Page 14*)

backfield showed to advantage, Kenny White and Fred MacFadgen making some damaging tackles.

The summary:

CAMB. LATIN		NEWBURYPORT
Katz, le		re, Hughes
McKee, lt		rt, Fogg
Lynch, lg		rg, Tufts
Nolen, c		c, Phekuishi (Krinley)
Butcher (W. White) (Samorian), rg		lg, Blakely
Fort, rt		lt, Whalen
Favreau, re		le, Carey
Harlow, qb		qb, Brown (Lloyd) (Armani)
Perry, lhb		rhb, Traister
K. White (Ready), rhb		lhb, Gallagher
MacFadgen, fb		fb, Ogden (Armani)

Score: Camb. Latin 7 — Newburyport 6. Touchdowns: Gallagher, Katz. Point after touchdown: Harlow.

Now that nine games are out of the way, Coach Leander MacDonald is centering his attention on the objective game, that with Everett. When this issue is presented to you, this game will have been played. On the outcome of this game, hinges the success of the entire season. If a victory over Everett is hung up on Thanksgiving Day, everyone concerned with the school team will enjoy his turkey dinner and the reverses of the season will be forgotten. Here's to success! Let's fight.

EDTOR'S NOTE:

After the Athletic Editor finished his department for this issue, the game with Everett was played. We lost, but we went down fighting and the School is proud of its team! One of the students has caught the spirit of the day in this apt little acrostic.

C. L. H. S.

Courage be our dearest neighbor
High ambitions be our aim
Loyal is the patient fellow
Striving hard to play the game.

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THE doubles tennis tournament was completed some time ago. The teams which met in the finals were Marjorie Leighton and Bradley Britt against Anne Goverman and Frances Shain. The Leighton-Britt team won the first set without much trouble but it was only after a hard struggle that they finally captured the second set. The scores were 6-0, 9-7. The match was refereed by Miss Brown, while the linesmen were not conspicuous for their absence but for their numbers. The winners received individual silver cups.

The basketball practice sessions are coming along finely. If possible the Freshman-Sophomore games will be delayed until January in order to give the Freshmen more of a chance to win. They have one of two very promising individual players but are very weak with respect to teamwork, while on the other hand the Sophomores have very fine teamwork.

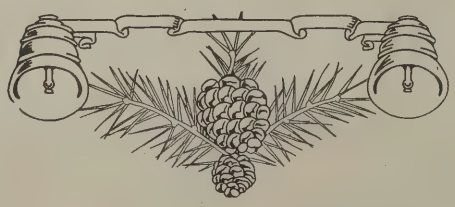
A tentative schedule of outside games has been planned. This schedule takes in Medford, Arlington, Belmont, Waltham, and possibly others. Any or all of these games will certainly be worth seeing and we ask, even entreat, that *you* will come down and help cheer your own team. If you watch the bulletin board in the Latin building, you will find out just when these games are to be played and also other matters of interest to G. A. A. members.

Three poor families that we know of, even if they eat salt pork for the rest of the year, had one glorious feast on Thanksgiving Day. Thanks are due to all those that helped make it a Thanksgiving Day for them, and we hope that three more poor families will, next year, have cause to be grateful to some of these very same girls.

A social was planned for Friday, November twenty-third. This Freshman Social was planned to make some of our newer members acquainted with our older ones. Various specialty numbers were given. Gertrude Norris, Grace Gilbert, and Mary Galvin gave dancing numbers. The music for the general dancing was furnished by Paul Whiteman's orchestra (we almost forgot to say via the graphophone).

Rally round the flag, girls! A great event has happened. On a dull November day, Miss Brown, not seeing the great impending happening, sat disconsolately at her desk. Two men appeared and began to measure the lockers. Not yet daring to give voice to her great thought, she sat silent until one of the men curtly said, "Yes, ma'am, we're measuring these for curtains." Overcome with the reaction, it was fully five minutes before Miss Brown could go and, in a shaking voice, tell others the great news. The betting odds are two to one that the curtains will be green, but a certain group, small but very active, is greatly in favor of red.

The date set for the Freshman Party was December the fifteenth. In our next *big* number we will give you full particulars as seen by our society correspondent, our technical expert, and our dramatic critic. As the party's title is, "The Poverty Party of All Nations," our society correspondent may decide not to attend but as she is the dramatic critic also (and I may add, the technical expert) the critic part of her will be there.



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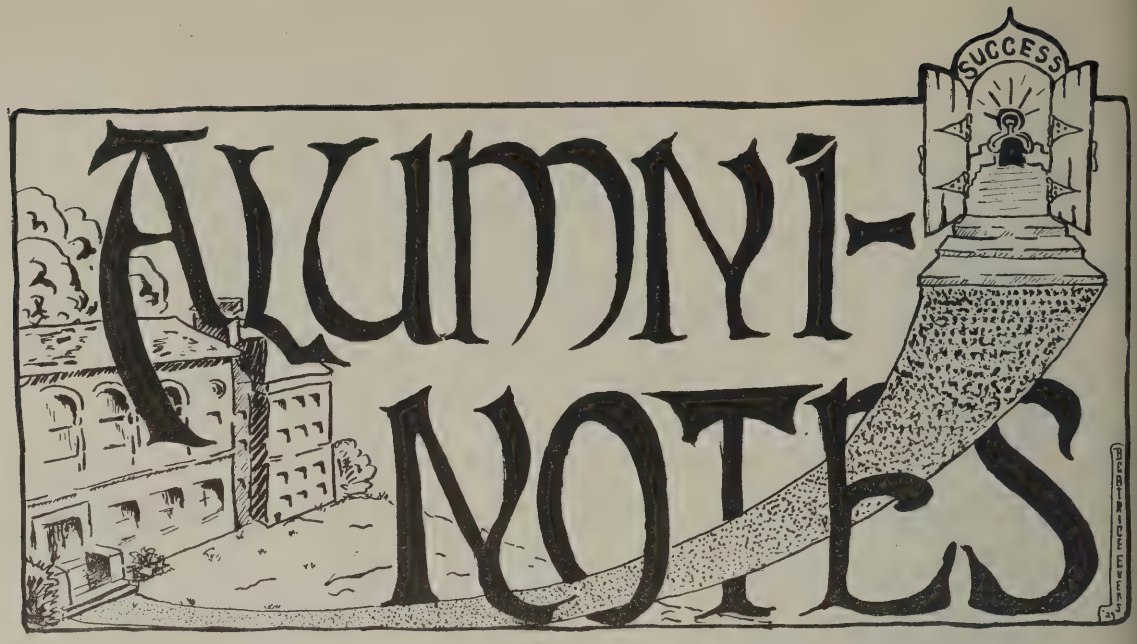

1925

Martin Canavan, who is now a junior at Boston University (College of Business Administration), is on the honor list for the college year 1927-28. This list included nine percent of the entire junior class.

Bernadett Carney is a senior at Boston University; she has recently been elected to the student council.

Marion Bird is an employee of the Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston.

Paul Hanson is a member of the senior class at Harvard.

1926

Harold Dow has left Vermont University; he is, at present, attending Burdett College.

Beatrice Grover is a sophomore at Radcliffe

Horatio Locke is an employee of the Kidder, Peabody Company; he intends to return to Harvard in February.

Catherine Ryan, and Helena Wilde are both seniors at Miss Lesley's School for Kindergarteners.

Thelma White is the Private Secretary of Mr. Cutter, the assistant Librarian at the Baker Library of the Harvard Square Business School.

Frederic Brown is a member of the freshman class at Harvard.

Helen Hanson is a student at the Leland Powers School of Expression.

James Clapp is in his sophomore year at Harvard.

Jewel MacArthur is employed as a librarian in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

1927

William Brooks is a freshman at Harvard, and is on the second freshman team.

Eleanor Adams, Leila Campbell, Lorraine Langley, and Mary Stubbs are in their sophomore year at Radcliffe.

Clara Ethel White is a stenographer at Thichnor Brothers, Harvard Square, Cambridge.

Eleanor Roche and Philip Lawrence are sophomores at Boston University.

Doris Hoyt is a freshman at Simmons.

Earl French is a freshman at M. I. T.

1928

Gertrude Kimball is a freshman at Bridgewater Normal.

Thomas Bowers is at Harvard.

Miriam Bramberg is attending the night school of Boston University.

Victoria Bedrosian is employed at the Library Bureau, Cambridge.

Elizabeth Goodwin is working for the John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

Leah Lagermann is at Simmons.

William Morris is at Exeter.

G. Bicknell Colesworthy, Hymen Olken, and Charles Morris are freshmen at Harvard.

Eleanor Eisenhauer is at Framingham Normal.

Evelyn MacLeod is studying piano at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Eleanor Daly is studying at Portia Law.

Mary Hayward is at Bryant and Stratton.

Tena Edison is doing secretarial work for the Agar Manufacturing Company, Somerville.

The following is a brief statement concerning the records, during the year 1927-28, of the Freshmen admitted to Harvard from C. H. L. S.

The four Freshmen dormitory committees of Harvard have been recently chosen. In the choice of men care was taken to have private preparatory schools as well as public high schools represented.

Ordway Southard, '28, was chosen as a member of the committee for Smith Halls.

From the schools which sent ten or more of their men to Harvard C. H. L. S. stands third,—since of the twenty-one men sent from C. H. L. S., last year, five were on the Dean's list.

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Boston, Massachusetts.

GOOD EVENING, ladies and gentlemen, of the radio audience, this is Graham Crackers speaking from Station C. H. L. S. The next feature on our program this evening is our regular irregular book talk given every once in a while by Pete Hayes, the debonaire Exchange Editor of the Cambridge Review. Mr. Hayes.

How do you do everybody? The time has rolled around again for another explosion of unpedigreed bunk, so get your pencils out and listen and attend, O Best Beloved. I haven't so many opportunities (Is that correct? I wish that you would check up on my spelling. I never could use a dictionary) for criticism as last time, as I haven't so many to work on. How sad.

This time I have several exchanges of the newspaper type. They are, namely, to whit, as follows: "The Buzzer" Baton Rouge, La., H. S.; "Junior Hi-Ways" John Muir Junior High, Burbank, Cal.; "The Lookout" Weaver H. S., Hartford, Conn., and "The New Era" East Hartford H. S., also Conn.

"The Buzzer" is quite interesting, especially "Letters from the People." Andre Le Blanc must be an individual. I take pleasure in announcing that Boston isn't the only town with a Raymond's. The B. R. one is Reymond's, and Mr. Reymond has no Uncle Eph.

"Junior Hi-Ways" is not unusual. The only article of interest to one not a student of the school is "From Our English Cousin." This tells somewhat of the life of an English schoolboy by one who's been there. On the whole, it is nothing out of the ordinary.

The "Lookout" is in the same class, of interest entirely to pupils of the school publishing it. The usual editorials, alibis, conduct, etc. The regular line.

The "New Era" is also nearly the same, but there are some stories, to help out. The joke column is one of the best I've seen outside of a professional joke magazine. Most of the jokes are ones that I haven't seen — more than fifty times.

Now is the time for all good — I forgot the campaign is over, and we Anti-Bunkers got beaten worst of all. However, I still maintain that our Will would have been the greatest President that the United States ever had. But that's beside the point. Let's get on to the magazines.

Here we have an In-between from the "Semaphore" Stoughton High. In this, the Athletic Department is the strongest telling of football games, a track meet, field hockey, and what have you. The Poetry page is passable, especially "On the Football Team." The Literary (prose) Department is punk if I may be allowed to use such an out of date word. Nevertheless, the whole business shapes up pretty well.

The "Aegis" from Beverly High School. Pretty tough, when you consider that the best stuff in the whole shebang was written by a group of Freshmen. "The Rime of the Youthful Freshmen" is really clever, and even remarkable, because, as I said, it was written by Frosh. 'Stoo bad we haven't any precocious infants around our joint. As for the upperclassmen, "comparisons are odorous." 'Nuff sed.

The "Drury Academe" from North Adams. Just listen at this mine friends;

WAR

Notes of terror, notes of fear
War is here! War is here!
The shining light of patriotism
Lifts the darkness of one's prison.
But day and night
On hopes a blight
The war stalks cruel
Death's horrid tool.

Can you beat it? Ain't that swell poetry? Except for the cover and the jokes, the whole magazine is on the same level. The cover and the jokes are rather good, however, possibly because you can't put a cover into poetry, and none of the jokes have been. This is sort of slammish, but it's all in a good cause.

Let's take this one next. The "Green and White" from De La Salle College, (another of these prep schools called colleges), Manila, P. I. Here we have the extreme form of the "back-scratching exchanges that I spoke of in an earlier issue. Some of the literary work is fair, none of it is much to brag about. The usual departments are run in an unusual way; pretty rottenly. As a matter of fact, the one thing about the magazine that impressed me favorably was the cover, the green lettering showing to a good advantage on the white page. Last but not least, the "Green and White" had a most deplorable tendency to blah: it is entirely too syrupy to get along with.

I have a couple of numbers of the "Academy Scholium." I dunno just what that means, but if it isn't all right, it's the only thing in either issue that isn't. From front cover to back, they are good, including the covers. The stories and poems are way up. The departments are good, all of them. (You see, it's this way. In order to square me with my conscience — I do have one, believe it or not. — I must find at least one good paper to praise. So the "Academy Scholium" is it this time.)

Well, methinks it's about time to sign off. Just a word in parting, if I've given your paper a slam, please don't feel too badly about it, because it's utterly impossible for me to be tactful. I've found that pleasant fact to be true from many bitter experience. Sock back, it's your privilege and I expect it. Good evening and thank you.

Thank you, Mr. Hayes. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Graham Crackers speaking to you from the main studio of Station C. H. L. S. Our next program will come to you from New York.

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TOUGH, THE FAITHFUL

(*Continued from Page 7*)

down the gulch dragging the broken leg behind him. The faithful little dog kept close beside his master, at times peering into the beloved face, trying to understand what this strange journey meant, again barking encouragement as his master's courage seemed to flag.

They had not gone far when Jim sank to the ground almost overcome with pain.

"It's no use, little Tough. I can never get home by crawling."

For a long time Jim lay perfectly quiet looking up at the dull glow on the rocks as it faded and sank into a haze of darkness. He thought of his father and mother and he wondered if he must soon die and leave them. One by one the stars shone out in the small expanse of sky overhead, and soon night settled down dark and cold.

Reaching out into the darkness Jim drew the anxious little dog to him and wrapped him as best he could inside his coat. Tough slept fitfully and toward morning Jim, too, fell asleep. When at last he opened his eyes Tough was watching anxiously beside him.

"Poor little chap!" said Jim, "You can almost speak, can't you?" Then suddenly the boy raised himself on his elbow, his face alight with hope.

"Oh, Tough, I believe you can do it."

Carefully raising himself to a sitting posture, Jim searched his pockets and drew out a pencil and note book and quickly wrote a letter to his parents telling them of his condition, and describing in careful detail his location. He then tore his handkerchief in four strips, tying the ends of three of them together. From this he fashioned a crude harness which he tied securely on Tough. With the fourth he tied the letter fast to the harness. He then looked down the gulch and pointed far away.

"Go, Tough. Go home! Go home!"

Tough bounded down the gulch, barking. Then finding nothing he came running back. Again and again Jim pointed, commanded. Again and again the little dog ran down the gulch, only to come back bewildered. Along about noon Tough seemed to get something of Jim's meaning, for he went running down the gulch and out of sight, staying away a full half hour. But the boy's high hopes were blasted when he saw the little dog coming back. The afternoon was a repetition of the morning and by night Jim was fevered and ill.

After a night of suffering the boy began all over again to get the little dog to understand.

(Continued on Page 27)

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TOUGH, THE FAITHFUL

(*Continued from Page 26*)

He knew that it was his only chance. He repeated shouts and cries for help had availed him nothing. Tough was his only hope, for his parents would never find him in this dark deep gulch before it was too late. He must make Tough understand.

Along about midmorning it seemed to the boy on the verge of despair that a new light brightened the thin little face, that the alert brain had caught his meaning. Tough looked down the gulch, quivered and started away on a run. This time he did not come back and with the passing of the hours the boy lay face down on the ground and prayed for the little dog running somewhere down the slopes.

The early twilight found a tired little dog trotting up to the door of the mountain home, to which Jim's parents and two mountain neighbors were returning after a two-day and night search for the boy.

With a cry the mother knelt beside Tough and began searching the strange harness. Soon she found the letter with the tragic information.

Instantly, upon reading the letter, the parents began to assemble supplies — medicine, food, bedding and rope with which to make a litter, while the two men brought food to the famished little dog and removed his harness. And then though night was coming on, the three men were on their way, with Tough in the lead, to the far away gulch where Jim lay. On and on, up and up, they went. All night long they toiled upward. The sun came over the horizon and shone upon the snows above, which gave off a faint pink light to the darkened valleys below.

Then it was that the three men entered the gulch that was to be the end of their quest. It was Tough who announced their coming, who raised his little weary head and sent up a racket of joyful yelps that sent Jim, ill and spent with suffering, crawling to meet him.

And so it was that, because a small dog had in his heart the faithfulness that equals human loyalty, the life of a brave boy was saved.

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THE REVIEW

WINTER NUMBER

1929

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.
Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second class matter.

Vita sine litteris mors est.

VOLUME 43 NUMBER 3

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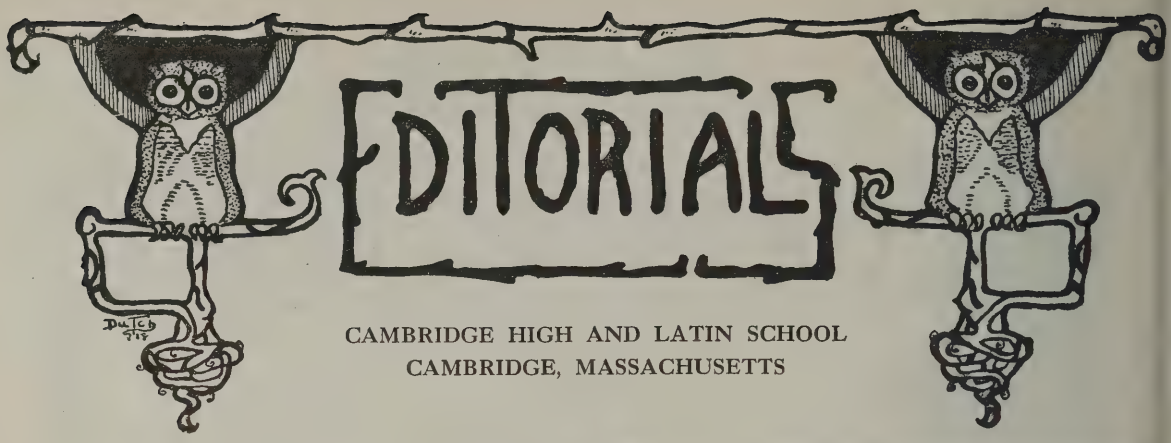


CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

THE SCHOOL EXPANDS

THAT new piano! That radio set! That Electrola! — Just the thing, but where did they come from and who made them possible?

It seems it was this way. Last year, Mr. Whoriskey became interested in the proposed concerts of Mr. Walter Damrosch. Three experimental concerts were very successfully carried out. In fact, students of our own school heard two of the concerts on equipment borrowed by Mr. Downey. Mr. Whoriskey wanted a radio set for the School.

The choral singing in the School had been getting along rather well under Mr. Whoriskey, but the need of a source of selected and constantly available music arose. Mr. Whoriskey wanted a phonograph.

The piano had served well and faithfully for a number of years — too great a number in fact, and the instrument was becoming fatigued under the strain of extemporaneous morning and afternoon artistry. Mr. Whoriskey secretly longed for a - a - *new piano!*

Although he did not admit it, we think that Mr. Whoriskey must have said something of the matter to — but anyway a Music Committee was appointed by the School Committee consisting of Mr. Edmond McGreenery and Mr. Raymond Fitzgerald and in no time at all, twenty-two hundred dollars worth of music and entertainment became the much appreciated property of Cambridge High and Latin School!

The range of this equipment is not fully realized by all. Educational lectures in English and French have already been received and more are on the way. The Inaugural Address is looked forward to with keen anticipation.

The old piano which has been the nucleus of more than one School entertainment is for obvious reasons awaiting a steel cage before taking its last abode in the gymnasium.

MANY of us had the pleasure of knowing Mary Wamsley, to us she seemed like part of life. Her ready smile and sincere companionship had won a place for her in all our hearts; and that she should be taken from us seems unbelievable. She was so young and thoroughly lovable that her death seemed especially tragic. Her departure leaves us with a feeling of emptiness that will not be filled.

We join in offering our sympathy to her relatives.

THE CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

ON December 21 and 22, the Art Department surprised us all with the very wonderful Christmas Pageant. It has been the custom of this department to produce a pageant for us at Christmas time, but this year I think they surprised even themselves. Surely none of us who wandered thru the hall while Mr. Doyle and the boys were working on the scenery expected quite such an excellent piece of work as that church door turned out to be. And as for the costumes and different characterizations of the citizens of Nuremburg, amazement is too mild a word.

Miss Willoughby deserves, and got, the highest praise for this splendid production. I was interested to learn that each character made his own costume, under the direction of Miss Brann. You've all heard the expression "Neat but not gaudy." They succeeded in being both neat and gaudy.

Even under the great handicap of the stage in the hall, which isn't the best in the world, Miss Willoughby and all her helpers attained a great success. Hats off to them.

PETE HAYES.

HONOR SPORTS CAPTAINS

By courtesy of the Cambridge Chronicle.
January 19, 1929

A complimentary luncheon was tendered Raymond Favreau and Abraham Katz at the Cambridge High School annex, Tuesday, by their fellow students at the High School annex. Favreau has been elected captain of the C. H. and L. S. football team, and Katz of the basketball team. Robert "Bibber" McCoy, Rindge '25, and Holy Cross '29, gave a demonstration of wrestling holds, which were explained in detail by Humphrey O'Leary, assistant director of physical education. Among the invited guests were Superintendent of Schools M. E. Fitzgerald, Asst. Supt. James Dugan, L. L. Cleveland, Leander MacDonald, John J. Sheahan, Garrett D. Foley, Joseph Koslowsky and Miss Florence Smith, principal of Merrill school. Michael Curran, '31, chairman of the committee on arrangements, presented Favreau with a gold football, and Katz with a gold basketball in recognition of their successes in their fields.

The music was furnished by the High School Annex orchestra, under the direction of Lee Carrington. The luncheon was prepared and served by the girls of the Opportunity class, under the supervision of Miss Winslow and Miss O'Laughlin.

HERE are the programs to be played by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Walter Damrosch. They may be heard in Latin Hall, each Friday at 11.30 through the medium of the Radiola-Electrola.

February 22

Program of Vocal Music.

March 1

CYMBALS AND TAMBOURINE

Farandole, "L'Arlésienne Suite, No. 2" ....*Bizet*
Tambourin .....*Gluck*
Polka, "Thunder and Lightning" .....*Strauss*

March 8

KETTLEDRUMS

Tone Poem: Finlandia .....*Sibelius*
Thunder Storm from Pastorale Symphony
Beethoven
Finale, Symphony No. 5 .....*Tschaikowsky*

March 15

THE OVERTURE

Overture to Oberon .....*Weber*
Overture to William Tell .....*Rossini*

March 22

Prelude to Lohengrin .....*Wagner*
Danse Macabre .....*Saint Saens*
Spanish Caprice — 5th Movement
Rimsky-Korsakoff

COMING DOWN MOUNT WASHINGTON

THE mountain is behind me, and the trail
keeps on going down, down,
The mountain is high, but the valley seems very
deep and still.
There are birds singing in the rugged hemlock
trees,
While a mountain stream rushes and swirls past
me.
The rest of the world may be the same as usual,
But I am on a mountain,
I am with God.

BETTY POORBACK, '31

HONOR ROLL

DECEMBER, 1928

JUNIORS

First Honors

Brizzolari, Edith
Clark, Margot
Connors, Margaret
Creel, Robert
Dilworth, Loretto
Doyle, Julia
Fine, Annie
Gallagher, Charles
Johnson, Vera
Krukonis, Josephine
Leighton, Marjorie
Manousos, George
Matthews, Hilda
McGlinchey, Grace
O'Keefe, Anna
Ray, Laura
Rowe, Elinor
Shigley, Elizabeth
Wakefield, Elizabeth
Wunsch, Barbara
Yassin, Elizabeth

Second Honors

Freedman, Esther
Holland, Jane
Houghton, Barbara
Iappini, Inez
Lord, Hazel
Mortimer, Mary
O'Hearn, Alice
Peterson, Carl
Prescott, Ruth
Wantman, Sarah
Wexler, Lillian
Wunsch, Gretchen
Wyman, Stanley

POST GRADUATES

First Honors

Conroy, Marion
Harding, Hazel
Howarth, Stanley
Lamb, Ruth
Shillman, Morton
Walsh, Edward

Second Honors

Connors, William
Curry, Frances
Gilman, Charlotte
Good, Catherine
Hamilton, Fred
Hayes, Truman
Johnson, Sarah
Mills, Grace
Murphy, John

SENIORS

First Honors

Andren, Edith
Belbin, Edith
Boisvert, Bernadette
Clark, Jean
Crowley, John
Curran, Mary
Deegan, Mary
Dick, Margaret
Driscoll, Mary
Edison, Della
Grant, Adrea
Henry, Esther
Lepper, Ressa
Lynch, Margaret M.
McCarthy, Mary
McCarthy, Mary E.
McGuire, Edna
Pflaumer, Eudora
Power, Dorothea
Ryan, James
Sarton, May
Tracy, Elizabeth
Urbanowicz, Stella
Wilkie, Ethel

Second Honors

Adams, Leslie
Anderson, Greta
Carlin, Michael
DeArmond, Marion
Delaney, Elizabeth
Doneski, Margaret
Duchin, Rose
Duff, Isabelle
Durant, Mary
Forbes, Henry
Gamester, Ethel
Goduti, Emma
Greenstein, Esther
Gumushian, Ramela
Hancock, Lillian
Humphreys, Frances
Kaduboski, Wanda
Kelley, Josephine
Madden, Helen
Markarian, Eva
Mullin, Frances
Murphy, George
O'Connell, Dorothy
Perkins, Ellen
Reardon, Margaret
Reynolds, Grace
Shea, Rose
Terzian, Helen
Thompson, Allen
Wiggin, Benjamin
Williams, Henry

SUB-SENIORS

First Honors

Goldman, Martha

SENIOR DRAMA

FRIEND HANNAH

WELL, it's all over now. Perhaps you would be interested in a few criticisms. One moment please until I get my notes.

In my opinion Ruth Campbell's characterization of the friendly little maid of all work was as good as anything in the play. Her scenes with Hannah in the last act were exceptionally well done.

John O'Neil as George was excellent. His most powerful work was in the last act when he played the blind old king to perfection. O'Neil's voice is a big asset to him.

Florence Williams in the part of Hannah was a truly lovable Quaker girl. She got her audience the moment she stepped on, and held them thru the play. Her scenes in the last act, too, were very fine. I liked her even better as the placid old woman than as the spirited girl.

All the minor parts were extremely well played.

Hugh Curry and Winifred Staffer as Hannah's uncle and mother both did excellently. Hugh played the stern-surfaced but soft-hearted uncle to perfection, and Winnie made you feel just as if she were your own mother.

George's brother and friend played by Walter Hynes and Russell Bennett were very good in their parts. Their pantomime was fine, — Ned's digust and Chandos's amusement at George.

Eldon Murray who took the part of Isaac Axford deserves special mention. Murray is a very fine actor.

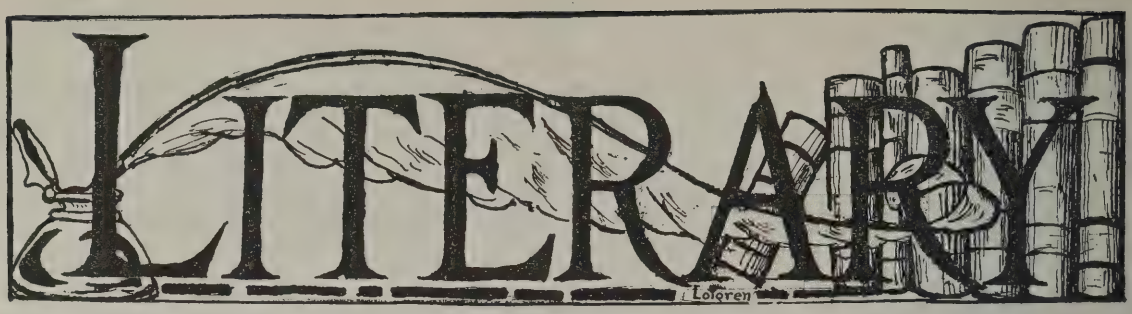
Lucio Gatto as the gossipping post boy was a hit but we knew that he would be good from previous experience.

The villains, Lord Bute and the Princess of Wales, taken by Joe Bonasera and Bea Evars, were fine. I momentously expected Bute to hiss and sneeringly say, "Ah-ha, me proud beauty, I have you in me power!"

The play itself was one of the best that could be gotten, and, under the very able coaching of Miss Hartigan, the cast played it for all it was worth. The scenery was excellent and we enjoyed the music by the School Orchestra between the acts.

Now a word of reproof: Do you think it exactly fair to razz a fellow or girl who is doing his level best to give you enjoyment? The cast had been working hard since before Christmas to give you this evening's pleasure. Can't you give them a chance if some little thing beyond their control goes wrong? Some of you will be in the Drama in the years to come and most of you will be in the audience, so try to remember this— Suppose that you were on the stage, and something happened, the audience laughed. How would you feel? Remember that the next time you are tempted to laugh.

PETE HAYES



ANOTHER SAM BROCK STORY

MOST of you will remember a story I told you a while ago, about my friend, Sam Brock, and how he solved the Museum Mystery. At last I have got Sam's permission to tell of another of his cases.

One evening a few years ago, I was in Sam's rooms when the 'phone rang. When I answered, someone asked for Sam. I replied that he was out, and asked if there was any message. The voice said, "That you, Pete?"

"Yes."

"This is John. Tell Sam Donald Stuart is dead. You know, Stuart, the author and traveler. I think there's something funny about it, but I can't locate the cause for my feeling. I wish Sam would come over in the morning. Thanks. So long."

Of course, you have heard of Donald Stuart, but very few people realize that there was anything out of the ordinary in the way that he died. Stuart's home, if it can be said that he had one, was an old-fashioned house not far from Harvard Square. He spent most of his time, however, in the out-of-the-way places of this world. A man of independent means, he wrote for pleasure rather than profit, although his books, whether story or travel, were deservedly popular. Stuart was short, long-armed, bow-legged, red-haired, (with a temper to match), and tremendously strong. He was an accomplished linguist, and had, from boyhood, roamed the earth, writing down what he saw and heard. And now he was dead and John Mulvey had said that there was something queer about his death. I could hardly wait until Sam returned.

Finally, however, he did come, and upon hearing my news merely grunted,

"Humph, probably just indigestion."

I refused to take it as calmly as he did, and during the night I built all sorts of alluring fancies out of Donald Stuart, his life and death. I was careful not to mention any of them to Sam, who has always admired and ridiculed my over-vivid imagination.

The next morning we walked over to Stuart's home, found the door guarded, but opened it easily by applying a little grease to the palm of the hindrance to progress. We walked in, I leading, as I had had occasion to interview Stuart several times for the paper. We looked around and I found nothing changed except that the door to Stuart's library was locked. Just after we had finished our look-see, John arrived. He was an old college friend who had decided to place his college training at the service of John Law. He had risen high in his chosen profession, but occasionally he was perplexed. At these times, he always called upon Sam for help. John had met Sam through me, and since Sam never allowed his name to be mentioned in reports, John said that his high standing was all my fault.

After chatting a few moments, John unlocked the door into the library. May you never see such a sight! Seated in an armchair before the open fireplace, an open book on his knee was Donald Stuart. Over his face was a handkerchief, which John removed. Even unemotional Sam started. The staring, fearful eyes, the bloodless cheeks, the creased forehead, the gasping mouth were certainly not the features of the Donald Stuart I had met. He had the appearance of one who, walking along, beholds a poisonous snake under his upraised foot; utter horror, fear, and despair. Aside from that there was nothing unusual about the body.

The room, however, was in a state of upheaval, almost as if someone had stirred it with a spoon. There were books and papers strewn over the floor; the desk had been ransacked; and even the furniture, rugs , and such like had been disturbed. On the floor, directly in front of Stuart, was a jewel case, empty but with the outlines of a great stone indented in the satin. In the fireplace were the cold ashes of the cheery blaze that Stuart had probably lighted before sitting down.

Sam picked up the jewel case, turned it over and looked at it. He, then, laid it down and went over to the bookshelves, and gave them a casual look, picking up a book here and there, glancing at the title, and rifling the pages. Next,

(*Continued on the following page.*)

(*Continued from preceding page.*)

he proceeded to the desk where he searched the drawers carelessly. Straightening up, he asked John,

"Any fingerprints?"

"No," came the reply, "the fellow must have worn gloves. The funny thing is that Stuart's body had not been touched. There's not a mark on it, and he hasn't been poisoned by anything we know about; the symptoms are all missing. Now that you've seen him, I'm going to have an autopsy performed, just to check up."

"All right," said Sam, "just let me know what you find, will you?"

We went along then, as Sam had a class, and I took the Subway to the office. They were writing a life of Donald Stuart for the evening editions, but not a word that showed how he died. Apparently, the police had keep the oddity of his death quiet.

That evening, I went around to Sam's diggings again. I tried to worm some of his ideas out of him, but he had no intention of telling me what he thought about the case. When Sam decides not to tell a thing, you might as well be questioning me about the Einstein theory.

As time went on, I could see that he was working on an idea, but, try as I would I could get no inkling of what that idea was. Finally, nearly a week later, he asked John around one evening and, naturally, I came too. As we arrived, Sam was seated at his desk, looking over some papers.

"Hello," he said, "sit down. John, I've solved your puzzle. I can't exactly give my process of reasoning. But I'll tell you what I found so that you can try your luck at reasoning. The guilty one cannot be caught now. He's dead. First, I noticed that from the chair in which Stuart was seated, one could get a view thru the mirror of the door by which you enter the library. I, also, noticed that the only books which had been taken down were those dealing with the East, principally Siam and Burma. On going through the desk, I found a number of curios which I knew could have come only from Malaya. Finally, I remembered having read, a few weeks ago, of a man being frightened to death. What do you make out of that?"

"Sam," John burst out, "your story reminds me of a play. Do you remember Dunsany's play, 'A Night at an Inn'? It sounds just like that."

"John, that play is what helped me on. I recalled it at once, and, merely for the fun of it,

(*Continued on page 24.*)

A BIT ABOUT AVIATION OF TODAY

THE Denison Airport is very new. As one might say, the dust has hardly settled where it has been placed. Even now the dispute as to whether it will be an army or a navy base has not been settled. The airport is small and none too easy to land in, like almost all the air ports in New England, but it has two big advantages over Boston's own airport. In the first place, it claims to be twenty minutes closer to the center of Boston and Boston's post office, and, since minutes count in aviation, this is an important advantage, especially for the air mail. In the second place, the Dennison airport is right next to an excellent strip of water for the landing of sea planes. For these reasons, I believe that soon the Dennison airport will be an important sea plane station, and the East Boston air port, which has a superior landing field and better accommodation for airplanes, will be the important land plan station.

On Wednesday, the sixteenth of January, the Dennison airport had its first meeting of a ground school course for student pilots. It was well attended. About twenty young men were present. The flying instructor of the airport spoke to them. He told them the position of aviation in the world today. In this last year, though nothing exciting for the public has happened in the way of great feats, aviation has been settling down on the beginning of a firm and money-making basis. Banks realize that the position of aviation is becoming reliable, and rich men are also willing to support it. Two years ago, an airport could not borrow ten dollars from any bank, but today it is easy for one to get any sum desired in the name of aviation. Other modes of transportation are getting anxious about their own future prosperity. Automobile firms are showing airplanes in their display windows. The every-day public is getting used to seeing airplanes everywhere. Advertisers are finding that pictures of airplanes are great attractions. Air mail and passenger service is increasing immensely. In ever so many ways, aviation has produced new professions for the men without work. New airplane factories require workmen, and there are no end of experiments, inventions, and investigations for educated men in that line. One of the greatest hindrances to the promotion of the actual use of airplanes in every kind of business today is the lack of good pilots. Though there were, in this last year, over seven times as many young men learning to fly, as there

(*Continued on page 29.*)

HOW TO WRITE A STORY FOR THE REVIEW

TAKE one package of white paper, four pencils, two erasers, one waste basket and one stove. The method is as follows: walk violently around your room thinking (if you can think) of a plot. If ideas do not flow readily bang your head against the wall a few times and pull out a few handfuls of hair. This always produces results. Seat yourself before a desk, take up one of the pencils and proceed to write. Do not read what you have written until you have covered about three quarters of the sheet, then lay down your pencil, feast your eyes on the quantity and proceed to investigate the quality. The waste basket should always be near by, and I would advise you not to tear the paper into too small bits as they will filter through the basket. As soon as the tiny atoms of paper have finally settled on the bottom of the basket take another sheet of paper and write again.

From experience I know that when you are about half way down the sheet your pencil will automatically stop. No, it isn't worn out, and you haven't got writer's cramp. The reason is that your brain has refused to function, and your imagination is co-operating with your brain. There is only one thing to do. Lean back in your chair and tip it to a dangerous angle. If you are sitting in a rocking chair, rock furiously. It will produce the same results. If, after scratching your head for a five minutes no ideas follow, put the paper in the basket, get up, and walk around the room again. When the basket gets filled up empty it into the stove and apply a match.

After about two weeks you will have produced a short story. It may not be a story, but it is short anyhow. Hand the paper to Miss Hardy and run before she has a chance to read it. It makes no difference as to whether or not you sign your name at the bottom as nobody will ever get that far.

Invest seventy-five cents in a year's subscription to the Review if you have not already done so. The only thing to do now is to wait until the next issue of the Review comes out. Examine each page carefully and when you have finally come to the last page, let a sigh escape your lips. But be optimistic. Tell yourself that your article was so long that they didn't have room for it, and that they will print it next time. Of course you won't find it in the next issue either, so grit your teeth, dash off three sheets in a few minutes and submit yourself again to the tender mercies of the editor. You'll be surprised at the result. Your name will be all over the school as a budding literary genius, and your teachers will sit up and take notice. Oh! Sweet is the taste of fame.

CARL ALPERT '30

FRANCESCA

YOUR mind is opalescent, cool and clear
As dew upon a wood anenome;
No doubt has ever crossed your mind, no fear
Has marred the exquisite imagery.
If mercury were iridescent, frail
As dew upon a spider's gossamer thread;
Something to be caught before the pale
Dawn sent the evanescent stars to bed:
I would compare your mind to mercury —
Releasing bits of jewelled light, and yet
Calling them back that they once more may be
Part of a mind that needs not to forget.
Your life is like a bubble — if it break,
The eager eyes will dull, the dreamer wake.

JEAN CLARK, '29

THE SPELL

FOR a moment there was silence, broken only by the clump-clump of eight horses' hoofs, then:

"Yeah, I told him the next time he bawled me out I was through, and I wasn't bluffing."

More silence while the speaker, an ageless cowboy, put the finishing touches on a Bull Durham cigarette, and his companion curled his right leg around the saddle horn, throwing away a much gnawed tooth-pick.

"Have some Bull, Joe," said the speaker, taking the hint, "Guess it's Texas for me, at last. That's where I came from, and that's where I'm goin' now, just as quick as the Lord'll let me. I been up here in Colorado three years and that's three years too many. But I'm leaving, now."

"So you and Old Man Richards ain't hitting it off so good, huh?" Joe tapped out a bounteous helping of tobacco into a paper and smoothed the mound out with the air of a connoisseur before returning the bag to his comrade, who leisurely buttoned it in the left hand pocket of his lumberjack shirt before deigning to answer.

"No," he meditated, "he's the worst boss I ever worked for. He don't know what he wants done, himself, an' he cusses you out for not doing it. You're heap lucky to be over at Reynold's place." A pause. "Yes, sir. I'm quitting Richards for good, this time."

"Yeah," said Joe, non-committally.

They spurred their horses into the slow canter of the cattle country by tugging on the reins and clucking, gradually rounded a spur of a hill, and started up a long and winding "arroyo." This soon became too steep for a canter, and, as the horses returned to a walk, (cow ponies rarely trot) Joe's companion, Bull, by local consensus of opinion, lapsed into Western garrulousness:

"I been workin' for th' Old Man nigh on to three years, now. I don't know why. Last year he gave me a smoking out because that Mexican what helps me with the sheep got drunk an' stayed away a week and some o' the ewes got killed by them cats. He used some words then I wouldn't say to the Devil himself, so I swore I was gonna quit him; but somehow I didn't. I don't know why." His drawl increased with his perplexity. "I told him then, though. I wasn't gonna take any more o' that offen him. He didn't beleeve it. 'S morning he calls me over to his house when I comes down off the range for some bullets, an' starts to growl about losing sheep. He let on that I was sleeping all the time and letting the cats and coyotes get his sheep. He hasn't lost any sheep an' he knows it. He just counts in ten extra sheep on the hundred, an' raises a riot when I can't pull 'em out of a hat for him. That was enough, and I told him as how I 'lowed, since yesterday was pay-day, I'd another head nurse for his animiles. I'm a cattle-man, anyway. Well, he says, 'You little this and that, you wouldn't have the spunk;' so I just rides off. He thought I was bluffin', an' he gave me a message for the Mexican. Kin you tie that?"

"Ain't you headin' for the range now?" asked Joe, politely interested.

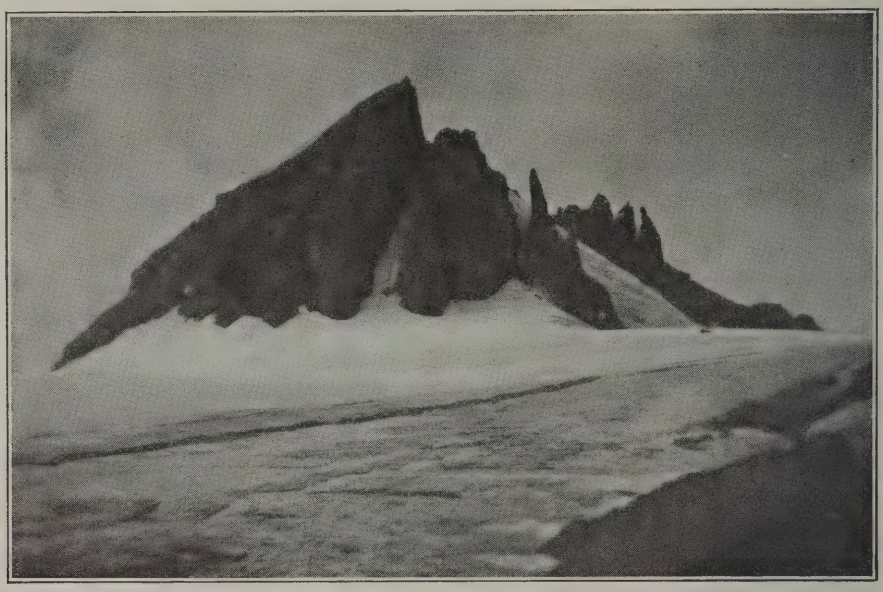
"I am, and I am not," returned Bull. "I aim to stick to this trail over the pass to Muldoon, where I got some side kicks. You branch off to go to the camp just before the pass starts going down again."

"An unintelligible syllable devoid of sentiment was Joe's reaction to this statement.

"Naw," Bull assured him, "you can bet watches to prairie dog I ain't returning to Old Man Richards for all the gold in the Seventh cavalry's teeth. I don't know why I ain't beat it before and gone back to Texas."

Silence again, the blatant silence of the Mountains, which even thudding hoofbeats cannot break. The "arroyo" turned left, and the wagon trail, following it, came out upon a spur of the mountain, or mountains, before the travellers. By mute consent they turned their mounts around and gazed at the valley they had left. What a different valley it seemed viewed from an altitude of 1500 or 2000 feet! Through the clear Colorado air every detail of the landscape stood out. Way across the state, a hundred miles or more, rose Uncompahgre, its canons filled with snow, though the month was August, and looking almost spectral through the blue haze caused by the great distance. All around it stood a family of lesser spectres, which seemed to sleep a profound, but finite sleep. Nearer were the mountains that formed the range that bounded the other side of the valley. These, though possessing no supernatural aspect, because of proximity, had gained a majesty of their own, because their very nearness rendered their huge rocky cliffs and crags and their deep, gloomy gulches more plainly visible. The rolling foothills, round and bald, save for sagebrush were surmounted by gigantic, steep, forest-covered slopes culminating in sharp, ravined snow and sage covered peaks. Below was the valley, a green and tan checkboard dotted here and there with microscopic dwellings and clumps of trees.

(*Continued on page 21.*)



EUROPEAN SKETCHES

By Herman H. Field, '28

By courtesy of the "Cambridge Tribune"

SWITZERLAND

II. The Final Climb

(Part I in December 8, 1928 Issue)

If perchance another traveler had this August morning sought these solitary heights, and had looked out across the glistening plain, if he had shielded his eyes with his hand, he would have seen three moving specks, insignificant anywhere else, conspicuous here where a treacherous snow and dark crevasses keep a silence of eternity. At first these objects, stopping, starting, and slowly zig-zagging back and forth would have seemed to be wandering aimlessly. But if he had looked two hours later, he would have seen the figures disappearing into the shadow of a rocky peak on the other side of the furrowed plain.

Thus we reached the foot of the "Grosser Spanort." Here we encountered new difficulties, the scaling of almost vertical rock sides, the clambering up "chimneys" the rounding of narrow precipices, hundreds of feet below which lay the open jaws of the glacier. The guide usually climbed up steep places for thirty or forty feet. After he had stemmed himself firmly against the rock he beckoned my sister and me to follow separately. As we worked our way up to him he gathered in the rope attached to the one below and often "hoisted" him up over the bad places. Relying on the strength of the guide and the rope, we merely used our hands and feet to progress upward without having to think of keeping our balance.

The greatest happiness is attained when we have to work for it. So also the great moment when we reached the top pinnacle brought with it an added joy because the view from up there had only been possible after the overcoming of many obstacles.

At first it seemed as if we had climbed out of the realm of reality. The only tangible thing around us was the little pinnacle to which we clung — all else space, seemingly endless space! Clouds were racing overhead, were dashing in big white masses against the rock wall below, and receding again in tattered fragments. But what were the spiky objects that loomed up out of this tempestuous sea? What were those far distant regions which the separating waves disclosed? Not only our peak reached up to these heights; many rocky islands, some snow capped, rose above this sea of silver fog. Not only mist was below us; those patches of dark between the waves were the low lands from which we came— we who were now almost 11,000 feet above that

(*Continued on page 23.*)

A SHORT TRIP TO HISTORIC PLACES

IT is surprising to know the number of persons living in and around Boston, who have never seen the historic sites of our nearby towns and villages to which hundreds of thousands of visitors from all over the world come to visit. Two of the most interesting places to visit are Lexington, fourteen miles from Boston, and Concord, twenty miles from the same place.

Let us pretend that this is a sight-seeing trip along the route of Lexington and Concord. The first place of interest in Lexington is the Munroe Tavern, built in 1695. This was the headquarters of Earl Percy and his men and was also used as a hospital. Percy occupied the room to the left of the entrance, while to the right of this bullet-marked door was the room used as a bar for the soldiers. The rest of the house was the hospital. This historic site was also the dining quarters of General Washington, when he passed through New England in 1789.

Next we approach the Lexington Green, the beautiful common in the center of the town. As we see it today we should never think that at one time this was the spot on which many men lost their lives. In the foreground is a bronze statue, now tarnished from weather and age, of the yeoman with his gun in hand, on a heap of rocks. This is a masterpiece and well commemorates those who here gave their lives. There is a boulder in one section of the common inscribed with the words of Captain Parker, "Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have war let it begin here." On the west of the ground is an ivy-covered monument, similar in shape to the historic Bunker Hill Monument, which stands as a guard over those men who fell under their colors.

Around the common are three houses of special notice. The Buckman Tavern, "a mark for Britsh bullets, stands on the east side; a small white house bearing a tablet inscribed with "A witness of the battle," stands on the south side; and, the home of Jonathan Harrington, who dragged himself to the door and died at his wife's feet, is situated on the west side at the corner of Bedford Street.

A little further down on Bedford Street is "Ye Old Burying Ground, 1690." Among those of prominence buried here are John Hancock, Jonas Clarke, Captain Parker, Joseph Warren, and William Eustis.

On Hancock Street is the famous Hancock-Clarke House in which these two men were sleeping when Paul Revere came and called them. This house is now open to all visitors who wish to see it and there is no admission asked when you enter but you are requested to make an offering for the preservation and upkeep of the house. Among some of the articles in this house are the beds in which Hancock and Clarke were sleeping, dresses worn in 1775, the looms used by the linen makers, and other odd things. It is queer to see the luxuries of those days and compare them with the things of today.

Another place of interest is the Carey Public Library in which is a large museum of relics and numerous paintings of those who fought in Lexington. As you come from this library, you turn to your left and walk up several stone steps to the belfry in which hung the bell that summoned all "to up and to arm." This belfry was moved from its original place and now occupies a lofty position in a place where it can look down upon the center of the town it is proud of. Its old frame is carved with initials of thousands of visitors who have been to see it.

Now we leave Lexington and travel along the road to Concord. The first place of importance in this town is the home of Louisa M. Alcott, the author of "Little Women" which was the means of bringing much joy and wealth into her home. A little further along, on the adjoining piece of property is the Wayside, once the home of Hawthorne and later the home of the Alcotts.

Next we come to the Emerson House, once the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Nearby is the Concord Antiquarium Society's House, in which there are many relics of the war time. The Wright Tavern, built in 1747, occupies a prominent place on the corner in the center of the village, near which is the Unitarian Church where the Provincial Congress sat.

Among the cemeteries near the center are Sleepy Hollow and Old Hillside Burying Ground. Among the remains of those who died in battle and other prominent persons are Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, and Louisa M. Alcott.

To return to the square and go out Monument Street, we find the Old Manse where the beautiful poem "Nature" was written by Emerson. Near here is the Old North Bridge where a great battle was fought. On one side of the bridge is the minuteman with plow in hand, commemorating the Americans who died while on the field, and on the other side is a monument in memory of the British men.

It was a bloody battle that raged in this area which seems so small when compared with the immense amount of ground used in the late World War but which served as well for that heroic battle.

MARGARET M. LYNCH, '29

DEBATING has at last established a firm foothold in Cambridge High and Latin. Prior to this school year there has been no debating class. To be sure there have been some excellent debaters, but the only instruction possible has been a sort of debating society which was held the seventh period once a week. No one signed up for this class; no one was compelled to go. So, a different group was present each week. Practically no ground was covered, and only the interest and industry of two or three arguers made a debating team possible.

But this year a new era in debating started; a class was organized; and Mr. Foley, formerly one of the leading debaters of Boston College and at present an English teacher at Latin, was chosen instructor. The student body as a whole was inclined to be doubtful, but at last six debaters signed up. The class has kept on growing until now a dozen upper class men are receiving daily instruction in argument. The results have been astounding! On a one day notice we can now put out a debating team that will hold its own with any high or preparatory school in New England. Now, why is this possible? This is possible because by practicing among ourselves we have gained the necessary experience. It is also possible for you, the remaining students of Latin, to obtain this wonderful instruction. And, if you carry nothing else with you from high school, you will, after a year of debating, be able to get up and talk intelligently on any subject when the occasion arises.

Tuesday, January eighth, a short debate was presented to the Junior class during the second recess. The subject was: "Resolved: that the High Protective Tariff should be abolished."

William Hogan, as chairman, presented the question and the accompanying explanation. As the affirmative speaker, Ned McKenney argued his point in a forceful and distinguishing manner. James Ford, the champion of the negative side, followed with his usual brilliant speech. No decision was made, but the presentation was much enjoyed.

During the sixth period each day, room five is transformed into a sitting of the legislature. The subject for discussion concerns the annexation of Cambridge to Boston. After more material has been presented a vote will be taken on the movement. This novel performance, beside teaching debating, instructs the class in parliamentary procedure.

Because of the state-wide interest in the outcome of the annexation wrangle a plan is on foot to challenge the Boston Latin School to a debate on the subject. It seems that a radio debate would be 'quite the thing,' because, beside informing the citizens of Massachusetts closely on the subject, the debaters of each school would have an opportunity to talk through the microphone, and both B. L. S. and C. H. L. S. would win much fame. The decision could be by popular vote of the radio audience. Of course, the plan is only in its first stages, but surely any Boston broadcasting station would be glad to obtain this feature. Such a meet is not entirely new, for in nineteen twenty-three a debate was staged in this manner between the two schools. Cambridge High and Latin School was victorious by a close vote.

NED MCKENNEY

INSOLENT YOUTH

EXULTANT, young, and proud, —
Careless, I sped by,
Dazzling as the comets
That slash the quiet sky.

Soaring, gaped at, shining.
I swooped above the world,
By the north wind bitten,
By the west wind whirled.

Flying over mountains
I laughed at their size,
I watched the seagulls wheel
And learned their sharp cries.

I darted into clouds,
Laughing, I emerged;
I laughed at the ocean —
By its salt stings scourged!—

I laugh at the world
That watched me from below;
I laughed to see its envy,
To see its envy grow.

I laughed at the chains
That kept it bound down;
I mocked at the dross
Of its golden crown.

I laughed at its poor,
And laughed at its screams,
I laughed to see the glitter
Of its tin-bright dreams.

I was a wild thing,
Insurgent as the sea;
As fitful, as changing,
As lights in a tree.

I alone was mighty —
Stronger than the hills,
Cooler than the eagle's eye
Before he swoops and kills.

* * * * * *

But now my eyes are dark,
I am bound behind bars;
I cannot feel the sea,
I cannot see the stars.

I hear the world whisper
As it softly peeks in;
And I do not know whether
Its dreams are tin.

MARGOT CLARK, '30

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This is Station C. H. L. S. opening its third broadcast by remote control, in fact, with scarcely any control at all. This is Graham Crackers making whoopee at the mike. Please stand aside.

Hello, kiddies. The first thing on the program is an answer to one of the questions sent in by one of our fanatics. The question is: Do you believe in homocide? I wonder if he meant suicide? Well, anyway, let's see.

There is the teacher who flunks you with a 59.

There is the student who knows every answer.

Then there are those who pursue you with tickets for various parties — not bridge parties, K. B.

Then there is the boy who uses his upper vest pocket as a resting place for his thumb.

Then there are post graduates.

Then there is the girl who says, "I mean I actually do," and "how perfectly killing."

What was that question? Do you believe in homocide? *Yes,* I mean I actually do. I think homocide is perfectly killing.

The next feature is the Theatre Review by Mr. Move E. Showe. Coming and present attractions.

"Beyond the Rocks" — With the P. G.'s.

"Women They Talk About" — K. B. Club— Your welcome.

"Reported Missing" — There's one in every class.

"Guardians of the Wild" — Senior Home Room Teachers.

"Restless Youth" — The Freshmen.

"Our Dancing Daughters" — The G%♯**c œ( ) !!4$, etc.

The next talk is by Ima Student. The subject is "Teachers or The Shapers of Destiny."

Teachers. I hate teachers. I love teachers. They're so boring; they're so amusing. They're so good; they're so bad. Teachers who take your name. Teachers who have seventh periods. Teachers who don't h a v e seventh periods. Teachers who don't take your name. Teachers who call you by your first name, teachers who call you by your last name. Teachers who call you by other names. Teachers who flunk you; teachers who pass you. Men teachers. Women teachers — You made us what we are today, we hope your satisfied. Amen.

Our next offering is Newscasting. A resume of all the topics of interest.

12.00 A. M. Farmers' Relief Lecture. When to sow wild oats.

1.00 P. M. High School Talk — "The first four years are the hardest."

1.23 P. M. "The Great Liberator"—Houdini.

1.45 P. M. Broadcast of cheers and tears as school ends.

2.00 P. M. Special request songs for the Trot family — I'll Get By, As Long As I Have You. All My Life I've Done Without You, but Now I Can't Do Without You.

2.10 P. M. Questionaire: *When* is the younger generation coming to? How hard does it have to snow to have school called off?

3.00 P. M. Orationem contra Nicotine, "Every cigarette will meet its match."

3.17 P. M. New Maxims: All play and no work makes Jack a P. G.

3.20 A. M. Grammatical exercise for students. Punctuate the following sentence: I worked like a fool yesterday.

5.00 A.M. Correct time for fraternity dance patrons. Time to retire.

6.45 A. M. Setting up exercises — for a short stretch.

7.00 A. M. About time to sign off. Thanks be.

This is Graham Crackers geedunking once more before you, about to give you a little dissertation, entitled, "What's the Hurry?"

Have you ever wondreed where the people who are always in a hurry are hurrying to? When you have been buffeted about, and kicked, and what not, have you often wondered, what's the hurry? Everybody dashing about madly over no good reason at all, pushing, milling, crowding to get nowhere a minute earlier than nobody. What's the hurry? The office boy, the business man, the professor, everyone race, race, race. But hold, who are those two individuals strolling

slowly about? Ah, perhaps two sages, two demigods. No. What's that you say? Oh, merely two post grauates on their way to a class. What's the Worry?

And next, ladies and gentlemen, we present a play in one act, being one act too many.

A Play in One Act or All Gone

Scene I. East Chelsea.

REGGY: "Gone, Gone, All Gone! Stolen, disappeared, not here, gone, Gone, GONE!"

MR. AIM: "Aye, gone, gone, gone. Dog gone!" (scratches his back)

KITTY: "Gone." (plucks her eyebrows).

REGGY: "Oh, that villian, that . . . . that . . that dog, that bounder. Curses on you, Jack Dalton." (kicks over the piano).

MR. AIM: "Reginald, calm yourself and control your toungue. Remember there are ladies present." (for Mrs. Aims is also there, although, strange to relate, not saying anything; but taking everything in).

REGGY: "I was indiscreet. Your pardon, mesdames. I was born this way." (reaches for a Biting Dog instead of a sweet, — suddenly becomes ired again) "Oh, the rowdy, I'll . . I'll . . I'll. Oh, Oh! Gone, gone, gone!" (he rushes slowly from the room).

Second Scene, and what a sight!

REGGY (blushing): "You . . you, little devil. You stole the —"

JOHN Z. DALTON, JR. (calmly waxing his sideboards): "Excuse me, it must have been two other fellows." (Lights a Murad).

REGGY: "Have to. And fie on him who first cries 'Hold'."

(Battle).

JACK: "My finger. My ukelele finger! And me with a date tonight. Darn."

REGGY: "I'll trump your ace yet. And now be off."

JACK: "I do not choose to run."

REGGY: "Be gone." (Goes, closely followed by Reggy. Sound of a splash is heard and a voice:) "If the street cars carry it, we carry it."

(Mr., Mrs. and Kitty Aim rush on followed by agusta wind.)

MR. AIM: "Where's Reggy?"

KITTY: "Gone, gone, gone, gone!"

MRS. AIM: "Gone."

MR. AIM: "Aye. Gone."

SLEEPY VOICE FROM THE REAR: "Aw, gaw on."

FINIS.

NOTE: Anyone who can possibly find any plot to this play should let us know immeiately, for it will be more than the writer himself was able to do.

There's one thing I am thankful for,
That I am not the editor
Who groans beneath the midnight taper
Figuring articles for this paper.
A sorry lot is his indeed,
Proofreading things he scorns to read,
Outlandish essays, gloomy verses
That make one rent the air with curses.
Two more issues he'll scarely last,
Thanks be I do nothing but broadcast.
And now that's through, and so am I
I'll be seein' you later, bye and bye.
I know this poetry is a fright,
But it's my way of saying Goodnight.
And now this farewell, this address —
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Heard in Geography

Teacher: "Names the zones."

Pupil: "Frigid, torrid, temperate and safety."

Heard in Science

Teacher: "What is done to milk to kill the germs in it?"

Fresh: "It is paralyzed."

Stranger on Harvard Campus: "My good fellow, aren't you one of the boys of this college?"

C. H. L. S. Senior: "No, mister, this hat just fell under a trolley car."

Ike: "Say, buddie, what time is it?"

Mike: "Five minutes of — "

Ike: "Five minutes of what?"

Mike: "I don't know, I've lost the other hand."

Teacher: "Johnny, repeat your recitation in history."

Johnny: "History repeats *itself,* ma'am!"

Found in the Back of an Old Latin Grammar

If ever there should be a flood,
Hither for refuge fly;
Though all the world might be submerged,
This book would still be *dry*.

The Freshman likes to study,
The Sophomore gets enough,
The Junior thinks he knows it,
And the Seniors make a bluff.
(That's not true, is it, Seniors?)

He: "Why did schoolmarms use hickory sticks on their pupils?"

She: "To make them smart."

Why Do You Go to the Theatre, When We Have:

"Our Dancing Daughters" .....K. B.'s
"The Terror" .....7th period, main office, midyears, etc.
"Oh, Kay!" .....Catherine Bullen
"Four Sons" ....Edward Dillon, Harold Cahill, John Scully, George McGinnis
"The Night Bird" .....Hugh Curry
"The Street Angel" .....Bradley Britt
"Beware of Blondes" .....Fred Ganze, Mary Groden, Alice Jones, Carl Swanson
"Old Ironsides" .....The piano in the gymn.

Reporter: "And in what state were you born, professor?"

Prof.: "Unless my memory fails me, in the state of ignorance."

Reporter (writing swiftly): "Right, and how long had you lived there?"

Fun: "See that girl over there?"

Ny: "Yep."

Fun: "Her name is Via. She jilted me for another fellow. I went to her wedding and threw rice and old shoes at her."

Ny: "Did you hit her?"

Fun: "No, Viaduct."

The English Class was studying exposition. The teacher assigned Johnny the task of directing a stranger from the railroad station to the City Hall. When Johnny's paper was handed in, the teacher found the following attempt at exposition:

"Sorry, partner, but I'm a stranger around this city, too!"

The Song of a Lonely Cowboy

Her hair was the color of molasses
As soft as a bundle of wire;
And birds made their nests in its masses,
If they didn't, I sure am a liar.

Her eyes were as bright as old saddles,
And crossed on the end of her nose.
Her hands were as shapely as paddles,
And hung down almost to her toes.

Her cheeks were as smooth as the cactus,
And pink as a big hunk of mud;
At primpin' she was allus in practice,
And she was daintily shaped like a tub.

Her voice was as sweet as a longhorn's
It sounded as soft as a scream;
I'm scared to roll up in my blankets,
For fear that of her I will dream.

Lady: "Aren't you the same man I gave a piece of cake to last week?"

Tramp (sadly): "No, ma'am, I am not, and what is more, the doctor says I never will be."

Proud Father: "My son is taking foreign languages."

Second Father: "How do you know?"

First Father: "Yesterday I received a bill of sixty dollars for Scotch."

Heard in Physics I

Teacher: "You can never add unlike things; for example — oranges and apples."

Bright Junior: "Sure, you would have fruit salad!"

Every Freshman's Ambition (fem.)

To smile like Helen Gately.
To dance like Louise Reilly.
To be as cute as "Sis" Bullen.
To be as popular as Jean Tobin.
To wisecrack like Shirley Trask.

Every Freshman's Ambition (masc.)

To be as popular as Bill Squires.
To play like Willy Staffon.
To dress like Barry de Knight.
To act like Jack O'Neil.

Customer in a Drug Store: "I would like some soap scented."

Clerk: "I will send some right away. What is your address, please?"

Dumb: "Why, Scotty, you've lost your stutter!"

Scotty: "Yes, I've been doing a lot of telephoning to America lately."

Jealous Wife: "Who was that woman with you last night at the café?"

Bright Movie Fan: "That was Lon Chaney, my dear."

"So you're going to the University of Chicago? What are you taking?"

"*Trigger*nometry."

Dumb: "You're so dumb I wouldn't call you a ham."

Dumber: "Why not?"

Dumb: "A ham can be cured."

Judge: "Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?"

Criminal (breaking down and crying): "No."

Judge: "There, there, don't cry. You're going to be now."

"Where goest thou, my pretty maiden?"

"Home from an auto ride."

"Oh, for goodness sakes!"

"Yes."

A Tragic Story

It would soon be over; he looked at the pistol, fingered the trigger and sighed. Why must it all end? Why did not time stop in its eternal flight? He looked about him — a sea of faces — hilarious — hardly realizing that in a few moments he would end it all. Why did they all stare at him so? He'd show them — the pistol! He raised it toward his head, took a last deep breath and fired! A woman screamed. The football game was over!

Heard in Algebra II

The teacher had been asking how many pupils had earned money during Christmas vacation.

Pupil: "I earned $22 in two days."

Teacher: "How did you do that?"

Pupil: "By driving two trucks from Springfield to Boston."

Teacher: "And what was in the trucks?"

Angry Parent: "You promised me you would live within your allowance, and you haven't done it. That shows how weak you are."

Son: "No, dad, it shows how weak the weakly (weekly) allowance is!"

THE interclass basketball games were completed about the middle of January. These games were very exciting, and the girls who came down and cheered for their class teams were amply repaid. We are fairly sure of having class games with the senior, junior, and sophomore teams of Waltham, Everett, Belmont, and Medford. We have already played Arlington, and with respect to the final scores, the Arlington games weren't much of a success when looked on from the Cambridge point of view. We have also planned a game with the Radcliffe freshmen, and this game is always very interesting.

In the series of interclass games the sophomore first team emerged victorious over the freshman first team. The freshmen played astonishingly well, however. They played better basketball against the sophomores than any freshman team has played for a long time. The freshman second team even scored a win over the sophomore second team. The juniors were beaten by the seniors in the elimination series, and the championship remained to be contested for between the seniors and sophmores. The seniors won, and are now the champions for the year nineteen twenty-nine.

The four first teams are as follows:

Freshmen	*Sophomores*
Helen Kenny	Sarah McKenny
Una Gore	Araxie Tasjian
Gert. Lancaster	Annie White
Myrtle White	Caribel Conant
N. Houlihan	Ruth Hibbard (capt.)
Elaine Poehler (capt.)	Gertrude Danis
Rita Ryan	Lilla Cavanaugh
	Palm Zappala
	Florence Shaffer

Juniors	*Seniors*
Mary Gordon	Bunny O'Hearn
Betty Manker	Marjory Lynch
Anne Goverman	Blanche Wetmore
Bradley Britt	Winifred Shaffer
Marjorie Leighton	Marie O'Connell
Gertrude Burns	Sally Roche (capt.)
Marjory Parker	Florence Williams
	Frances Grove
	Marie Murphy

On January the nineteenth a "Poverty Party of All Nations" was held. The costumes were very original ranging from costumes made of the funny papers to ones that went back to King Goo-Fee, the first. Two prizes were given for the cleverest costumes, and the winners certainly deserved them. Patches were the order of the day. A very amusing play was given, after some lighter entertainment in the gymnasium. The cast of the play "Mr. Bob" was as follows:

PHILIP ROYSON ..... *Mary Sheridan*
ROBERT BROWN ..... *Marjorie Leighton*
JENKINS ..... *Virginia Bush*
REBECCA LUKE ..... *Catherine Cody*
KATHERINE ROGERS ..... *Kathleen Cail*
MARION BRYANT ..... *Marion Mader*
PATTY ..... *Anastasia Kirby*

After the play everybody adjourned to the lunchroom where refreshments were served. The guests danced a little in the gym, and then departed merrily.

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FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, TENNIS, CREW, ETC.
RUNNING IN THE CORRIDORS --
-SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?
SWANSON
BUCHOUSE FABLES
HONOR ROLL
FRED McFADGEN
WHITE
HARLOW
MYSELF
NOPE. YOU'D BE AN ORPHAN!
WHAT WOULD I BE IF I ATE MY PARENTS? A CANNIBAL?
SWAN SON
WELL, YOU SEE, LADY, I MISSED THE BOAT!
SO YOU ARE THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF A SHIP-WRECK! HOW WERE YOU SAVED?
IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN!
WHAT LOOKS LIKE RAIN?
WATER!
SWANSON

UN MOT DES ECOLES FRANCAISES

LES Française ont un système d'instruction qui est très bien organisé. Tous les jours, partout la France, chaque enfant d'une classe étudie précisément le même devoir. Un enfant peut aller a une école dans le Nord de la France un jour et le jour suivant a une école du Midi et il trouve qué ni l'une ni l'autre des écoles n'est en avance de l'autre. Les maitres ont pourtant moins de chance de montrer du talent original. Il faut qu'ils instruisent les enfants de jour en jonc de même que le ministre de l'instruction a arrangé. Dans les écoles on sépare strictement les garcons des jeunes filles. Ceux-là suivent les lécons dans un bâtiment entièrement différent.

Dans une salle de classe les élèves s'asseyent en deux au pupitre double. Chacun en a un cahier dans lequel il écrit toutes ses lecons. Il commense le matin par copier dans le cahier une petite histoire avec une devise que le maître a mis sur le tableau noir. Pour chaque lecon apès celle-là l'enfant met le nom de la classe, l'Arithmétique, l'Histoire et aussi de suite dans le cahier, et il écrit le devoir là dessous les lecons sont trés courtes, et ordinairement un élève a le même maitre toute la journée. L'écriture est une classe très importante. On apprend les enfants à faire l'écriture francaise aussi parfaite que possible, et naturellement ils mettent leur gloire a écrire admirablement. Il semble que se soit une chose très importante et que nous autre, nous n'y fassions pas assez d'attention.

J. H.

QUELQUES VILLIS AMERICAINES

LES rues implacablement droites qui se perdent à l'infini, des gratte-ciel qui transforment ces rues en gorges profondes et ténébreuses; des métros hardiment jetés au-dessus de la voie publique, et qui noient les mille clameurs de la cité dans leur fracas de ferraille: telles sont les premières impressions d'un Européen à New York.

Boston fait un beau bassin bordé d'arbres de la petite rivière Charles, naguère boneuse à marée basse; elle étend jusqu' aux plages de sa baie parsemée d'îles, et jusqu' aux forêts des collines bleues son immense réseau d'avenues-parcs. Philadelphia unit par un superbe boulevard le quartier des affaires et son "Bois" beaucoup plus agreste que le notre. . . . Chicago accroît avec méthode ses richesses en grands pares, reliés par des avenues ombreuses. . . Mais il faudrait une éternité pour effacer la hideur du quartier des affaires, la Boucle (Loop); une autre pour racheter Halsted Street et la laideur écoeurante des districts ouvriers; et ces éternités mêmes n'atténueraient pas la platitude irrémédiable du site.

C'est à San-Francisco que le plan quadrillé avait commis son plus grande crime.

Nous pourrious ainsi passer en revue d'inombrables grandes villes . . . depuis le vieux Sud enfin réveillé jusqu' au Nord-Quest . . . depuis la Nouvelle-Angleterre jusqu' à la Californie. Il y en a deux, cependant, qui méritent une place à part, car elles ne copient aucunement New York et Chicago, et ne font pas leur idole des grosses affaires du type courant. C'est Washington et c'est Los Angeles. Washington, dout le plan fut tracé par le major l'Enfant, continue les belles traditions de l'urbanisme classique; ce ne sont que nobles avenues ombragées qui se croisent en des ronds-points harmonieusement proportionnés; statues équestres qui dominent la circulation comme autante de "policemen" de bronze; monuments publics d'un style qu'aurait aimé le XVIII e sièele finissant, et dans lesquels la beauté

du marbre fait encore ressortir la pureté des lignes; Capitole, Mail, obélisque de Washington, temple de Lincoln, pont sur le Potomac groupés avec un goût sévère mais sans morgue. Los Angeles, climat délicieux, capitale des oranges et du cinéma, gros centre pétrolifère, port qui dispute à San-Francisco la primanté de la côte occidentale . . deviendra l'une des plus curieuses villes du monde, . . . C'est une fédération. Les nouveaux boulevards qui, sur trente kilomètres pavés en ciment, peuvent recevoir jusqu'à dix files de voitures, prévoient l'avenir d'un Etat où dès aujourd' hur il y a une automobile pour trois habitants."

Albert Guérard.

THE SPELL

(*Continued from page 9.*)

Beneath their horses' hoofs stretched a sea of dusty, light green sagebrush, rolling down to the trees bordering the Gunnison River. Behind were the peaks of the range, towering far beyond the highest level of the timber-line, which looked so near and were yet so far. And over all were the sunset-tinted Colorado clouds, casting weird shadows over valley and peaks —

They reined their horses about, and continued through the bright mountain twilight in silence. When they reached the pass Bull reined in:

"You're going to Muldoon, ain't you, Joe? Well, I'll be leaving you now. I'm going back to camp and I cut off here. Don't know why I am, but — — so long!"

Perhaps Joe could have told him, perhaps not. At any rate, he didn't.

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BASKETBALL

About the first week in December the basketball candidates were called out by Coach Kaslowsky. The prospects of an excellent season were evident when five veterans reported among the sixty odd candidates. The letter men who returned are Captain Abe Katz, Harold Browning, Frank Greene, Bill Coady and Leo Clancy.

The first game exhibited the remarkable possibilities of the team when it took Salem High, a strong club, into camp by 27-23. Browning, the left forward for the Cantabs had his eye on the net as shown by his being leading scorer with 15 points.

CAMBRIDGE	SALEM
Coady, rf	lg, Graczyk
Browning, lf	rg, Milner
Greene, c	c, Foote
Katz, lg	lf, Le Bel
Johnson, rg	rf, De Merle

The team followed up this victory with a win over the mediocre Dedham team by winning handily 28-5. Then there came an upset in which Meford turned the C. H. L. S. basketeers back by a stinging defeat of 27-21. Captain Katz featured with three well directed shots from mid-floor.

The Milton Academy's winning streak was broken when the Cantabs regained their stride and defeated the Milton club by 19-11. Incidentally, this was the first victory ever attained by a Cambridge Basketball team over Milton Academy in the few years of competition between the two schools.

It looks as though Captain Katz's team is going to be right at the top this year.

HOCKEY

When Coach Leander MacDonald called out his candidates for the hockey team, about 50 boys reported. From all accounts, Latin School will be represented by one of the strongest teams in its history. Six letter men are returning from last year's team. Captain Freddy Harlow, the best poke-checker in high school ranks, is back at center ice. Jimmy Duggan and Billy Hogan are the wings from last year while Kenny White and Hugh Curry constitute a veteran defense. John Murphy, last year's manager, is a promising candidate for the goal position. He will have to battle for the job with Timmy Ready, former star at St. John's High. Besides these, "Cut" Droney, Jim Burgers, "Tweet" Reardon, Frank Cullinan and "Brother" Whalen look promising.

In the first game of the season, Camb. Latin completely out-classed Boston Latin School, defeating them 4-0. Capt. Freddy Harlow was the leading scorer of the day, caging three goals. Two of these were on passes, the first from Bill Hogan and the second from Burgers. The third was the result of an individual dash. The other was scored by Kenny White after a solo dash. The Summary:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

Hogan, Droney, Whelan, R. W.; Harlow, C.; Burgers, Duggan, L. W.; Curry, Cullinan, R. D.; White, Reardon, L. D.; Ready, Murphy, Surisher, G.

BOSTON LATIN

Shea, Warren, L. W.; Campana, Pasha, C.; Lynch, Prendergast, R. W.; Wendleton, L. D.; Doyle, R. D.; Donellan, G.

Goals: Harlow, 3; White, 1.

CANTABS SHUT OUT STONEHAM

In the opening game in the Suburban League, the cantabs defeated Stoneham 3-0. The scoring was opened by Fred Harlow in the first period, after a brilliant dash. In the second period, Bill Hogan scored on a pass from Kenny White. A pass from Hugh Curry to Jimmy Duggan enabled Duggan to dent the strings for the final goal in the final period.

The Summary:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

Hogan, Droney, Whalen, R. W.; Harlow, C.; Duggan, Burgers, L. W.; Curry, Cullinan, R. D.; White, Reardon, L. D.; Ready, Murphy, G.

STONEHAM

Limer, L. W.; Durham, C.; Cameron, R. W.; Frederickson, L. D.; Lundergan, R. D.; Sheehan, G.

Goals: Harlow, Hogan, Duggan.

In the second league game, the previously aggressive-looking Cantab team collapsed completely before the wearers of Newton's Black and Gold and was defeated 6-0. Curry, Latin defense man was sick and did not play in this game and as a result, the Latin defense was weak and the Newton forwards sifted through on the helpless goal tender time after time. The Cambridge offense never got going and very seldom threatened to score. Fletcher and Gilligan were outstanding for Newton while Harlow poke-checked well on the Cambridge team.

The Summary:

NEWTON	CAMB. LATIN
Schiffe, Belle, L. W.	R. W., Hogan
Fletcher, Nichols, C.	C., Harlow
Riley, Wilkie, R. W.	L. W., Duggan, Burgers, White
Gilligan, L. D.	R. D. Cullinan, Burgers
Garchier, Andres, R. D.	L. D.,White, Reardon
Harrington, G.	G., Ready, Murphy

Score: Newton 6; Camb. Latin 0.

Goals: Fletcher, 3; Gilligan, 2; Andres, 1.

CAMB. LATIN 2 ST. JOHN'S PREP 1

The Cantabs got the jump on the prep school boys by scoring in the first period. This goal was made by Harlow. The St. John's team evened the count in the second period on a shot by Delaney. A goal by Ken White in the final period proved to be the winning goal. In the last few minutes St. John's sent five men up to the attack but the Cantabs were equal to the task and so won the game, 2-1.

The Summary:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

Hogan, R. W.; Harlow, C.; White, Duggan, L. W.; Curry, R. D.; Cullinan, White, L. D.; Ready, G.

ST. JOHN'S PREP

Cadigan, Functiore, L. W.; Delaney, C.; Hughes, R. W.; Nyhan, Burns, L. D.; Foley, R. D.; Robatalle, G.

Score: Camb. Latin 2 — St. John's Prep 1.

Goals: Harlow, White, Delaney.

CAMB. LATIN 2 WOBURN 0

The New Woburn High Rink was initiated by the Woburn and Cambridge Latin teams in a game won by the latter 2-0.

The first goal was shot by Bill Hogan after a pass from Harlow in the opening period. No scoring occurred in the second period but in the third Duggan scored from scrimmage in front of the Woburn net.

The Summary:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

Hogan, Droney, R. W.; Harlow, C.; White, Duggan, Burgers, L. W.; Curry, Reardon, R. D.; Cullinan, White, L. D.; Ready, G.

WOBURN

McDonough, L. W.; Shea, C.; Fowler, R. W.; Kilduff, Walsh, L. D.; Breman, R. D.; Little, G.

Score: Camb. Latin 2, Woburn 0.

Goals: Hogan, Duggan.

EUROPEAN SKETCHES

(*Continued from page 10.*)

other salty sea. They seemed ever so far away, like objects seen through the wrong end of a telescope.

The sun, already leaving shadows on the east slopes of the steepest peaks, told us that it was time to descend again. The return journey down the rock sides was even more frightening than the ascent. For we had to clamber down with our backs against the mountain, whereas our eyes were constantly aware of the glacier ridges below. This time I had to go first, my sister second, and the guide, who eased us down like cattle on the end of the rope, last. On the glacier one of our number was left behind while the other two made a crossing over at a dangerous crevice. The clicking of the motion picture camera, which had recorded already much this day, explains the reason for this foolhardy move. The slippery slope which in the morning had made our progress very slow and tedious, gave us a quick "send-off" from these quiet regions. For, still tied together and using our pickaxes as hobby horses, we took a glorious slide down the long stretch of ice. Sun burned, exhausted, but ever so happy by the extension of our horizon into a world of new beauty, we stumbled, in the late afternoon, into the hut that we had deserted before sun rise.

The following morning my sister and I wound our way sadly down into the valley. The third member of our party, our guide, who had become our good friend, stood in front of the hut as we went farther and farther down. Everytime we looked back he waved to us. Just before we turned the corner in the valley, we looked back for a last glimpse of the place where we had experienced so much joy. And though the lonely figure had become indistinct, a distant, ever so distant "Yodle" call came down to us as the last farewell from the peaceful heights.

ANOTHER SAM BROCK STORY

(*Continued from page 7.*)

I followed the line of thought that that play gave me. I found that from the time that Stuart had been in Burma before the war, he had lived in constant fear of something. His diary mentions his suspicions that he was being followed several times. During the war he doesn't mention this at all. Immediately, he returned to this country, he writes this:

" 'I've seen them, and I recognized them. Why didn't I have sense to leave the fool stones alone! They'll get me, I know it. I wish I'd been shot. That at least would have been a clean death.'

"So you see, Stuart had a notion of what was coming. He hadn't traveled in the East for naught. He had seen men go mad from the heat. He had seen men wither under the curses of priests. He had seen and feared the black magic practised by the wise men of the Orient. He dreaded what was to come the more because it was unknown.

"This went on until the other night. After lighting the fire, he sat down to read, his favorite relaxation. He heard the wind whistling down the chimney and rejoiced that he was in safety in his own home. He heard the shutter slam, and that reminded him of the night in the forest in Finland when the wind brought down the branches around his head. He felt the warmth of the fire and thought of the sun-swept beaches of the Pacific Islands. —

"Suddenly he felt a draft. Lifting his head, he saw reflected in the mirror before him, the form of one of his pursuers framed in the doorway. The shock killed him. I put it as boldly as that, because it is a plain fact. Stuart died of fright.

"The man walked in, placed his handkerchief over Stuart's face, that he might seem asleep, and started to search for the jewels, which had brought him there. Stuart was to have died at any rate; what did it matter to him how it happened? He finally found the gems in the desk drawer in a box, that one we found in front of Stuart. He left and took the midnight for New York. He sailed the next day for England but never arrived there alive. He died of a fever and before he died, he probably threw the jewels overboard, for they were not found. There's the story, John, I hope you'll like it, for even if it is fantastic, it is true."

PETE HAYES.

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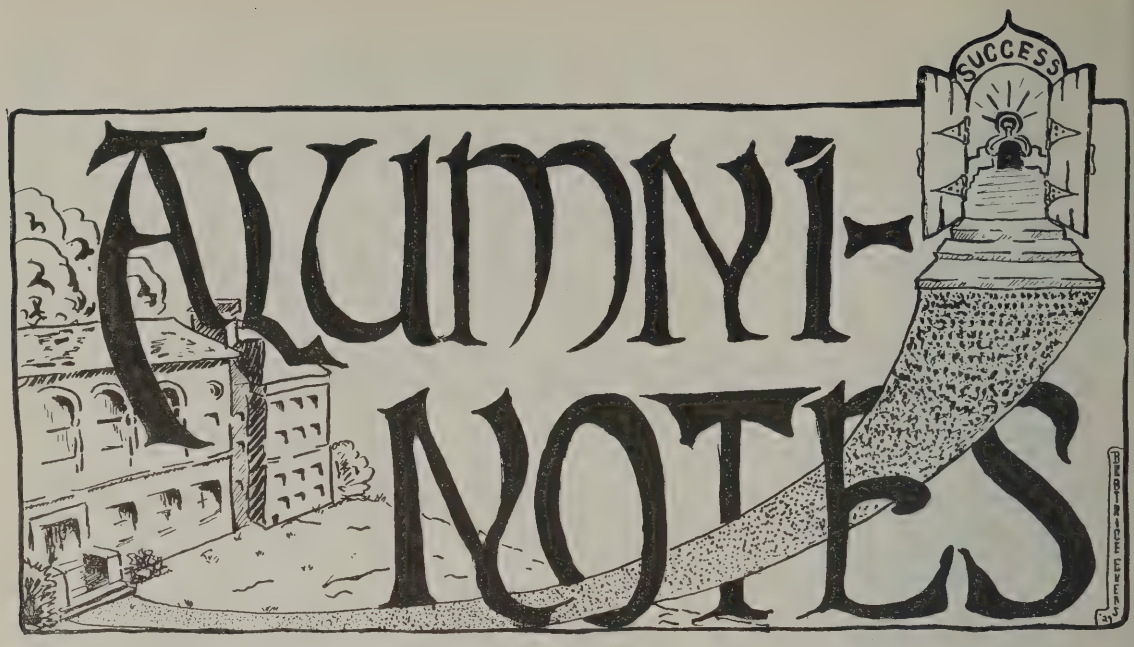

1924

Louis E. Barron, who was a 1928 graduate of Harvard, is now a Freshman at the Rush Medical School in Chicago.

1925

Harry Isenstein is a senior at Harvard.

Elsie Machin has recently completed a course in Forsyth Tufts Dental College. At present she is the Dental Hygienist for Dr. R. J. Nagle.

1926

Catherine Grant is attending MacIntosh's Business School at Haverhill, Massachusetts.

Hollis Gerrish is a junior at Harvard.

Mary Doherty is a senior at Sargent School.

Leah Kaplan is in her junior year at Radcliffe.

Mary Sharpe is an employee of the Queen Ann Candy Company.

Anna Burack is a junior at Radcliffe.

1927

Alice Conant is Vice-President of the junior class at Sargent School.

Gertrude Doyle is a very popular freshman at Trinity College in Washington.

Blanche Gudlevski has a position in the office of Thresher Brothers Silk Company.

Harriet Maulton is taking a course at Burdett's College.

Laura Campbell is a sophomore at Boston University.

Katherine Burns, Madeline Trau, Mildred Taylor, Julia Pearson, and Catherine Corcoran are training to be nurses at the Cambridge Hospital.

Beatrice Saxsmyth is a sophomore at Boston University.

Helen Whittey is a freshman at Sargent School.

Margaret Sharpe is employed at the S. E. Knott Apparatus Company.

Miriam Berkman, and Julie Nelligan were two of the fifteen sophomores at Radcliffe who had the highest rank at the end of their freshman year. On December 7 they were invited to a dinner given by the committee on Encouragement of Scholarship by the Radcliffe Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society — being prospective members of the society.

Eric Walz is in his last year at Exeter.

1928

Gladys Mugridge, Emily Holmquest, and Dorothy F. Howell are all in training at the Cambridge Hospital.

Margaret Sheridan is a freshman at St. Regis.

Eleanor O'Reagan is at Fitchburg Normal.

Bernice Chute is taking a course at the Chandler's Secretarial School.

Harriet Johnson is studying at the Emerson Oratorical School.

Benjamin Olken is a freshman at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Ruth Brown has a position at the Harvard Bazaar.

Clarice Burack is a freshman at Radcliffe.

Alice Bailey is at the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Mary Imelda McNamara is in training for nursing at the Cambridge Hospital.

Anna Kaplan is teaching in the Memorah Hebrew School, Roxbury. She intends to attend the Sargent School next year.

Florence L. MacCann is employed at the Delivery Desk at the Widener Library.

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BON jour, mes enfants. Comment se porte M. le chat de Mme. votre tante? How are you all since last time? We're back to the old (extremely) Remington for a little workout. Enough of chatter, however. Let's get to the business of the evening.

Again we have a couple of newspapers to get rid of first. "The Periscope" from Carlisle, Penn. High is the first in the docket. It's pretty good. As always in the newspaper type of publications, athletics is stressed. It seems that space is so limited that everything except Sport must be cut to the least possible space. Nevertheless, I suppose we must give our subscribers what they want. The articles are all well written, and the jokes are funny. Here's one we'd like to pass on:

Mrs. Nouveau Rich — "He's getting on so well at school; he learns French and Algebra. Now, Herman, say how do you do to the lady in Algebra."

This time it's "The Mountaineer," the work of the High School in Butte, Montana. Again we find a good paper. This one does not stress the field of physical endeavor so greatly. It is very newsy (I don't like that word. Can someone suggest another?). The Xmas issue is printed in green ink. Quite a snappy idea, don't you think? Again I like the jokes; these newspapers can usually be depended on to furnish some good jokes, and this is no exception to the rule.

And here we have an "Echo" from Thompsonville Conn. There is a most fearsome ghost on the cover, and an extremely childish bunch of stories inside. Dog-gone, I wish I could more than semi-occasionally get a magazine with some stories, articles, essays, epics, love-lyrics, sonnets, or what have you that do not have the delicate style and phraseology of the youthful prodigy from the fifth grade It's frightfully boring, MY dear, I mean it, I mean I ACtually do. The Editorials of this gem are ordinary, School Days and such. As for the Humor (alleged):

Teacher — "Where was Shakespeare buried and when?"

Pupil — "In a cemetery, soon after he died." What can you do with a guy like that? Hm, dun't esk!

We have a "Red and Black" which has a gray cover printed in red. And they even print a Pat and Mike joke. Glory! Well, outside of that it's not so bad. The stories are fair. Sports and School Notes Departments are fine. That is a bad mistake; I praised something. Take it all in all, it's a fine publication, and one that any school would be proud of. However one could tell it's from Boston (Dorchester High, to be exact). Listen to the reason:

Conductor — "How old are you, girlie?"

"If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics."

Another colorful magazine "The Maroon and White" published at La Salle Academy in Providence. This is also a bully thing. The stories are the kind I was praying for a few moments ago. The departments are full, complete, and — fill in the rest yourself. I'm getting tired and I've no studying done. Oh, here's something more from Providence. They cribbed it some where so they won't mind if I repeat:

To know the value of:

Two cents, carry a letter from Eastport, Me. to Manila.

A few minutes, get to the station just as your train is pulling out.

A match, blow out the last one you have when you are dying for a smoke.

A dime, lose the last one you have while the conductor is waiting for the fare.

"The Exponent" from Greenfield High. I always turn to the Exchanges first, and sez I to myself, "A girl wrote that, a Freshman I think." I made two mistakes; it was two girls and they were sophmores. My chief comment is; an extremely *sweet* paper. Athletics are good, however. And Jokes, these are the best I've seen this time.

My advice to you would be this. Get some more boys writing and train the young ladies to be less sugary. Others have done it, why not you? For the good of the cause or something like that. I calculate I'll finish with another joke. This is entitled "Duty calls."

An Italian was being examined in the Naturalization Court.

"Who is the President of the United States?"

"Mr. Coolidge."

"Who is Vice-President?"

"Mr. Dawes."

"Could you be President?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Mister, you 'scusa me, please, I vera busy — I worka da truck."

Well, I guess that just about finishes it for this time. Cheerio, Mes amis.

"Good night, Pooh," said Piglet.

"Good night, Piglet," said Pooh.

AVIATION

(*Continued from page 7.*)

were four years ago, still there are many more planes ready for use, and flying jobs, than there are good pilots. It is within the power of nearly any boy to become a good aviator, or girl either. As other professions are accepting women, so will aviation; as women are driving automobiles, so will they drive airplanes, if they are not afraid to show that they are as good at it as the men. Ever so many people are scared away by the price of tuition, but it is just as possible to earn one's way through, as it is to earn one's way through college. It has been done many times already. Since it will take many years to fill up all the demands for good pilots, there will be no difficulty in obtaining very well paying jobs once one has his license. Why wait for others to go in first? Go in now.

J. HOCKING

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A CHARACTER IN REAL LIFE WHO MIGHT HAVE COME OUT OF "PRIDE AND PREJUDICE"

ONCE in nearly every week a tiny bird-like figure dressed in the style of 1880 may be seen alertly stepping along the path toward our house. Every now and then she stops to look critically at a gardener planting bulbs or to shake her cane at a stray cat. She arrives brisk but a little tired, and immediately asks in a high imperative voice if "your poor dear mother is better." I know her well enough to explain at length that "mother is very well, thank you; and won't she come in. Catharine is just bringing in the tea tray." It is wise to overlook the fact that mother is perfectly well and has been for years because it is the chief joy of this lady's life to condone to ailments which she imagines her younger friends to have, and which she, at eighty-five, has escaped.

She enters a room with the air of a princess, and sits down with the air of a perfect lady, which is a good deal more impressive. With infinite precision she recounts all the news of her supposedly ailing friends. This is punctuated by emphatic raps of her cane and every now and then a sharp quick glance to make sure I am listening. Her tiny frail hands hold the cup quite steadily while she sips from the spoon. The discussion turns to the new minister, and as she embarks on her favorite subject I fall into a dreamy study of her.

Her face is pointed with small keen gray eyes and an aristocratic nose. Just now she has quite a lot of color because of the walk, and her gray eyes are sparkling with the pure joy of a person who has just enough interest in life to make it worth living and not enough to make it a passionate quest. One would hesitate to call her a gossip. There is something in that twinkle of her eye, in the absolute integrity that sounds in her sharp voice that prevents it.

When she has gone "hoping that your poor dear mother will be better soon," I am not quite sure whether that twinkle, that sparkle is a concealed sense of humour or not. She is a New Englander through and through and New Englanders have a quaint half-ashamed humour even in their most puritanical moments. Is the little wren laughing quietly at herself? I have never known.

MAY SARTON '29

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THE REVIEW

SPRING NUMBER

1929

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Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.
Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second class matter.

Vita sine litteris mors est.

VOLUME 43 NUMBER 4

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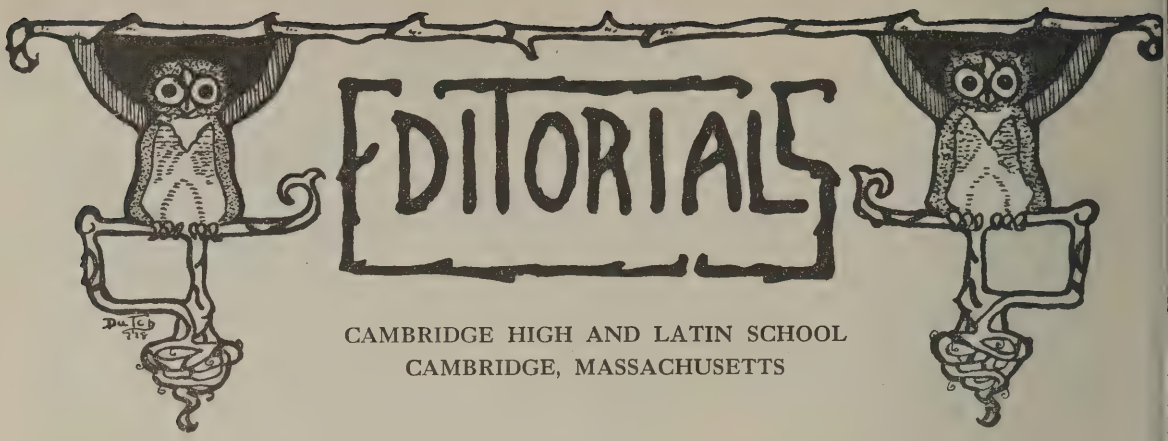

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

MICHAEL MAIELLA, C. H. L. S., '23, has won great success in Italy as director of a sixty-piece concert band. While in school Michael was clarinetist in the orchestra, and received his first instruction in the art of conducting under Mr. Whoriskey. After his graduation he returned to Italy with his father to continue his musical education, and continued his studies in Harmony under Caravaglios at Naples. He then played with notable organizations, finally becoming director of one of the smaller bands. At the beginning of the present season he was chosen to direct the destinies of one of the best bands in Italy. In this capacity his tours include the most important centers of Italy. He is one of the youngest directors in the entire country. His repertoire includes the Sixth and Seventh Symphonies of Beethoven, and the more important works of Tschaikowsky, Rossini, Massenet, Giordano, Puccini, Verdi and Bellini. "If it was not for C. H. L. S. orchestra I never should have been a director," he wrote in a recent letter to Mr. Whoriskey, "and I think of you every time I step to the director's boot, and I still hope to see you in my first audience in America." This latter refers to an expressed ambition made by Maiella in his school days, that some day he would return to America at the head of his own band. In his communication he recalled many of his former teachers and former friends of the REVIEW staff. The REVIEW extends hearty congratulations to this C. H. L. S. alumnus.

A PRIZE STUDENT

RUTH HIBBARD, a sophomore in this school, brought honor upon herself and her teachers by winning a two hundred dollar prize which had been offered by the Central Trust Company for the best essay on their Centennial Celebration. We include her essay in this issue.

CAST DANCES

LARGELY through the efforts of Shirley Trask, a number of the Drama Cast have enjoyed a series of informal parties at various homes. We think that parents like to see us home once in a while for our good times.

TECH TOURNAMENT

CONGRATULATIONS to our basketball team! It won entrance to the Tech Tournament and then proceeded to fight its way to the finals, in which the Lynn Classical barely nosed us out.

SPRING FEVER

HAVE you been "feeling your oats" lately? So have the rest of us, but — remember the Alamo (or should we say the College Boards?) Young men's thoughts should evidently turn in such serious directions when he lives in this age.

THE FORTY DAYS

THE place was the Kuling Mountains, and the time, August 31, 1927. Returning home from a swim, I was dashing up the front steps when I plunged headlong into a wandering telegraph boy looking for all the world like the last rose of summer or the lost chord or something equally dejected. He said he was looking for Wei Sz-mu, and only after I had explained long and patiently that she lived here and that I was her daughter did he consent to relinquish the telegram to my tender charge. I opened it and read the message aloud to Mother and Martha. It said: "City held up. Wupeifu in command of Northerners, preparing for attack by Nationalists. It will be over soon. Everyone well. Don't worry."

"What a jolly lark for dear old Dad!" I said. "Just our luck not to be with him!"

"Yes," broke in Martha (that is one of her worst habits—breaking in, I mean), "Maybe there'll be airplanes and bombs! What fun! Just think how jealous 'most everyone in America will be."

Only mother realized the seriousness of the situation, and managed to restrain any delight she may have felt in it.

A week passed. A letter from daddy hinted that perhaps everything would not be over soon enough. Food was beginning to give out in the besieged city where hundreds of thousands of souls were imprisoned. The city was being heavily bombarded from all sides by huge guns. Daddy announced at the beginning of the letter that for the report of every big gun he would mark a big X and for every small gun a small x no matter where he was in a word or sentence. His x's were frequent and many, in fact the delight we found in the letter itself was quite surpassed by our admiration for the magnificence of the grotesque cross stitch design. The letter reported that cholera was rampant. The commander-in-chief, Wupeifu, had fled from the city fearing the anger and distrust of the citizens as well as painful death at the hands of the enemy when the inevitable surrender came.

Seven days more went by. No longer did we go about gleefully proclaiming that the Governor (lucky dog!) was actually inside the besieged city. By this time dad's letters reported regular calls thrice daily of bombing airplanes. One bomb, he told us, had landed in our lawn and had blown out the front of our house, while our next door neighbor's was damaged even more seriously.

The next week we had no word at all from our father. Several friends who were living across the river in Hankow told us that all communications were severed: telegraph and telephone wires were cut, and no launches were crossing the river which was reported mined. For two and nearly three weeks this state of affairs continued. Is it necessary to tell you that by this time we were thoroughly frightened? We divided our time between the telegraph and post offices and occasionally remembered to go back to school for a class or two.

After an unbearably long time, however, we received startling but comforting word from dad. Carrying an ex-hospital sheet used as a flag of truce and accompanied by the bishop carrying an American flag, he had been lowered over the city wall on a rope. Together the two made their way through the heavy fire across the burning embers of the outer city to a waiting launch on which they were taken to Hankow where they arranged, as representatives of the Northerners, for surrender. And then they went back into that hell of dying men, women and children who for days had been living on stray dogs, cats, and rats, carrying with them two huge hunks of steak as chaperones.

From then on, the end was plainly in view. During the last week, by a special arrangement, daddy and the other foreigners helped to get the exhausted old people and children out of Wuchang and across the river to Hankow on the launch. He wrote of many tragedies occurring daily: of people crushed and trampled to death by the crowd, babies pushed into the river by the frantic people swarming onto the launches, and the helpful enemy planes which constantly obliged by dropping bombs on the throng at the city gates.

October the tenth was mother's birthday, so Martha and I were celebrating the occasion with her when a telegraph boy appeared in the doorway. I left the table, irritated at being separated from the birthday cake, and ripped open the envelope, reading the enclosed message aloud: "Peace treaty signed and everyone happy except the families of those killed by a bomb raid three hours after peace declared. Happy birthday and please order another two hundred worth of canned goods as our cupboard is quite bare." A motion that daddy could not have arranged a nicer birthday present and that we call a holiday immediately was unanimously carried by all present.

KATHERINE WAKEFIELD, '30.

WHAT'S THAT?

BLACK clouds scurried overhead. The air grew tense, gathering its forces for the coming storm. Sudden, vivid, flashes of lightning streaked across the leaden sky. Two boys trudged along a dusty country road, occasionally glancing at the fast darkening heavens. A strong wind broke the calm, followed by warning rumbles heralding the arrival of large, scattered drops of rain, which thudded a rapid tatoo on the dry road.

Both boys began to run, knowing that a short distance up the road stood a deserted house, formerly occupied by a fanatic inventor, who had died a few years before. Many weird tales surrounded its history, such as flittering shapes, harrowing cries, and all other terrors which are credited to supposedly haunted premises.

As they dashed up the veranda stairs the rain came down in torrents, unleashed by a deafening crash of thunder. Once under the sheltering roof they paused to regain their breath, meanwhile casting apprehensive glances about them.

"Say, Jim, don't you think we'd better go inside?" asked Bob, drawing as far back from the wind-blown elements as possible.

"In where?" echoed Jim, as if he doubted his hearing. "Don't you know where we are?"

"Sure, but it isn't very dry out here, is it? And besides," added Bob hurriedly, "I don't believe any of those stories." Jim, a few years Bob's senior, took pride in the superior wisdom of age.

"Course not, let's see if we can get inside."

Their attempted entrance by the door was unsuccessful, but on trying the many windows looking out on the veranda, they found one which was unlocked. Jim opened it wide enough to allow admittance. They found themselves in a large room, containing huge articles of furniture, looming even larger in the faint light.

"Flash your light, Jim," suggested Bob. Jim complied with his suggestion, disclosing a living room furnished with several enormous lounging chairs, and a massive table supporting an antiquated oil lamp. Over all lay a heavy coat of dust. Jim swung the light to the fireplace that yawned on one side of the room. Stepping around the table, he knelt before the hearth and soon had a bright blaze, which served to dispel the gloom somewhat.

As they stood before the flickering light of the fire, listening to the patter of the rain, and the roar of the blaze, a new sound introduced itself. It swelled into a piercing shriek, dying away to a low moan.

"What's that?" breathed Bob, visioning vague shapes of ghostly origin pattering through the house. Jim shrugged his shoulders negatively, inwardly quaking.

"Sounded like it's in the next room." Both listened in tense silence as it again became audible above the noise of the storm, shrieked piercingly, and reluctantly wailed away into silence. Bob was first to break the comparative quiet that followed.

"J-Jim, how about going home?" he quavered. "It isn't raining so hard," he added hopefully. Jim was quick to notice the other's weakening.

"Afraid?" he taunted with just enough haughty inflection in his tone of voice to arouse the spirit of doubting Bob.

"Me afraid!" incredulously exclaimed Bob, "of course not. Come on and see what that is." Jim was appalled at Bob's daring proposal, but he would not demur since it might question his bravery.

"All right, come on——." Footsteps sounded above, accompanied by a low agonizing moan from the unknown source. Bob unwilling to show the proverbial 'white feather,' spoke, "Go ahead, are you going to stand there all night?" Jim strode forward with a great show of bravado, followed closely by his companion. He opened the intervening door by inches, his heart seeming to beat out a rhythm to each move. The light settled on a mirror hanging opposite them. For a startling moment they thought the glaring reflection of light was the sudden appearance of an intruder. A door slammed to the right, followed almost instantly by an unnerving repetition of wailing discordant cries. Bob, startled, struck Jim's arm, who dropped the flashlight, plunging

Continued on Page Seven

NATURE

THE brook was flowing merrily, and from the trees came the songs of many birds. It seemed as if no human being had ever been here. This was the sort of place where I was fishing. With my rod for company, I moved slowly down the stream to the music of the birds. I stopped at a particularly attractive bend which seemed to be a veritable jungle in Paradise, where there were no reptiles or animals such as are found in the Brazilian jungles, but only countless thousands of beautiful, harmless creatures of the dumb world. Even the insects seemed peaceful as they buzzed softly.

A sense of restfulness and reverie came over me. The soft noises of the animal life seemed to have a quieting effect on me. Dazed, I stood still. My fish line floated lazily down the stream. I forgot to cast and many trout nibbled at my hook until the bait was all gone. But this fact did not wake me from my dream. The mellow songs of the birds sounded to me like the music of all the angels of heaven plucking their harps and chanting in the distance. The picture of numberless birds in the foliage was to my enchanted eyes a work of art greater than any produced by Michael Angelo.

Nature is the greatest of all churches. To my mind the bend in the brook was the most ideal situation for a "Nature Church" there could possibly have been. An air of religious quiet and peacefulness pervaded the place. The sun, filtering through the leaves of the gigantic trees, gave a subdued light. Animals scurried about like ushers in a large place of worship. In the semi-darkness the bird choristers gave forth sweet, solemn hymns. The humming-bird was choir master. His sweet voice blended with that of the robin, sparrow, cardinal and oriole in more perfect harmony than Beethoven, Bach, or Schubert ever dared hope for. And as a climax, God, the greatest preacher of the universe, delivered the sermon. His subject was "Quiet"; he delivered it in the only way that fitted the place, a masterpiece of thought without words.

And, suddenly, another form of omnipresent Nature pulled me from my reverie. A gigantic speckled trout gave a vicious tug at my line and nearly wrenched it from my hand. Then, I did a surprising thing, I stood perfectly still until the fish had freed himself from the hook. Quietly I packed my fishing tackle and went home. After the experience I had just been through, I had no desire to remain a follower of Isaak Walton.

NED BURR MCKENNEY, '30.

VIGIL

EVERYTHING was a dazzling white, glaring and merciless, so harsh in its purity that it was a relief to shut the eyes. The wind was whistling through the trees and howling like a pack of famished wolves. Indeed the far away wailing of the she-wolf to her mate was scarcely distinguishable from the sound of the wind. Each tree was a masterpiece in the minute tracery of its glistening ice-encrusted twigs, though groaning and creaking beneath its sparkling burden.

Petrovitch plodded doggedly down the road, facing the sharp, biting wind that pierced his scanty worn clothing so easily. His bundle of fagots, though pitifully small, bit cruelly into his bony shoulder. The dingy gray clouds, hanging so low that they threatened to encompass the earth, began to send a fine icy hail to provide fangs for the wind. The frigid air clutching at Petrovitch's throat made him breath in long, sobbing gasps. He had been gone two hours gathering wood. Two hours of such bitter cold! He had been unable to go very far into the forest because of the danger from the wolves. His father had been one of the first victims of them. Now the son was left alone with an ailing mother for whom to provide food and fuel. Petrovitch beat his numb finger against his breast and stamped his half-frozen feet on the ground in a half-hearted attempt to keep the blood circulating in them. Curious how heavy his feet were and what an effort it was to keep lifting one foot after the other. The hut toward which he was struggling was little warmer than the road without, but at least it was a flimsy shelter against the cruel blasts of the wind. Petrovitch, his eyes bent on the road before him, saw visions of home as it had been before his father had died and when his mother was well and happy, a warm, cheerful home, a glowing fire heaped high. This must be the home toward which he was bound. There could have been no horrible poverty-stricken interlude. He must hurry toward this bright comforting haven where a warm fire would penetrate his chilled body. Struggling toward this objective, he found his feet becoming wonderfully light. It was no longer a task to walk. When he reached the hut there was no light in the window. Living

Continued on Page Nine

ELEPHANTA

TWO thousand years ago in the harbor of Bombay
There lay an isle called Elephanta — rich and gay.
King Nicobar then came to rule as judge and law,
But under him the island streamlets blushed with gore
For Nicobar was vain and proud and keenly cruel.
He was a king! And people hid their fears and hates
Of him and all his vicious court of reprobates.

But hidden hates and hidden fears will smoulder on
Unnoticed till some crisis then, the bond is gone
And burning Passion loose, leaps wildly from its den
To ravage and destroy, making monsters out of men.
The people waited for their chance and when it came,
Pursued it like mad, baying hounds behind their game.
Not much they sought for, just a spark to set the charge.
That spark had come, not hot, but then — *the cause was large!*

"Oh, bow ye down, ye swine, and bless my holy hand,"
Thus spoke proud Nicobar; but lo! throughout the land
Where lived his populace there spread a sullen word —
"King Nicobar is mortal. He is not our Lord!"
That was enough, the woodman's pike, the farmer's tools
Were changed by usage into Fingers of Death. "The fools,
I'll crush them at a blow!" cried Nicobar — the King!
But Royal metal oft when tested fails to ring.

And so the people had their wish: *they* ruled instead.
Their war-scarred minds, though, lay burning in the head
Where hates and jealousies had downed one ill-come man,
And now the conflagration spread to down — *the clan!*
Great civil strife o'erran the land, and evil reigned
Until the very heart of Elephanta strained.
Who knows? . . . perhaps it was some savage tribe that came
And left of Elephanta's nation, but the name.

The name alone, of power, glory, wealth, and pride!
These man-made treasures surge, then fall back like the tide.
The waters, often poisonous, are not for taste —
For man, the ceaseless strugglings are but a waste! —
An old, old story, dimmed by the dust of years
But the world remains the same: for Hate — a vale of tears,
But for Love — a crystal pool in which to dream and see
The *why* of life and meaning of Eternity!

CASIMIR HARRIS, '28

WHAT'S THAT

Continued from Page Four

the room into darkness even denser than before. After a few minutes' search in the dark he located it, tried to light it, but failed.

"Bulb broken I guess, come on back." They retraced the few feet to the door, only to find it shut, and all their efforts failed to open it.

"Did you shut this?" questioned Jim irritably.

"Nope, I left it open."

"Follow me," decided Jim, "I'm going to try the other door." So saying he started hesitantly in the direction of the slam heard a few moments before. Jim had a few matches that he did not wish to use as yet. He felt his way carefully around the table, aided by intermittent flashes of lightning. As he reached the wall, he was startled by a sudden scream from Bob.

"Jim, help—quick!" Jim felt his scalp tighten, while cold shivers coursed down his back.

"Bob! Bob! where are you?"

All was quiet save for the patter of rain and occasional thunderclaps. Jim repeated the call frantically again, and again;—no answer. He tried to light a match, but his shaking fingers were not at his command. After several attempts he succeeded in igniting one. The match flared; by its flickering, dancing flame he verified his fears. Bob was gone! The match spluttered out; rain pounded on the windows; the storm grew in violence. Jim felt his heart leap, as a low moan, coming he thought from everywhere, shrieked with increasing volume only to wail away to silence, sounding to Jim like the mocking cry of a devil taunting him on the mysterious disappearance of his chum.

He lit another of his precious matches, shading the flame with cupped hands.

"Now let me see," cogitated Jim, "Bob was right behind me, just about here." Stepping in front of the fireplace in about the position Bob should have been. Lighting another match in the flame of the last, he examined the opening before which he stood with interest. Jim's roving gaze casually fastened on the shelf above the fireplace. The gray dust had recently been disturbed. Finger marks swept clear the portion where someone's hand had momentarily rested. Jim placed his own hand tentatively on the telltale spot and bent over to better see inside the huge-throated chimney. This act exerted pressure upon the arm grasping the mantlepiece. He was aware of a sharp "click," and suddenly his entire weight was upon the one arm grasping the shelf. Vainly he strove to stay his slipping fingers, but to no avail. He felt himself shoot through the darkness, not straight down as he had imagined, but at a steep angle.

His descent ended abruptly on a pile of soft, slightly lumpy substance. Jim prepared to light his last match. By its fluttering flame he saw what had broken his fall. It was a mound of soot and embers from countless dead fires. As the match's flame grew dimmer it gleamed on something lying at his feet. Jim picked it up; "a jacknife, Bob's jacknife," he breathed excitedly, followed by an exclamation of pain caused by the burning match. Nursing burnt fingers Jim bitterly reviewed his experiences. Once more he was in darkness, his pal missing, and unknown terrors lurking at every turn in the unexplored recesses of this strange house. With a deep sigh he arose. His progress seemed agonizingly slow. He followed the brick wall, his sole guide in the inky blackness. Hours seemed to pass instead of minutes before he stumbled over a staircase that led upward. The door at the head of the stairs was unlocked. He opened it slowly, and quickly drew back from what he saw. A figure shrouded in white crossed the room, vaguely visible in the gloom, and passed through the further wall. After a moment's indecision, Jim followed noiselessly, surprised at finding the door that had previously been locked now wide open.

The figure was ascending a flight of stairs leading upward. Jim crouched in a corner of the hall, straining his ears to catch other sounds than those of the storm, which had increased in volume. Thunder crashed, lightning flashed blindingly through the hall windows, illuminating it brightly for the merest fraction of a second. And —above the clamor of the raging elements a new sound became audible. It moaned like a person suffering intense pain, shrieked with terrorizing sharpness, dying away to a pitiful moan, and returned to alternately shriek and moan with varied intensity. Jim shrank yet further into the shadows, lest the vivid flashes reveal him to the figure which had halted in its ascent.

"Oh if Bob was only here. We would soon leave this horror far behind," thought Jim. His muscles tightened, another figure stalked by, a white blur in the darkness.

"Could this have been the origin of that weird cry?" meditated Jim, shivering in spite of himself. Both apparitions had vanished in the black void above, but he waited until he felt reasonably sure they would not return before he followed.

A voice boomed from somewhere above, speaking in a clear tone of voice. Jim cautiously

Continued on Page Twenty-Five

A HERO AND HIS WORSHIPPER

THE man cast an impatient glance around the spacious room where rich, deep carpets in colors as far removed from glowing as good taste is from bad taste, full velvet curtains, master cabinet work, and polished mahogany somehow failed to make a harmonious ensemble, to give that indefinable impression that someone really lived there. He cried aloud in a world-weary voice, "The people! The people are God's fools!" He threw on a well-worn topcoat, and an old soft hat, and went out onto a world of mist, pierced only occasionally by the orange glow of street lamps.

On another corner in the center of the city, the light from a corner lamp escaped, and the feeble force of its beams found lodgment on the face of a newsboy seated on his wares and thinking with all the strength of his loyal young soul of the rather discouraging condition of affairs in his country. The revolution had driven out the autocratic government of royalty, had put in its place a council headed by a prime minister, Manliov, who, a little fanatically, thought himself the leader of a new democracy, the inspired crusader sent by the will of God to free a people groaning under centuries of bondage. The same man now had lost his dreams of crusade, of divine intent and commission, in a bitter realization of the incredible stupidity of the fat burghers who demanded this, of the sleek politicians who demanded that, distorting the whole mechanism of the government, never seeing the whole for their indescribably mean part. Beset on every side, disgusted with the sordidness of government life, cynically laughing at his former faith in the intelligence of the *people,* this man, who alone could retain order where chaos had ruled so long, was on the point of resigning. As his eyes regretfully mirrored these thoughts, the boy's face in the lamplight glow looked rather like a wistful angel. For, be it confessed, Peter was a hero worshipper.

A man in a battered soft hat and worn, well-fitting topcoat, whose face was set and bitter, who looked racked by the pangs of indecision, who walked savagely, teeth clamped on an old briar pipe, suddenly loomed out of the thick mist, and Peter went down with a sickening thud. Instantly the man was at his side, his well-shaped hands loosening the boy's clothing about his neck, anxiously chafing the thin hands until a brief moment of returning consciousness brought a weakening surge of relief to the strong face bending over the boy.

Peter muttered in a half-delirium, "Manliov, they mustn't make you give up. You mustn't give up."

The man bending above Peter may possibly have started, or then again, it may have been a sudden flicker of the street lamp which cast quick shadows and made it look that way.

In an attempt to quiet the boy, now wholly, if somewhat dazedly conscious, the man soothingly said in a vibrant voice, "But why shouldn't Manliov give up?"

The boy's form, pitifully yielding in the strong arms supporting him, suddenly stiffened, and in an access of frenzied emotion, he cried, "Because the people want him and need him. Because he's the best friend they've got."

As Peter was momentarily getting stronger, the tall man, whose face was grotesquely shadowed by the worn hat, passionately muttered, half to himself, "The people! Once I thought that too. But . . . now. The people want nothing! They are blind to all but mere food, drink, and pleasure. Their country is but a name to them. Their only thanks to a man who has done his honest best for them is calumny and vile abuse." Forgetting that his only auditorium was a mist-filled street, he ended in a ringing tone, "There is no reliance to be placed on the people."

Peter weakly struggled to set this tall stranger right, as he had seen the right during his long evenings when, with only the corner lamp and an occasional influx of customers for company, he had laboriously threshed all this out. The pain in his head was nothing if he could only tell this man what he felt to be the truth about the people, even as he would like to tell Manliov himself.

It came out in short, choppy sentences. "You're wrong there.—Manliov's wrong there.—You don't see it." Then in an access of new strength he said, "I'm one of the people. There are hundreds of thousands like me, blind, hopeful, waiting, thankful for the right leader. But for every silent thousand of us, there is always one renegade, one traitor to the common cause of humanity, and that one is always heard. His voice rises above the rest. The leader is discouraged, and never sees the thousands of approving and imploring faces in the background. The faces of the *people,* I say, the *true* people."

Made comfortable in the arms of the man listening as if in a dream, Peter spoke on and on with an impetuous magic, pleading the cause of his own people as if he spoke at a court of life and death, and the decision lay with this silent man before him. The man listened, his face

tense in the shadows, and his eyes saw a continual procession of the faces of armies of people: faces sad and faces loyal; now mournfully approving when the tide of his decision seemed to turn one way; now lighted up as the tide rose higher and higher, until in a mad leap it engulfed them all, and erased the marks of indecision from the man's face.

Peter finished speaking with a funny little laugh, looking intently at the stranger's face, as he spoke from his position on the papers where his companion had replaced him, "I'm sorry I spoke so much. I only wish I could have spoken to Manliov."

Yet Peter didn't look at all sorry as the man beside him said musingly, "Oh, yes. To Manliov."

As the man swung away in the fine air from which all the mist had miraculously evaporated, just before putting the gold-piece which the man had given him in his pocket, Peter did a rather queer thing. He reached quickly into his blouse, and brought forth a picture carefully mounted on cardboard whose features he minutely scrutinized as if with reference to some living representation of those self-same features.

Curiously enough, Peter was in no way surprised when, the next day, news was flashed around the capital that Manliov, far from resigning, had taken a determined stand, had beaten off his enemies in the cabinet, and had given to the press a firm statement of his policies for the next six months or so, which effectually quelled the rumors of his pending resignation. Peter was in no way surprised, because—Peter was a hero worshipper.

ELINOR ROWE, '30.

VIGIL

Continued from Page Five

in his roseate dream of the past, he did not remark upon this fact. He lifted the latch of the door, tumbled into the cottage and hastened to the fireplace. Even the cold gray ashes that met his touch could not persuade him that his dream was ended. Half-dazed, he crouched over the grate, seeking to warm his half-frozen fingers. The rapid approach of night had filled the hut with black eerie shadows. Looking about, he allowed his eyes to rest on a white blur in the corner nearest the fireplace. Slowly the realization of what it was grew upon him. He crawled over to the corner and touched the face gently. It was even colder than his hand. He noticed with dull wonder that the lips were stained with blood. He wiped them carefully with the edge of the coverlet, then struggling out of his coat and jacket tucked them securely about her. It was strange that father didn't come home. He had gone to hunt a wolf and should have been back by now with fresh meat. Petrovitch did not care so much for the meat but he would have liked the comforting presence of his father. He crawled back to the empty fireplace and sat beside it. Ah, at last he was getting warm again. A lethargic slumber began to steal over him. But he mustn't sleep for fear mother might want him. He propped himself up against the fireplace and fixed his eyes on the still form in the corner. Try as he would he could not prevent himself from falling asleep. Only the thought of his mother's dependence on him held his eyes open. But such a vigil as his was impossible for human endurance. He became warmer and drowsier. He hoped father would come soon . . .

When the neighbors broke in two days later they wondered why the boy sat before an empty fireplace while a bundle of fagots lay untouched by the door.

GRACE MCGLINCHEY, '30.

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ARLINGTON 1 CAMB. LATIN 0

In a game played at Wares' Cone, Auburndale, Arlington High School's hockey team defeated Cambridge Latin 1-0. As a result of this defeat, the Cantab's hope of getting into the Round-Robin was given a severe jolt. To gain a place in the play-off series, Latin must defeat the strong Rindge sextet, a tough assignment for any team. The Cambridge attack could not seem to get going properly and when it threatened to, Chamberlain, Arlington goalie, was an insurmountable obstacle. Though the Arlington team was completely outplayed, it managed to score a goal in the second period which proved enough to win the game. The Latin team threw away many scoring chances my inaccurate shooting.

The summary:

Arlington H. S.—Teevan, Thomas, r. w.; Duffey, McCarthy, c.; Sax, Rice, l. w.; Forbes, r. d.; Clark, l. d.; Chamberlain, g.

Camb. Latin—Duggan, l. w.; Harlow, c.; Hogan, r. w.; White, l. d.; Curry, Cullinan, r. d.; Ready, g.

Goal made by: Thomas.

CAMB. LATIN 2 MILTON ACAD. 1

The Cantabs' hockey team staged a comeback in the game with Milton Academy when they defeated the Prep School boys 2-1. Milton drew first blood on a score by Bealey, right wing, in the first period. Not to be denied, however, the Latin team pressed continually in the second period and Duggan scored on a pass from Hogan. Continuing the attack in the third period, the Cantabs again scored when Hogan took a beautiful pass from Harlow to dent the strings for what proved to be the winning goal.

The summary:

Camb. Latin—Duggan, Burgess, l. w.; Harlow, c.; Hogan, r. w.; White, l. d.; Curry, Cullinan, r. d.; Ready, g.

Milton Academy—Beale, r. w.; Sperry, c.; Ware, l. w.; Wadsworth, r. d.; Wheeler, l. d.; Thompson, g.

Goals by: Duggan, Hogan, Beale. Score: Cambridge Latin 2, Milton Academy 1.

CAMB. LATIN 4 BELMONT 1

Cambridge Latin continued its string of wins at the expense of the Belmont team when the Cantabs won 4-1.

The scoring opened in the initial stanza when Captain Freddy Harlow carried the length of the rink, swung in behind the net and passed out to Bill Hogan, who converted the pass into a goal. In the second period Collins of Belmont evened the count when he scored from a scrimmage. This goal only tended to inspire the Latin team to play better hockey and in a few minutes Kenny White, dashing defense man, sunk the puck in the draperies after a dash from his defense position. In the next period, Jim Duggan scored on a pass from Harlow, and Freddy Harlow ended the scoring by culminating a beautiful dash with a sizzling shot into the goal.

The summary:

Camb. Latin—Hogan, Whalen, r. w.; Harlow, c.; Duggan, Burgess, l. w.; Curry, Cullinan, r. d.; White, Droney, l. d.; Ready, g.

Belmont—King, Wall, l. w.; Collins, c.; Brassil, Loomer, r. w.; Eagan, Ray, l. d.; Bousilio, Mulvahill, r. d.; Wright, g.

The score: Camb. Latin 4, Belmont 1. Goals by: Hogan, Collins, White, Duggan, Harlow.

CAMB. LATIN 3 B. C. HIGH 2

In a game played in the Boston Arena, Cambridge Latin outclassed a representative of Boston schoolboy hockey, B. C. High 3-2. Harlow scored the first two goals in the first period, one on an individual dash and the other after a pass from Jim Burgess. Duggan scored the third Cambridge goal in the second period and then B. C. High counted twice on long shots by Boehner and Krunscheid. There was no scoring in the last stanza though Latin threatened continuously.

The summary:

Camb. Latin—Hogan, Droney, r. w.; Harlow, c.; Duggan, Burgess, l. w.; Curry, Cullinan, r. d.; White, l. d.; Ready, g:

B. C. High—McGovern, l. w.; Phelan, Krunscheid, c.; Conarty, r. w.; Walsh, l. d.; Boehner, r. d.; Gerry, g.

Score: Camb. Latin 3, B. C. High 2. Goals by: Harlow, 2; Duggan, Boehner, Krunscheid.

CAMB. LATIN 2 ST. MARK'S 1

After winning four hockey games on consecutive days, the Cantabs finished a successful week by beating the strong St. Mark's team in a fast game that went into overtime periods.

A goal by Hogan after a beautiful piece of combination play between him and Harlow broke the 1 to 1 tie in the second overtime period. The Cambridge Latin team took the lead in the first period when Droney shot the puck past Potter in the home cage. However, Choate, left defense man, tied the count in the second period after a pretty dash. In the third period both teams threatened continually but no scoring resulted. After a scoreless first overtime, Harlow grabbed the puck in center ice, passed to Hogan as he hit the forward line and took the pass back after the two had passed three-quarters ice. As he sped in on the defense he cut to the left, but passed to his right to Hogan, who caught the outside corner of the net with a lightning shot that meant the game.

The summary:

Camb. Latin—Duggan, Burgess, l. w.; Harlow, c.; Hogan, r. w.; White, l. d.; Curry, Cullinan, r. d.; Ready, g.

St. Mark's—Harlowell, Scott, r. w.; Barton, Peck, c.; Channing, Bailey, l. w.; Waters, r. d.; Choate, l. d.; Potter, g.

Score: Camb. Latin 2, St. Mark's 1. Goals by: Droney, Choate, Hogan.

CAMB. LATIN 1 RINDGE TECH 0

Facing the initial game of the preliminary round of the Suburban League, Cambridge Latin met Rindge Tech in a great game, a game which meant that the Cantabs were in the Round-Robin, if they won, and were out, if they lost. With this in mind and with a never-say-die spirit which has always been characteristic of all Leander MacDonald's teams, they went into that game and fought their way to a 1-0 victory, a surprise to the schoolboy hockey world. Playing the best game of the entire year, the Cantabs defeated a great Rindge team that was at its best. But its best was not good enough to beat the desperate Cantab team. Throughout the game, because of the enthusiasm of the players, penalties were frequent; several of the boys "mixing it up" in the spirit of competition. Midway through the middle period Bill Hogan broke away on his right wing boards and jumped the Rindge forward line. Seeing that his forwards couldn't catch up with him, Kenny White jumped from his defense post and picked him up just as he approached the Rindge defense. With the defense's attention focused on Hogan, he passed the width of the ice to White, who coasted in and lifted the puck waist-high past Burke in the Rindge net for what proved to be the admission card to the Round-Robin series.

The summary:

Camb. Latin—Hogan, r. w.; Harlow, c.; Duggan, l. w.; Curry, r. d.; White, l. d.; Ready, g.

Rindge Tech—Dixon, l. w.; Westberg, c.; Normile, Gray, r. w.; Phillips, l. d.; Somowsky, Weisackas, r. d.; Burke, g.

The score: Camb. Latin 1, Rindge Tech 0. Goal by: White.

NEWTON 1 CAMB. LATIN 0

In the opening round of the championship series at the Arena, the Newton High School hockey team defeated Cambridge Latin in a game that will long be remembered by those who saw it. Rated as top-heavy favorite the Orange and Black was extremely lucky to win the game. The Cantabs, outskating, outplaying, outfighting the Newton team, lost because it was simply outlucked. And by outlucked is meant that almost every kind of a break that could have gone against Latin, did so. Two pretty goals were registered by the Cantabs, but each time the referee declared it illegal. Then, the goal that Newton scored was lucky. Fletcher, center of the Newton team, circled the Cambridge net and slipped the puck in from the opposite side. Time after time, following the marvelous poke-checking of Freddy Harlow, the Cantabs stormed the Newton net but every time the breaks were against them.

The summary:

Camb. Latin—Hogan, r. w.; Harlow, c.; Duggan, l. w.; Curry, r. d.; White, l. d.; Ready, g.

Newton High—Brown, l. w.; Fletcher, c.; Riley, r. w.; Gardiner, l. d.; Gilligan, r. d.; Harrington, g.

Score: Newton 1, Camb. Latin 0. Goal by: Fletcher.

MELROSE 2 CAMB. LATIN 0

The Cambridge Latin team was defeated by Melrose 2-0 in the second game of the series. Though the Cantabs played hockey that was inferior to that which they displayed in the Newton game a break or two would have changed the aspect of the game a whole lot. The first Melrose goal resulted from Ready's stick, through

Continued on Page Twenty-Three

EASILY the outstanding event of our debating season will be the Philips Andover-Cambridge High and Latin meeting. The two societies having communicated for nearly a month, are nearing the completion of their plans. The debate this year will take place at Andover, April twelfth, at eight o'clock. Under a standing agreement Andover picks the subject: Latin, the side. It is hoped, and may be considered a possibility, that the great educator, President Stearns of Andover, will preside. Surely his presence would add a great deal to the interest of the debate. Andover-Latin debates, which are held annually, have gained the reputation of being very close and interesting. Andover won last year, but only by a small margin. With added ability and steady instruction at Latin a victory for Cambridge Latin would be by no means surprising.

A debate of great interest in the school is the Junior-Senior encounter. The date for this meet has not been fully decided upon as yet, but it is certain to take place soon after the Andover debate. This debate should appeal to the students for several reasons, the outstanding one being, of course, the keen rivalry of the two upper classes. The subject is to be "Resolved: that Capital Punishment Should be Abolished in Massachusetts." On paper, and because of past performances, the seniors, with "Bill" Hogan, Ford, Murphy, Farrington, and Dennehy to choose from, seem to have the advantage, but by followers of debating, McKenney, Alberts, Norris, J. Hogan, Segel, and O'Rourke, of the juniors, are allotted an even chance. Edward Crane, the only Sophomore debater, will preside.

The proposition concerning a debate over the radio with Boston Latin School seems to be at a standstill, simply because no one has taken the initiative in the matter. However, although the situation now seems defunct, the matter may be again considered very late in the season.

Of whom is the nineteen twenty-nine debating team composed? That question has been asked many, many times. There are twelve members of the debating *class,* but there is no authorized team. When a meet has been arranged the entire personnel of the class works at the subject and the four best speakers are chosen to meet the opponents. The system has worked exceptionally well because, while some are born speakers, others, natural workers and historians, supply the data. Each part of the class is repaid by its eight credits. Incidentally, no one can debate for Cambridge Latin unless he is a member of the debating class.

Ford seems sure of landing a place on the team that meets Andover. His work has been exceptional since the beginning of the season. He couples intelligent thinking with a fine manner of delivery.

Hogan also seems certain of making the team. He has shown, when ambitious, that he still has "the goods." He debated against Andover last year, and they are sure to fear him.

Crane, although only a sophomore, has fully established himself as one of Latin's outstanding debaters. "Eddie" certainly gives promise of a great debating future. Norris, Segel, Alberts, or McKenney has also a fine chance to show his wares against the preparatory school.

It is gratifying to note that Latin's debating class is becoming recognized. Recently we received from the Fulton Debating Society of Boston College an invitation to attend the Harvard-Boston College debate, Thursday, March twenty-first, at Symphony Hall. Several members attended what proved to be an extraordinarily fine discussion.

UNDEFEATED

A YOUNG girl sat at the window, apparently deep in thought. Her work had been laid aside for the moment and she now gazed steadily out at the bleak stretch of sky. She had had a particularly hard day and was developing the blues. Yielding to weariness she put her work away. Now, as she looked at the heavens, her thoughts wandered.

Somehow, she felt that she must stop brooding on her lot: the small boarding room, the nagging landlady, the crowded streets, and an ungratified desire. She turned to her only avenue of escape, the play of pretend. She imagined her feelings if she had the means with which to secure the pleasure of living in the country. To know the real beauty of the country had always been her longing. How she detested this city, her surrounding, for the greater part of her life, with its scenes of poverty, struggles, and desires forever out of reach.

She pictured her joyous self on the train leading to her land of dreams; seeing the green fields; breathing the clear, fresh air; and feeling the restful silence. She had once been at a farm for a week for her health, three years before, a week which had never been forgotten. From that time on she had worked toward the aim of living in the country. Every spare moment she spent dreaming of the time she could do this.

Suddenly she stopped her train of thought. She wondered depressingly if her wishes would ever come true. Hadn't she worked hard? Hadn't she waited long enough?

The girl shook herself to get rid of such thoughts. She again watched the dead, leaden sky. Even the heavens seemed to have taken on her mood. She sighed discontentedly. All at once a little ray of the hidden sun seemed to peep waveringly through, but was immediately shut off by sullen darkness. Breaking through once more, the rays stayed longer but were again defeated. Time after time the defiant sun rays emerged, only to be again obscured.

The girl at the window sat breathless. Somehow this elemental struggle seemed to represent a little of her problem. She waited now to see if the clouds would clear.

"I'll try harder than before. I'll stop being moody, and in my aim ahead, who shall stop me?"

Thus casting this challenge born of new hope, she realized that the room had become radiant. All was bright around her, for, up in the sky, surrounded by light, fleecy clouds that were replacing the gray, the brilliant sun smiled down at the tired world. What it seemed to say, was this:

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine.
You in your little corner
And I in mine."

ELIZABETH T. YASSIN, '30.

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Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Mr. Sling A. Line. The *Daily Blah* is a paper for people who drink. Purchase the *Blah* at the nearest drug store, and read a paper which contains all the news there is, and then some. Murder stories for the kiddies, showing all the latest strangle holds and up-to-date window sash weights, cut out comics for teachers and seniors, love affairs and comic section. The latest bulletins follow.

Mangled Remains of Boy Student Found In C. H. L. S.
Badly Beaten, Bruised and Broken

The body of a boy about 17 years of age was found lying quite still in the southwest corner of the assembly hall of Cambridge Latin School today. The individual seemed slightly distressed, in fact, there was no movement at all coming from the body of the boy. On closer inspection he was found to be dead. Soon after the murderer was found walking about with a satisfied expression on his face. A questioning began immediately. Let the boy tell the story : "I stopped to chat with a junior who was passing through the hall. After talking with said junior, I said, 'So long.' Whereupon the junior replied, 'Well, I'll be Senior.' That was too much. I knew at heart the boy was a punner." And he looked smilingly at the still body. "That was the final straw. Nearby was the statue of Apollo, which I picked up and let him have on the top of his punny head. You should have seen the surprised expression on his face." He chuckled. "Gosh, he exclaimed, I'm not sorry. He deserved it — all punners do; and let this be a warning," upon which he went off on another gale of merriment. The crowd to a man was with this boy. Needless to say he was acquitted.

Dean Faints In School — Succumbs to Words of Boy Student

It took two glasses of water to restore one of the deans at the high school today. It seems that a boy came into his office for being late. The dean asked the boy for his excuse. Upon which the boy commenced, "Stop me, if you've heard this before." Here the dean quietly passed out. To the disappointment of all, he had only fainted, and school went on as usual.

The weather: Colder tonight with increasing warmness and rain as reports come out.

Stock Summary summarized: Take no stock in anything that is said here.

Gas Overcomes Many Pupils—No Serious Consequences

At a K. B. meeting, which took place in the Cambridge Latin yesterday, five of the girls were overcome by escaping gas. They all shook off the effects, however. One of the girls is being sought as being responsible for the catastrophe. Rumors are current that she will not be allowed the floor again for some time. "Such things must be avoided," states headmaster, showing how great a danger it is to boys especially. As a penalty, the offending girl must stand 10 whole minutes each day without talking. Men teachers declare this feat impossible.

Teacher Suspected of Being Slasher

A Post Graduate's mark of 96 was slashed to a mere 89 today. One of the teachers is held as being responsible for the deed. Nothing seems to be sacred to these teachers. The integrity of the P. G.'s is at stake. The dean warns the teachers that the old age of the P. G.'s must be respected.

Healthiest Boy Found in C. H. L. S.

Authorities today ended their search for the healthiest boy after finding Inef R. Work in the Cambridge Latin School. The only statement that the boy would make as to the reason for his fine health was that he never let his studies interfere with his play, and that he had never been struck by lighting.

Puzzle Readings for the Teachers — Find the Hidden Country

The United, States Mr. Much is a fine concern.
Up came the captain's Ire. "Land at once," he said.
"That's Great. Britain will pay," laughed Wales.
He spread the Germ. Anyone might," said the doctor.
John can't. I Can. Ada must.
One may Sweden the coffee with sugar.
Mexico.

Send in your answers, and the first teacher to get the whole list right will receive an apparatus which will enable her to see around corners, and thus keep her seventh periods full. The work must be all your own. If any assistance is suspected to have been received, the papers will be torn up and thrown directly in the waste basket. All right. All books off the desk, and let's go.

The following receives the award for embarrassing moments :

Boy: Why, Mr. Bramhall signed this note.

Teacher: But Mr. Bramhall wasn't in this morning.

The boy stood struck dumb. The class roared laughing.

The teacher caught the spirit of the thing and roared laughing herself. There was a teacher!

Pardon my mistake, ladies and gentlemen, the above caption was wrong. It should have been Bug-House Fables.

This concludes the broadcast of the *Daily Blah*. We have just received a large number of telephone calls, congratulating us on the finish of our broadcast. Most people liked the very end best, and suggested that we don't come on again at all. We thank you for your attention, and return to the main studio.

Here we are back in the main studio for some reason or other. Graham Crackers at the microphone. And this, ladies and gentlemen, concludes the broadcast for this period. We, way up here on the third floor of the Cambridge Latin Institute, the home of higher education, bid you Good Night, and ask you to please stand aside.

J. HUGHES, '28.

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NOTES

I thoroughly enjoy looking at the advertising pages after holidays are over, for here and there I see something my wife didn't buy.

Dumb: "You say the age of miracles has not passed. How is that?"

Dumber: "Because I dropped a burnt match from my boat and it lit right on the water."

Tom: "Why do you always call your mother 'the mater'?"

John: "Any woman who could succeed in marrying off my four sisters deserves a title."

"What's Mrs. Breezey in such a stew about?"

"She asked the pleasure of Lieutenant Slick's company to tea, and he appeared on the scene with forty of his men."

"I am an orphan, sir," she said;
He tenderly consoled her,
And when he saw it pleased her, too,
His sympathy grew bolder.

"Poor, lonely little one," he said,
I also am another;
'Twould be the thing, I'm sure if I
Should kiss you for your mother."

He did, but e'en that thoughtful deed
Seemed hardly to suffice her;
She murmured: "I forgot to say
My pa was married twice, sir."

Chapel Speaker: "I made myself a success. I started life as a barefoot boy."

Voice from the Rear: "I wasn't born with shoes on myself."

His Honor: "Get the prisoner's name, so we can tell his mother."

Rooky: "He says his mother already knows his name."

"I think I catch your drift," remarked the man, as a snow-slide from the roof of a neighboring house buried him under its impetus.

"Mother," said the little boy, "When you get the cream whipped may I lick the dish?"

Father: "My son, can't you possibly cut down your college expenses?"

Son: "Well, I might possibly get along without any books."

He: "Your sister's hair curls naturally, doesn't it?"

She: "Oh yes, she naturally curls it."

Willie's Excuse for Being Absent

Dear Teacher:

Please excuse Willie for not coming to school yesterday. He had to go to the hospital with his nose.

Signed WILLIE'S MOTHER.

Taken from Freshman Examination Papers

Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels.

When Cicero delivered his oration he was a prefix.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

A mountain range is a large-sized coal stove.

The chamois is valuable for its feathers; the whale, for its kerosene.

Among Our Melodies

"Doin' the Raccoon".....*Gerry Whouley*
"Button Up Your Overcoat".....*Eddie Flynn*
"You're the Cream in My Coffee"
Flo Williams
"Don't Be Like That".....*Harold Cail*
"I'll Never Ask for More"....*Mary McDonald*
"How About Me?".....*Herb Brown*
"I'll Get By" (?).....*Jimmie Macklin*

Heard in Civics

Teacher: "Groden, take these books down to the book room, and while you are there ask for 23 'Benjamin Franklins.'"

Groden: "What? Books?"

Famous Characters in History

Samson.....*Pete Noyes*
Delilah.....*Alice Wood*
Goliath.....*Bob Creel*
David.....*Joe Dugan*
Helen of Troy.....*Mary Conlin*
Marie Antoinette.....*Tony Moakler*
Napoleon.....*Joe Moran*
Mary, Queen of Scots.....*Hilda Matthews*
Teddy Roosevelt.....*Billy Fitzgerald*

Annoying Leakage

Stern Father (to son going back to school): "Don't let me hear any more bad reports about you."

Son: "I'll try not to, dad, but you know these things will leak out."

She: "This paper says that a new star of hitherto unheard-of density has been discovered."

He: "Must be the one I saw last night in the moving picture."

From the Classified Ads: "The holder of this coupon when properly punched is entitled to one of our beautiful photographs."

She: "We've been waiting a long time for my mother."

He: "Hours, I should say."

She (rapturously): "Oh, George!"

Man (entering big book shop): "I want a book called, 'Man, the Ruler of the World.'"

Girl Assistant: "I'm not sure that we have it sir; but it sounds to me like the fiction department."

He: "I've never seen such dreamy eyes."

She: "You've never stayed so late before."

Quite Obvious

Teacher: "John, you can make up those algebra problems during the second recess. The girls will be in the hall."

He: "Why did they hang that picture?"

She: "Perhaps they couldn't find the artist."

Teacher: "Who was Joan of Arc?"

Pupil (who was great at guessing): "Noah's wife."

Heard in History

Mr. S.: "What is a Pilgrim?"

Smart Soph.: "A Pilgrim is a man."

Mr. S.: "But that's not complete. I'm a man, but would you call me a Pilgrim?"

Smart Soph.: "Oh, no. A Pilgrim is a good man."

Jack: "So you think love is like a photographic plate. Why?"

Polly: "Because it needs a dark room to develop it."

Night falls and day breaks. Who gets the pieces?

Daughter: "He says he thinks I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I invite him to call?"

Mother: "No, dear, let him keep on thinking so."

She: "Do you believe one's fate can be read in one's hand?"

He: "To a certain extent. For instance, give me your hand and I can tell that my fate will be a happy one."

"What makes that new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?"

Tommy (indignantly): "It don't cry so very much, anyway, if all your teeth was out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them I guess you'd feel like crying yourself!"

Sammy came home from an afternoon at the Natural History Museum.

"Where have you been?" asked his grandfather.

"Oh, we've had a splendid time. We've been to a dead circus."

"It is easier," the curate read, "for a needle to go through the eye of a camel," but he saw the vicar's gaze upon him and knew that he had made a mistake, so he corrected himself: "It is easier for a camel to go through the knee of an idol." Then he went on quite happily.

A Roundabout Proposal: "My-my-brother wanted to know if—if—you would be a sister-in-law to him, Miss Ethel?"

WANTED—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

OUR class teams have already played several outside basketball games. The results of these games were rather more than ordinarily favorable to us and entitle the members of the teams to high praise. The Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores played games against Everett, Medford, and Waltham; the Freshmen, against the Everett Freshmen and Everett Junior High.

The Senior games with both Medford and Waltham were more or less one-sided, and our girls won quite easily. Everett was a bird of entirely different feather, in a word "tough," and it was only after a hard battle that our girls finally defeated them. The Sophomores likewise defeated a lot of good-looking opposition in the shape of Everett, Medford, and Waltham with the scores respectively 50-5, 27-14, 23-13. The Sophomores have re-elected as captain, Ruth Hibbard. By the very nature of things it was somewhat different with the Juniors. They had no abundance of candidates like the other classes. They were forced to play most of their games with few or no substitutes. In these circumstances, therefore, great praise should go to the six "iron men" who played the entire game against Waltham with no sub's available. The Freshman lost to Everett at Everett. On Friday, the fifteenth of March, the Freshmen played the Everett Junior High team at our gym. While this game did not contain the best playing of the season, it was undoubtedly one of the most exciting games. The spectators were stiff from sitting in one position. The game at last ended a tie with the score 20-20. The Freshmen have elected as next year's captain, Helen Kenny, who showed up more than well in the Everett Junior High game.

This year has seen the formation of two varsity teams. As announced, they are made up of the following girls:

First Team—Margaret O'Connell, Anne Goverman, Winifred Shaffer, Bradley Britt, Ruth Hibbard, Sally Roche, Florence Williams, Marjory Lynch, Bunny O'Hearn, Anna White.

Second Team—Lilla Cavanaugh, Florence Shaffer, Blanche Wetmore, Frances Grove, Marie Hyde, Gertrude Danis, Mary Toomey, Mary Groden, Gertrude Burns, Caribel Conant, Araxie Tasjian.

The varsity has already tied the Everett varsity with the score of eight to eight. One of our varsity forwards, Marjory Lynch, was out of the line-up, and their guards proved too good for us. Games in prospect are the Radcliffe Freshmen at their gym, and Newton at home. A most interesting game scheduled is a game with our own alumni. It is expected that there will be a great turnout to this game, and it certainly will be well-worth it. Alice Adams, a nineteen twenty-eight graduate is in charge of it. A rather encouraging feature of this year's varsity is the number of sophomores who have taken place on both the first and second teams. Bunny O'Hearn was elected captain. Miss Brown and everyone else concerned have expressed themselves as pleased with the showing of this year's varsity.

If this year's second varsity can secure two outside games, it will, for the first time in the history of girls' athletics in the school, have the right to win the letter "C" with a small "2" beside it to show that it is a second team "C."

Next fall will see an innovation in the matter of basketball team managers. Instead of electing the manager from the members of the team, a call will be issued for girls who wish to be manager, to put themselves unreservedly at the service of the team for a probationary period of three weeks, doing whatever seems best for the welfare of the team. At the end of that time, the members of the team will elect the girl who, in their opinion, has worked the most wholeheartedly and who will make the best manager. Now, you girls who have bewailed the fact that you are not much good in athletics but who wish to have the honest fun of membership on a team, *this* is *your* chance.

Swimming practice has been started with Marjorie Lynch as the coach. Practice is held every Thursday evening and Saturday morning at the Y. M. C. A. tank. Baseball practice will start the week of April the eighth.

One of the most successful Girl Dances of recent years was held on a fine winter's night. Half of the girls were dressed as boys, while the other half acted to perfection their fair com-

Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss McLaughlin, Mrs. panions. It was remarked by interested spectators that this year's crop of boys was dressed much better than those of previous years. Whether this was because their brothers come of a new race who not object to lending cherished tuxedoes, as has been the case with a great many of us, is a matter for scientific investigation. The patronesses were Miss McElroy, Miss Russell, O'Hearn, and Miss Brown. A five-piece orchestra furnished music for the dancing. The success of this affair is due in great measure to the following girls: Margaret Mahan and committee in charge of decorating the gym; Sylvia Kaplan and door committee; Caribel Conant and committee in charge of refreshments; and the corps of ushers.

TENS OF THOUSANDS OF YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN

have been trained for business at the Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, and through its Employment Department have been placed in excellent positions in which they have made wonderful advancement.

YOUNG MEN

with Business Administration, General Business or Secretarial Training who have been trained and placed by this School have risen to positions of prominence in the realm of business. Today they are Bankers, Proprietors, Members of Firms, Presidents, Treasurers, Executive Secretaries, Certified Public Accountants, Public Accountants, Chief Accountants, Cost Accountants, Comptrollers, Auditors, Credit Managers, Office Managers, Sales Managers, Salesmen, Purchasing Agents, Traffic Managers, Production Managers.

YOUNG WOMEN

with Secretarial, Stenographic, or General Business training, have been placed in desirable and remunerative positions, and today are Executives in banking and business houses and organizations and in educational institutions; valued Secretaries to Presidents and Executives of business concerns, or engaged in decidedly interesting work as Private Secretaries to Physicians, Lawyers, Authors, or as Social Secretaries; while some are in prominent positions as Advertising Managers, Comptrollers or Bookkeepers.

INDIVIDUAL ADVANCEMENT

Interesting literature will be sent upon request, giving information regarding the method of individual advancement by which the capable student is enabled to secure a thorough training in the shortest possible time with the least possible expense.

As this School does not employ solicitors or agents, a visit to the School is suggested.

J. W. BLAISDELL, *Principal.*

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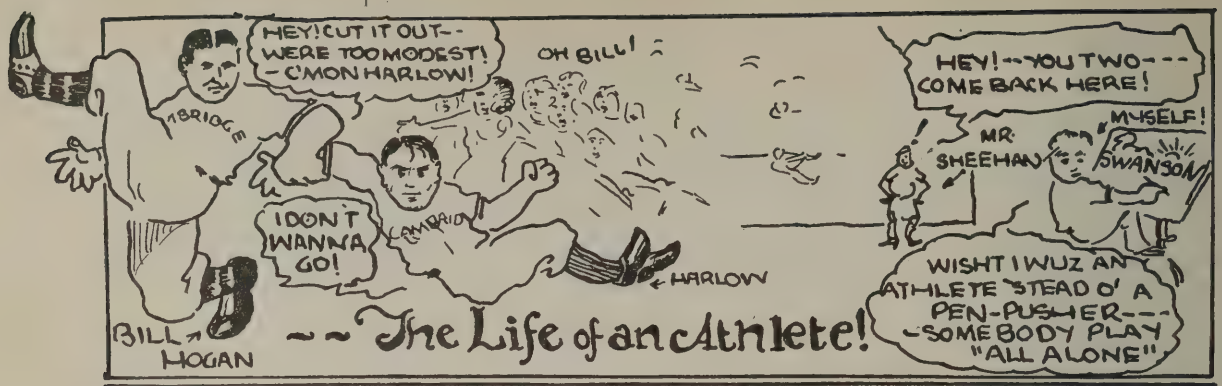
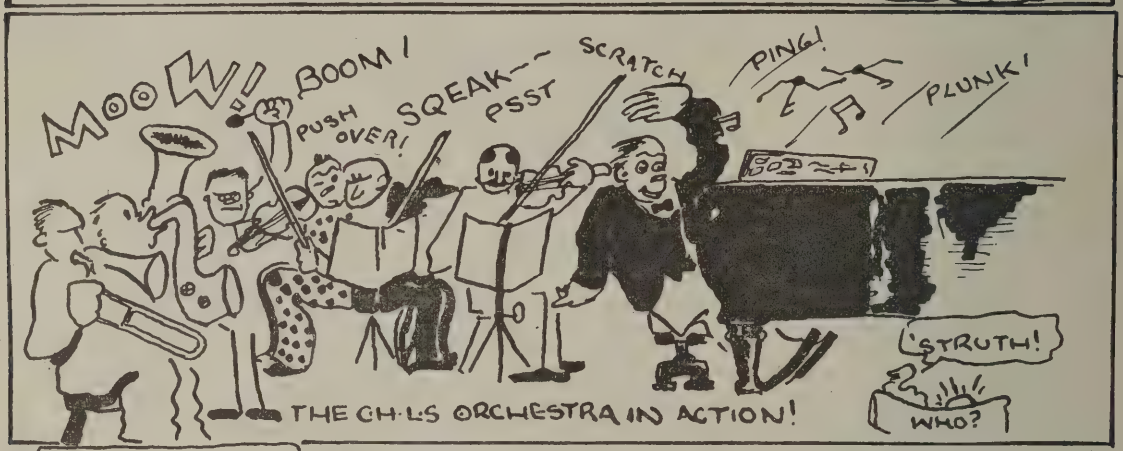
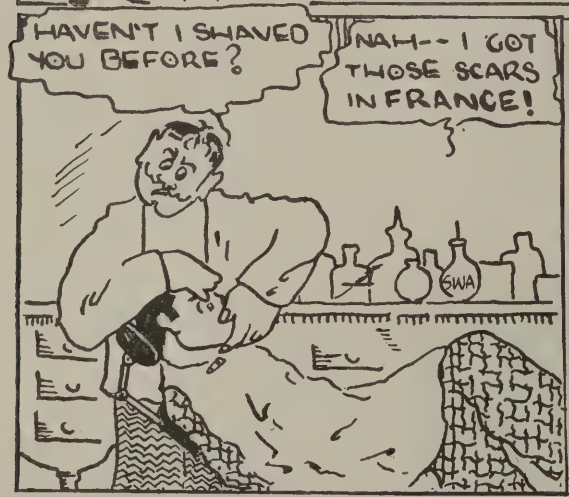
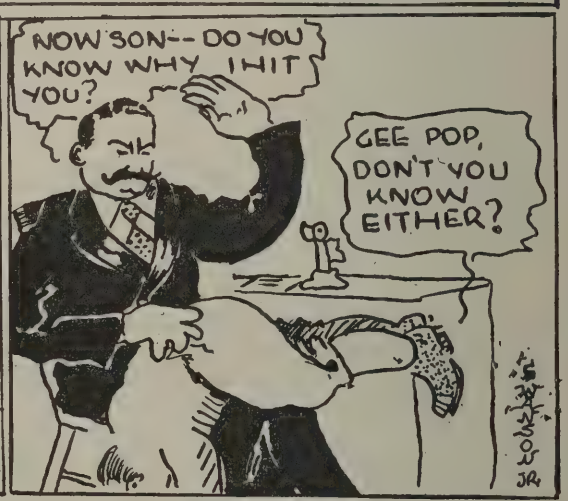

HEY! CUT IT OUT-- WE'RE TOO MODEST! -C'MON HARLOW!
OH BILL!
HEY!--YOU TWO--- COME BACK HERE!
BRIDGE
I DON'T WANNA GO!
HARLOW
MR SHEEHAN
MYSELF! SWANSON
WISHT I WUZ AN ATHLETE 'STEAD O' A PEN-PUSHER--- -SOMEBODY PLAY "ALL ALONE"
BILL HOGAN
~~The Life of an Athlete!

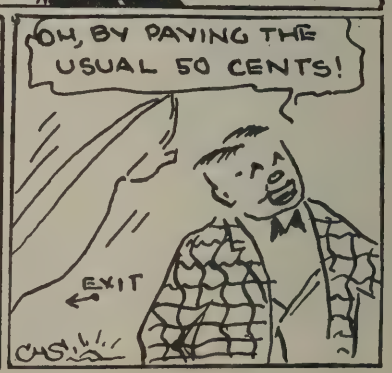

MOOW!
BOOM!
PUSH OVER!
SQEAK--
PSST
SCRATCH
PING!
PLUNK!
'STRUTH!
WHO?
THE CH-LS ORCHESTRA IN ACTION!


HAVEN'T I SHAVED YOU BEFORE?
NAH--I GOT THOSE SCARS IN FRANCE!
SWA


NOW SON--DO YOU KNOW WHY I HIT YOU?
GEE POP, DON'T YOU KNOW EITHER?
SWANSON JR.

I GOT INTO THE MOVIES!
NO KIDDING?

HOW?


OH, BY PAYING THE USUAL 50 CENTS!
EXIT
CHS.

A Bit of Old Fashioned Advice

Be not in haste to welcome love,
Your youth is scarcely o'er;
Let him begone; he will return
And knock upon your door.

This sage advice the maiden heard;
Said she, "I do not doubt
That love would call again, some time,
But then—I might be out!"

Willie and Johnny set up a lemonade stand the other day, and Willie's sign read: "Four cents a glass." Johnny's announcement was: "Two cents a glass." Their first customer was a gentleman who bought a glass from Johnny. Having paid the two cents, he casually inquired: "Why is yours cheaper than your brother's?" "Cos' mine is the lemonade the puppy fell into."

Teacher: "What were the ancient Romans remarkable for?"
Pupil: "They understood Latin."

Fresh Freshy: "What can be made shorter by the addition of two letters?"
Dubious Sophomore: "Give it up."
Fresh (in triumph): "Short."

"My dog is a blacksmith."
"Why?"
"Every time I throw a brick at him he makes a bolt for the door.

In the Spotlight

"Why don't you ever write any poetry?"
"I did write a poem once—an 'Ode to Oblivion'—and it reached its destination."

"If women are really angels," writes an old bachelor, "why don't they fly over the fence instead of making such an awkward job of climbing?"

She: "I have seen nineteen summers."
He: "How long have you been blind?"

He: "I hear you attend the Handel and Hayden performances. Were you present at the 'Creation?'"
She (indignantly): "I suppose you will want to know next if I sailed in Noah's Ark?"

Maid: "Professor, oh, professor, just think, I have swallowed a pin."
Absent-minded Prof.: "Never mind, here is another!"

A little girl at play on Sunday being accosted by the minister—"Good morning daughter of the evil one," meekly replied. "Good morning, father."

The Gypsy: "Till her thirty-fifth year Madam will lament having no husband."
Young Lady: "And then?"
Gypsy: "Then she'll be used to it."

Aunt Maria: "The baby goes to sleep almost the moment I begin to sing.
Uncle George: "Lucky child!"

Teacher: "Tell me a few important things existing today which did not exist a hundred years ago?"
Tommy: "Us."

Father (wishing to impress the lesson): "Now, my son, tell me why I punished you."
Son: "That's it! You've pounded the life out of me, and now you don't know what you've done it for!"

Visitor: "Ah, that is an old master, surely."
Mrs. New Rich (apologetically): "Yes, but the frame is new."

He: "I'm going to take a day off next week to celebrate my birthday."
She: "Why when I celebrated mine last month I took a year off."

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ATHLETICS

(*Continued from Page Eleven*)

an accident, lying the wrong way on the ice and when Harris passed out from behind the cage the puck struck the stick, rolled along the edge and landed inside the net. Throughout the game Timmy Ready played marvelous hockey, giving as good an exhibition of goal tending as has ever been seen in a high school game. The Cantab forwards, along with White and Curry, continually pressed the Melrose team but in vain. Close to the end of the game, with the entire Cambridge team up, the icemen attempted to score, Harris again got loose and coasted in to shoot a beautiful backhand goal which sewed up the game.

The summary:

Melrose High—Harris, l. w.; Keogh, c.; Allmon, r. w.; Spadopora, l. d.; Kidd, r. d.; Kinney, g.

Camb. Latin—Hogan, r. w.; Harlow, c.; Duggan, l. w.; Curry, r. d.; White, l. d.; Ready, g.

The score: Melrose 2, Camb. Latin 0. Goals by: Harris, 2.

CAMB. LATIN 1 RINDGE 0

Breaking the jinx which hung over them since the beginning of the Round-Robin series, the Cantabs defeated Rindge for the second time, by the score of 1-0. By this defeat, Rindge lost the championship which was won by Melrose. Before the largest crowd ever to watch school boys play hockey in this country, the Latin team, captained by Fred Harlow, played wonderful hockey. The closeness of the game can be understood by the realization of the fact that it was not until the overtime period that Cambridge Lain scored. This occurred when Freddy Harlow, in one of his many dashes, set out from behind his own net, cut into center ice, sped over the blue line, past the Rindge forwards up to and around the defense, and in behind the net, traveling at terrific speed, and passed out to Kenny White, who lifted the disk into the nearer corner of the cage for a beautiful goal. After this, Rindge attacked fiercely, but Westberg and Dickson, the sharpshooters, were kept closely covered and could not score. The Cantabs nearly added another goal to its score when Bill Hogan jumped the forward line, fooled the defense and was riding in on Burke, only to be caught from behind by Westberg. Ready in the net and Curry, White and Cullinan on the defense did a wonderful job in holding off the Rindge attack. The Cambridge team was highly complimented by all the newspaper writers, being picked as the best team in the series even though they did not win the championship.

The summary:

Camb. Latin—Hogan, r. w.; Harlow, c.; Duggan, Burgess, L. W.; Curry, Cullinan, Droney, r. d.; White, l. d.; Ready, g.

Rindge—Dickson, l. w.; Westberg, c.; Normile, r. w.; Phillips, l. d.; Samansky, r. d.; Burke, g.

Score: Camb. Latin 1, Rindge Tech 0. Goal by: White.

CAMB. LATIN 3
DARTMOUTH FRESHMEN 2

Following its victory over Rindge the Cantab team left the next morning for a game with the Dartmouth Freshmen at Hanover, N. H. This was a week-end trip and the last game on the hockey schedule. The Cambridge team was forced into overtime periods to win. The game was exceedingly rough throughout. Hogan opened the scoring in the first period when he got Duggan's rebound and sent it whistling into the strings. Morton, Freshman captain, evened the count soon after on a long shot from center ice. Hogan again scored and put the Cantabs in the lead again. This goal came after a pass from White but Morton evened up the score once more. This tie remained until the second overtime when Harlow scored from close in. Harlow, by his poke-checking and his score; White, by his sensational dashes and clever defense work, and Hogan, by his ragging of the puck to fool the defense, featured for the Latin team in its closing game.

The summary:

Camb. Latin—Hogan, r. w.; Harlow, c.; Duggan, Burgess, l. w.; Curry, Cullinan, Droney, r. d.; White, l. d.; Ready, g.

Dartmouth, '32—Allyn, McLaughlin, l. w.; Morton, c.; House, Wolff, r. w.; Clark, l. d.; Wentworth, r. d.; Hankes, g.

Score: Camb. Latin 3, Dartmouth '32, 2. Goals by: Hogan 2, Harlow, Morton 2.

At a meeting of the lettermen, Jim Duggan, left wing, a fast skater, clever hockey player, hard shooter and fine fellow, was elected to lead the hockey team next year.

BASEBALL

When the candidates for baseball were called out, 75 reported to Leander MacDonald. Of these, 9 are veterans. They are Fred Harlow,

Continued on following page

catcher; Fred MacFadgen and Harold Browning, pitchers; Tony Brackett, first base; Bill Hogan, second base; Abe Katz, third base; "Cut" Droney, Kenny White and Pop Nolan, outfielders. With these veterans and some promising recruits, Leander MacDonald, the master-mind of high school coaches, should develop a fine team.

$200 PRIZE ESSAY

THERE are many advantages of having a savings account in a reliable bank. Not only is one's money safe, but it earns more money for the depositor. Each dollar draws four or five cents' interest, and this builds up the account. And besides earning money for the depositor it helps other people. The banks lend the money where there is good security and thus business men are helped.

The greatest advantage of having a savings account is that in case of sickness or misfortune, one has extra money to draw from.

It is most important for children and young people to have a savings account, for it teaches them thrift. When they start an account, they are eager to see it grow, and so the habit of saving is formed. Children will then think before they spend every cent they get, and they learn the value and use of money.

Let us then tell all our friends of these advantages, so that every child may have an account.

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WHAT'S THAT

Continud from Page Seven

ascending the stairs was able to make out something that sounded like this: a bullet crashed to his heart . . . prevailing stormy weather . . . he's dead . . . strong east to southeast winds, and then strains of music. Jim listened with increasing wonder.

"A radio!" he though incredulously, "yes, that could be nothing else. But how . . . ?" Jim's train of thought ended in bewilderment. By this time he had reached the next floor. A beam of light slanted across the hallway, issuing from a room on his left. Voices mingled with the music. Jim crept carefully to the door. In his line of vision sat two men clothed in white. On the right, a fire blazed, while before the fireplace steamed an assembly of wet clothes arrayed carelessly on two chairs. Jim grinned confidentially in the darkness.

"Oh what a sap I've been," he thought, "only a couple of tramps, and me scared stiff." The music ceased, succeeded by a loud pleasant voice.

"We are now signing off at eleven thirty daylight saving time, good night."

"Whew," thought Jim, "the folks will sure worry." Someone was speaking. Jim stiffled an exclamation, Bob's voice, Bob a captive of these men!

"And when my 'pals' miss me . . . it won't take long for th—"; Bob's voice drowned in a boisterous laugh from one of the men.

"Did'ja get that, Dan? ha, ha . . . "

"Maybe the kid's right," said another voice doubtfully, "'cause wh—"

A third voice intervened, "Yeah," repeated the interrupter, "maybe the kid's right."

"We can't be too careful," added the second voice.

"C'mon an' look," suggested a fourth. Jim waited to hear no more. He hurriedly retraced his steps until he reached the staircase, felt cautiously along the wall for a possible hiding place, and found one behind a huge statue standing not far from the hand-railing which bordered the head of the stairs. He had no sooner settled into hiding when soft footfalls sounded along the hall, passed him, and receded. Jim stole quietly from his refuge, and advancing with cautious steps regained his former position outside the door.

The two men arrayed in white were still in the room, silently smoking cigarettes. Sudden cries of fear echoed from below, confused with, and gradually smothered by the swelling volume of an anguishing wail. Both men sprang to their feet, and grasping the still steaming clothes hurriedly endeavored to put them on. Jim nearly laughed aloud at the ridiculous sight they presented.

"They've got the fellers," hissed the shorter of the two, stamping into his last shoe viciously.

"Who's got the boys?" mocked the other, "that voice ain't human. Never mind lacing them, quick." Jim crouched in the darkness, felt them rush by, but waited until their hurried footsteps faded from hearing. Hurrying into the room he espied Bob lying in a corner bound hand and foot. It was but a moment's work to sever the bonds with the captive's own knife. Bob stretched his cramped limbs gratefully while Jim stood guard at the door lest the tramps return unexpectedly.

"Hurry Bob, we must make our escape before they discover you."

"You bet," assented Bob vehemently, "they're a tough bunch." Motioning for silence, Jim, followed by Bob, stole into the hallway, thence down the steps to the floor below. Muffled, excited voices issued from a room on the right, but they did not pause, intent only upon escape. Jim fumbled with the lock on the outside door; it clicked, the door swung open. They were outside and down the road in a few moments.

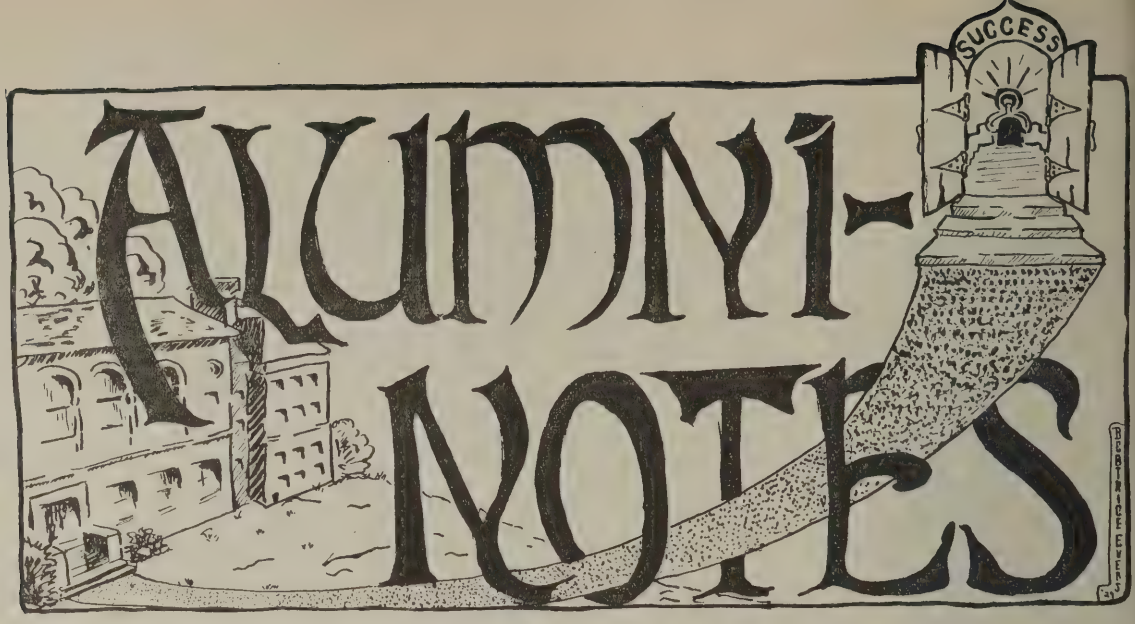
The boys had not gone far when a pair of headlights glared suddenly into view, reflected in the muddy pools of water dotting the road. The rain had ceased, and all was still except for a dying breeze. The lights approached rapidly, coming to a halt as they rested on Bob and Jim. A man stepped from the car and walked into the brightness of the focused beams. Both boys recognized him at once, "Constable Jenkins," they cried in unison.

"Well I'll be durned!" exclaimed this individual, "if it isn't Jim Rawlins en' Bob Corson. Where've ye been? yer folks are terribly worried."

Jim related a summary of their adventure, adding, "an' those tramps were still there when we left." Hearing this the constable bundled them into the car and speedily traversed the short distance to the house. The car parked on the road, the trio cautiously entered the building now clearly visible in the growing light of a new day. Their caution was needless, however. The only sign of the tramps was the discarded portable radio and a sack containing an assortment of silverware which had been left in their hurry to vacate.

"Old man Stockwell's," said the constable, seizing the mentioned articles eagerly. The

Continued on Page Twenty-Seven



1923

ISABEL RICKER is engaged to marry Kenneth Robert Cole of Skowhegan, Maine. Miss Ricker was a 1925 graduate of the Wheelock School. She taught kindergarten for two years in Old Town, Maine, and one year in Waterville, Maine. At present she is an instructor in the Lincoln School at Melrose.

1925

Leroy Anderson has recently been elected leader of the Harvard University Band, after having played trombone in the band for four years. He is President of the Pierian Sodality Orchestra of 1808, and was for two years Secretary of the Harvard Musical Club. He is, this year, a senior and intends to do graduate work in music for a Master's Degree. Austin Southard, who was forced, last year, to leave Harvard because of illness; is now a student at the University of Wisconsin. Don R. Kroell is studying at the Harvard Engineering School.

1926

Ellen Manning, who was recently married, is in the Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

1927

Brooks Bartlett is a freshman at Harvard. Russell B. Wood is a sophomore at the Harvard Engineering School. Lawrence Usher is at Bowoin College. Winifred Langley is a freshman at Radcliffe. Lorraine Langley, President of the Sophomore Class at Radcliffe, was hostess at a tea, and reception in the Martha Washington room, Saturday, March 16. Bea Saxsmyth is a sophomore at Boston University. Blanche Gudlevski has a position in the office of Thresher Brothers Silk Company.

1928

Margaret Holmes is a freshman at Wheaton. She is doing well in her studies. Agnes Delaney is a freshman at St. Regis. Ruth Simpson is a student at the Boston Museum School of Fine Arts, and is doing splendid work there. Isabel Brooks is employed in the Children's Museum, Cambridge. Frances Scott is an employee of the John Hancock Life Insurance Co. Francis Curtis is a freshman at Boston College. Alphonse Popoli is in Mount Saint Mary's College, Maryland. John Lovejoy is a freshman at the Harvard Engineering School. Mary E. Daly is employed in the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston. Margaret Sheridan was one of the six girls who appeared as mannequins in a style display at a Dutch dinner party at St. Regis College, Weston, Mass., where she is a student.

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WHAT'S THAT

Continued from Page Twenty-Five

ghosts must be gone too," said Bob heaving a sigh of relief.

"What ghosts?" questioned Jenkins.

"The ones we heard," announced Jim, imitating to the best of his ability the cry of undescribable weirdness that had terrorized them all night. Bob nodded affirmatively. Jenkins, his mouth twitching with suppressed laughter, motioned them to follow. Jim and Bob followed, wondering, to the floor below. Jenkins went unhesitatingly to one of the windows, opened it, and grasping one of the shutters hanging outside, swung it to and fro. Jim, amazed, stared at the equally amazed Bob, and suddenly they grinned sheepishly at each other. The constable's efforts produced the horrifying cry which had played with their nerves intermittently. The constable burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"Skeared, skeared all night by sirens geared to wind blown shutters," he gurgled, "one of the professor's burglar inventions he never could patent, my this is rich; what a yarn to spring on the boys—ha, ha, ha . . . "

Nathan Levin, 31

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THIS department is short and not so sweet this issue. Let's to the business. First, we have "The Key" from the Battle Creek, Mich., High School. It has a cheerful red cover and a cheerful, not-so-red inside. Some of the literary material is very good. I liked especially the story, "Retribution." The departments are well planned and executed. Altogether this is a very fine magazine, one of the best I've seen.

Now we have the "Register" from over the other side of the library. I'll have to hand one thing to Rindge, they sure can put out an interesting school paper. There is more sense and nonsense crammed into the few pages of this journal than any other that I've come across. I like the "Register," but not because it's warm.

Here's the "Reflector" from Weymouth High School. This isn't quite so good as the preceding efforts, but it is not the worst I've seen by a lot. The literary department is by far the strongest. There is an abundance of really good material in this section of the magazine. The fiction answer to the eternal question, "Who Won the War?" is very fine. Giuseppe Pomperossi is a man after my own heart.

The "Review" acknowledges the receipt of the following publications:

"The Buzzer" — Baton Rouge, La., H. S.

"Junior Hi-ways" — John Muir, J. H. S., Burbank, Cal.

"The Lookout" — Weaver High School, Hartford, Conn.

"The New Era" — East Hartford, Conn., H. S.

"The Semaphore" — Stoughton H. S.

"The Aegis" — Beverly H. S.

"The Drury Academe" — Drury H. S., North Adams, Mass.

"The Green and White" — De La Salle College, Manila, P. I.

"The Academy Scholium" — Escipopal Academy, Merion Sta., Pa.

"The Periscope" — Carlisle, Pa., H. S.

"The Mountaineer" — Butte, Mont., H. S.

"The Echo" — Thompsonville, Conn., H. S.

"The Red and Black" — Dorchester High School for Boys.

"The Maroon and White" — La Salle Academy, Providence, R. I.

"The Exponent" — Greenfield H. S.

"The Blue and White" — St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica.

"The Maze" — The May School, Boston.

"The Criterion" — Paterson, N. J.

"The Grotonian" — Groton School, Groton.

"The Irvonian" — Irving School, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

"The Abhis" — Abington H. S.

"The Chronicle" — South Paris, Me., H. S.

"The Chronicle" — St. John's Prep.

"The Blue Owl" — Attleboro H. S.

"The Valley Bugle" —Gowanda, N. Y., H. S.

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THE ROAD

(A Paraphrase)

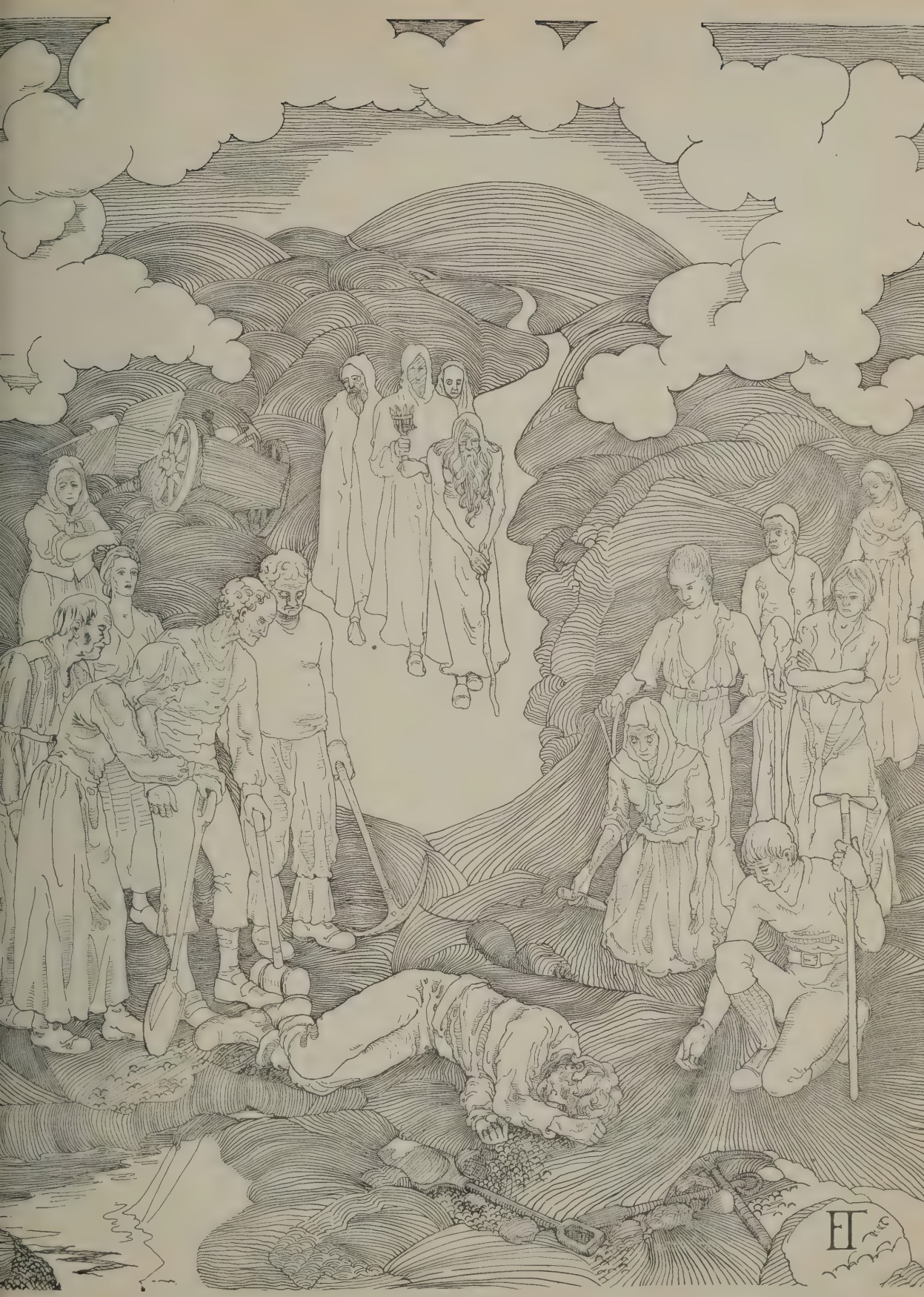
LAMP was put into my hands, and the three led me forth, three peasants aged with work and pain, who walked feebly. And we passed into a forsaken land among wild hills where wound a road; and all about us were the rain's footsteps upon the sodden grass. We paused, and by the lantern's light I saw their faces stricken with all their toil. Then spoke the eldest, and he was very old:

"Three hundred years we have labored here, founding this road that runs to westward from the eastern sea. From the stones of our quarries and the blood of our bodies we have built it, and we die every day for its growth. We are weary, weary, weary with our work; but there will come a day when it shall be done, and the ages to come shall bless us, passing from east to west along our road."

We blew the lantern out and climbed a hill, for dawn was coming. And here the road diminished, dwindling into an open field where peasants were at work: their work was unrewarded, save by grief; their bodies bent by too much toil. Suddenly one man fell, giving a singing cry, "The road . . . the road . . ." Then all about him fell upon their knees and sang.

We passed along, beyond the road, across the hills; and I was saddened, thinking of all the fruitless labor and grief man suffers in his world of pain. I held my hands before my weeping eyes; and saw, with old eyes, both my hands grown old.

Elizabeth Tracy



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1929

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Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.
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VOLUME 43 NUMBER 5

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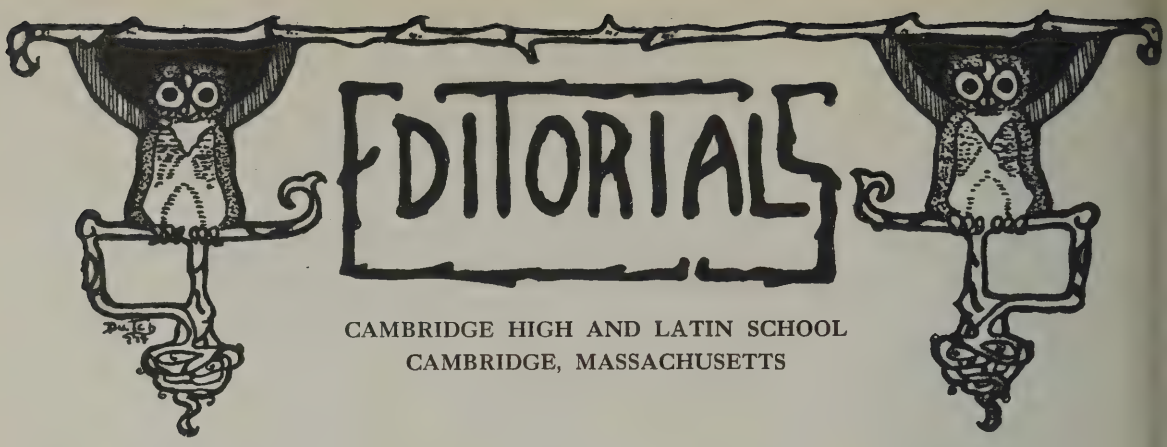

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST

ON the night of April twenty-fourth the Liberty Prize Speaking Contest was held in the school hall. This event has always been a source of extraordinary pleasure to the people of Cambridge who are interested in public speaking. There was a large attendance and everyone appeared delighted at the manner in which the program was conducted. A great deal of enthusiasm was shown among the spectators; each one of whom was hoping that his favorite would win the Liberty Medal. This medal was bought from a fund which has been set aside for that purpose. There were ten contestants; five girls and five boys. Each participant presented his selection in a clear, and convincing manner. As the contest progressed, the interest of the audience gradually rose to a fervor pitch.

"Bumbo the Clown" by Lawrence Gibson, a very difficult selection because of the fact that there are three different persons whose role must be played, was given by Winifred Shaffer. Her ability to take the part of a mother won for her great applause, and, combined with several other remarkable qualities, first place for her among the girls. Nearly the entire audience was overwhelmed with the remarkible way in which she gave her selection. When announced as the winner she was applauded roundly. Carol Waite with "And Sealing Wax" by Mantonye Perry, was awarded honorable mention among the girls. Eldon Murray of the Senior Class, who presented Longfellow's "Robert of Sicily" won the first prize among the boys. He interpreted the poem with the utmost skill and clearly showed that he has a marvelous public speaking voice. Anthony De Vito was awarded honorable mention. His selection "Laughters" by Louis Unteremeyer was very appropriate for the season and was rendered with very effective emotion.

The remaining participants were unusually good. William Hogan gave a fine talk on the "Maid of Orleans," Jeanne of Arc. Ned McKenney presented "The Unknown Speaker" in an impressive manner. "Invective Against Louis Napoleon" was delivered by James Ford in a fine, although somewhat over aggressive fashion. The last three mentioned are members of the debating class and they clearly showed the results of the training that they have received.

Ruth MacDonald presented "The Burgundian Defiance" by Justin MacCarthy very well and deserves a great deal of praise. Eleanor Gray and Elizabeth Shigley are to be commended on their pieces, "The Threshold" and "A Fan and Two Candlesticks."

The well-planned program was interspersed with music furnished by the school orchestra under the direction of Mr. Whoriskey. Ann Sedorchuck, the freshman singer, sang a solo, "Stars Brightly Shining" by Emil Bronte. She was accompanied by Miss Wait at the piano. Frances Overlock played a violin solo.

When Mrs. Mark Sullivan, Mr. Frederick Packard and Mr. Henry Southwick announced their decision as judges, the prizes were awarded; and the audience applauded a very enjoyable evening.

During the last few weeks the freshmen civic classes of Miss Supple, Room 6 and Miss Dodge, Room 8, have had a display of health and protection posters. The posters made by the pupils of Miss Supple are those on health. The pupils voted for the two best posters and prizes were awarded to Myrtle Hiltz and Stella Lauritzen.

The posters made by the pupils of Miss Dodge's classes are on protection. The pupils voted for the three best posters and prizes were awarded to Antoinette Miele, Mary Dwyer and Dorothea Pedro.

Ellen Anastos.

CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST — 1929

English IV

Prize

May Sarton

Honorable Mention

Jean Clark
Frances Heller
Claribal Hall
Elizabeth Tracy

English III

Prize

Elinor Rowe

Honorable Mention

Grace McClinchey
Hilda Matthew
Elizabeth Shigley
Catherine Wakefield
Melen Galvin
Robert Creel

English II

Prize

Marion Mader

Honorable Mention

Evelyn Cummings
Thelma McArthur
Anne Southard
Israel Berkman
Florence Griffin
Irene Grace
Helen Stetson
Catherine McCarthy
Alma Rosenberg
Paul Tiffany
Dorothy Telfer
Dorothy Henderson

English I

Prize

Anna Claflin

Honorable Mention

Gertrude Lancaster
Elizabeth Blackmur
Arline Nicholson
Doris Doran
Eleanor Gordon
Eorla A. Nicholson

The K. B. is now rehearsing two short plays which are to be staged early in June. A great deal of the dramatic talent of the school will be there in full swing: Florence Williams, Winifred Shaffer, and Ruth Campbell who did so well in the Senior Drama will all have prominent parts. We may be sure of an enjoyable evening so let's not miss it!

Recent information tells us that there will be dancing afterward. The event will take place June 7 at 8:00 p. m. in Baldwin Hall.

THE Editor acknowledges his debt to Harold Browning, Jean Clark, and May Sarton, who have undertaken the publishing of this last issue of the Review.

May they find the same warm cooperation and friendly advice that the Editor has met throughout the year.

MAGIC WORDS

English IV, No. 14

"Words, words,
Ye are all birds,
Would ye might linger
Here on my finger,
Till I kissed each
And then sent ye a-winging—
Wild, perfect flight
Through morn to night,
Singing and singing and singing!"

THERE is no wooer so ardent, so untiring as the wooer of words. He is lured on eternally by their elusive wings, though wounded mortally by their enchanted swords. Wan, wasted, an unquenchable flame leaves him no rest until he has caught and understood the magic of a timeless word. Yet when he has once held the beating wing of one of these, he is but poisoned the more subtly and must evermore "follow, follow until he die after the milk-white hounds of the moon." Trying to catch in a net of beauty his every thought, not content with an occasional glimpse of the "eternal arches," he must needs snatch the sky for a cloak and search the very stars for his beloved; and he returns stained immortally with their dust. Beauty becomes a thing so poignant to him that he lives twice—intensely. A crocus spurting its saffron flame out of the ground, a tree shining against the light in rain, an emerald blade of grass will make him weep, will make him cry out with joy. Such a man was Keats, who, as he saw the wind pass over a field of standing grain, ran to a high rock and stood on it, shouting in tremendous excitement, "The tide! the tide!" Such a man is Yeats, whom a friend once found standing on the shore, perfectly still, with his arms outstretched. The friend after some moments asked what he was doing and Yeats answered, "I am being the sea!"

There is no wooer so ardent as the wooer of words. Yet after all have we not all been wooers of words at one time or another? If there are moments so tremendous that silence alone is expressive, there are also moments when we would give our life to be able to say of ourselves:

"He is a portion of that loveliness
Which once he made more lovely."

Alas! Those are enchanted words! We do not know their magic, nor can we free our chosen princess from her golden bonds.

A MODERN UTOPIA

ENGLISH *III* No. 29

FOR generations a work-a-day world has dismissed the vision of that idealist, Sir Thomas More, as impracticable, but those who have followed his example and created a Utopia of their own have seen his wisdom. This Blessed Land of our imagination forms a place of refuge to us, a fairy shelter to drive away rain, and care, bad dreams and scoffers.

First of all my Utopia would be a land where the sun always shines except for brief showers through which the sun gleams good-humoredly. It would be surrounded by a sea which always gives back what it takes, so that there would be no widows and orphans in my country. White sands would fringe the shore, and away off in the distance white sails would make a shining wake on an unbelievable blue sea.

Every house would be a castle to its owner, a house to fit his own idiosyncrasies, and the people who make houses by mass production would be taken unceremoniously to the border and—well, you can guess the rest. My house, I am quite sure, would reflect the taste in current literature. There would be secret panels and secret passageways—I would have it all but the ghost and the gorilla. It would have a mystery which I would have the fun of unravelling by all those delicious steps of sealed letters left in secret drawers.

As my means to enjoy myself in the paradise, first and most important I would have a work that utterly absorbed me. Then for my means of relaxation from this delicious joy itself, I would have all sorts of pleasures. I would know how to sail a boat. I would have tennis courts, swimming pools, a golf course. I stipulate most decidedly that my house must have a soda-fountain, an up-to-date one, for it has always been a secret, gnawing ambition of mine to own a soda fountain. I would have a miniature theatre, a great organ, and rooms full of books. So you see, my Utopia would be ultra-modern.

All this would be but empty husk unless I brought it to life by peopling it with friends. In my Utopia everybody would be friends; there would be no jealousy, no hatred, no selfishness. The country would have its measures of people, and I should not be fool enough to insist upon merriment. Playwrights would use the theatres; the tennis courts and golf course would justify their existence; the organ would be played divinely interpreting all the finest songs of the ancients and of the moderns. Everyone should have the work he wanted most to do.

I warned you that this is a world of the imagination, a Golden Age of the twentieth century. I am quite sure it will not help the supposition of a sound intellect that charitable people employ toward me. However, clothe your mind in the glorious cloth of gold of your imagination, and come and join me in my modern Utopia where the sea winds will wash away every vestige of doubt and perplexity, and leave you free to follow the Piper.

SUMMER CLOUDS

ENGLISH II No. 91

HOW beautiful the day is when transparent, white clouds drift lazily over the dim horizon and settle into fleecy shapes above the sordid world. The most beautiful sight in the world, to me, is the pictures drawn by the downy summer clouds.

My favorite nook for discerning these pictures is a shady spot having soft green grass, and some hardy trees to lean against. Looking up, I can perceive caricatures of famous people as well as wonderful landscape gardens. Sometimes I imagine that I can see familiar animals or dear friends in the clear blue sky above. When my gaze travels to the sun, my soul is filled with wonder at God's miracles. Often I sit in my comfortable arbor and imagine what happens on the soft substance. These clouds fill me with an indescribable rapture and when the sun rolls his golden disc into the west, I feel as though my best friend had passed away.

How different is the day when stormy, black clouds shut out the dazzling blue of the summer skies! Even then, wonders are worked in the overcast sky. Is there not the ominous thunder and white lightning to fill our terrified hearts with amazement? Each time I see a thunder storm my heart fills with the glory of God.

No matter whether the summer clouds are light and airy, sailing over the broad expanse of sky, or whether they are bleak, black clouds, the sight will always remain the most beautiful and amazing to me.

Day by day I sit in my shady nook and watch the glories of the summer clouds until they fade and pass away into the dim beyond.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS AND SMELLS OF THE CIRCUS

ENGLISH I No. 139

A DAY of human happiness is the day of the circus. Men, women, and children, tall, thin, and fat flock to the bazar of joy. The circus! Powdered bodies in vari-colored costumes are twisting, turning, and jumping from trapeze to net. The blare of a hundred trumpets sounds amidst the peanut whistles and squeaking balloons. Suddenly a great gasp is heard, echoing from side to side, as a beautiful lady in spangles and silk makes a death-defying leap from the top of the monstrous tent to the back of a jet black horse. The tightrope walker challenges gravity as he cautiously makes his way across the slack wire, each muscle tense and steady. Screams from excited children fill the air as ten huge elephants come lumbering in the entrance. Mingled odors of popcorn, ginger ale, straw and taffy candy make us positively dizzy. Whoopee! amid the roar of tigers and lions we hear the loud and squeaky voices of the funny-faced clowns. Who knows but there is heartbreak beneath those grinning, white-ashed faces? But the show must go on; sadness is not for the eager watchers whose faces light up as a bareback rider flashes across their view. A chariot race attracts our attention only to be interrupted by a comedian being blown up by fake dynamite.

Such is the circus, the circus with its lions, tigers, colors, drums, horns, popcorn, elephants, clowns and horses. It is a maelstrom of joy and excitement!

SPRING

SPRING is here; and what a joy
It brings to every girl and boy!
It brings the birds and bees and flowers
Which grow with delight in the summer showers.
The birds all sing with happy glee,
And welcome Spring like you or me.
The bees are busy as can be
Making honey as you'll soon see.
The flowers bloom with haughty pride,
And stretch across the whole land wide.
Ah! Spring is such a lovely season;
And I do not have to give the reason,
Because we have such a wonderful time,
And enjoy ourselves in this glorious clime.

VERONA MOSELEY.

235 Western Avenue.

This poem has been written by Vernon Moseley. This poem was in one of the Boston papers. She is in room 16.

Reported by Abe Waitzkin, '16.

THE OWL

"BULL" and his Mexican assistant sat cross-legged, idly watching the last embers of their campfire glow. The darkness had already closed in, and the moon had not yet risen. Low flying clouds abscured the stars. The few lights twinkling from the windows of the scattered dwellings in the valley far below them only added to the loneliness of the scene. The coals painted fanciful pictures of the sagebursh on the black background of the night. Shades flickered . . . . A coyote howled in the distance.

"Bull" sat engrossed in his own thoughts and Pedro sat, picking his teeth and waiting for the impulse to collect the cooking "stuff" and wash it in a nearby creek. Both had had a hard day and were merely letting their supper settle before taking a good night smok and rolling themselves in their blankets, oblivious of everything till dawn.

Suddenly a rustle of wings was heard overhead. One glancing up could have seen two round yellow eyes for an instant, but "Bull" was not that curious. The owl hooted once, long and dismally, then soared away across the sage. This awoke the Mexican to instant action.

"!Demonio!" he growled; and leaping up suddenly, seized Bull's shotgun and made off through the sage, ere Bull had realized that anything was amiss. He heard Pedro blundering through the darkness and followed.

"Vaya, diablo!" cried the Mexican letting drive with one barrel of the gun. "!Anda!! Quitame!" He dropped to his knee and fired the remaining barrel out into the blackness. Here Bull caught up with him. He wrenched the gun from the Mexican's clenched hands.

"Fer Gawd's sake, what do you think this is?" cried Bull. "You fool, you've scared them sheep!"

This was true. From out of the night came the noise as of tons of snow falling from a high roof, the thudding of a thousand hoofs. The sagebrush swished and crackled as though being mowed. The herd was on the move.

"Gawd only knows where them thins'll be in the morning," continued Bull vehemently. "I swear, if you ain't got the sense of a sheep yourself!"

He straightened up and listened. Fortunately the sheep soon quieted down. Fortunately for Pedro, especially. Bull didn't object to using his hands quite freely at times. Pedro appeared not to have heard anything. He arose stiffly to his feet, still mumbling to himself. Bull gazed at him a minute with disgust and interrogation.

"What the so and so was the good o' blazin' away at that owl like that? Ain't you ever saw a owl before? Try an' use some savvy. What'd you done if you'd gotten them rams started for good?"

They picked their way back to their blankets. Bull kicked up the fire and put some small sticks and paper on. When this had caught, he put on a large branch of pine and then asked in a somewhat modified tone;

"Now, then, what's the matter?"

It was difficult to tell just where Pedro's tale began. He started his narration by clearing his throat, then grunting. This gradually grew into isolated words then into almost complete sentences in the surly manner of a Mexican talking in unfamiliar English.

"'S owl, he after me. I keel 'im but he come back. He wants get me. Two day ago, I see 'im out on a leem, sleepin'. He no see notin', he sleep hard. I take t' gun an' 'Boom!'; he fall but I no keel 'im."

"Explains two things," said Bull knowingly. "One is how come I found my gun dirty. T'other is what became o' the likker Joe had over t' his place."

The Mexican was absorbed in his tale.

"No, I no keel 'im. I go over an' t'ere he is. He can't move; he's wound' bad, but he look at me. Ay! sus ojos amarillos! He look at me, an' I have no shells. I have to keel 'im weet' a stick. An' I keel 'im but he no die. He say he gonna get me."

"When did he say that?" asked Bull.

"Las' night I dream he say that. 'N now he come !Carramba! he want me bad!"

This was a new side of the Mexican's varying

(*Continued on page 13*)

AN APPRECIATION OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

NO man in our modern literary world, I think I may say without fear of successful contradiction, is more widely and enthusiastically admired than George Bernard Shaw. Not only men who sympathize with his political, social, and literary opinions honor him, but also those who cannot in anything agree with him. Of this last class, Mr. Gilbert Keith Chesterton is the most notable; no man, so far as I can learn, reverences Shaw more highly than his severest critic. It is Mr. Shaw's lucid and compelling mind that attracts the first class of admirers; it is the nobility of his character that forces the recognition of the second.

Few men surpass Shaw in true greatness of spirit. Three of his many fine qualities are especially outstanding; in courage, sincerity, and purity not many contemporaries can equal him. There are innumerable evidences supporting this statement, but I will not go into detail. Shaw has an almost superhuman sense of duty to which he is unfalteringly obedient. Like all those who are truly great, he is one of the simplest, one of the most unaffected men in the world. Closely connected with this characteristic of simplicity, is his truly deep sense of humility (although, since Mr. Shaw has cloaked it so painstakingly, so ingeniously, in building up a reputation as a vainglorious braggart, this last quality is unrecognized by most people. There are many also who doubt his sincerity, yet Chesterton calls him "the most savagely serious man of his time." Shaw is superlatively unselfish; this is evidenced in his socialism, one of the finest things in him. I cannot end this discussion of Mr. Shaw's character without quoting this tribute from his antagnoist, Mr. G. K. Chesterton: "Here was a man who could have enjoyed art among the artists, who could have been the wittiest of all the flaneurs; who could have made epigrams like diamonds and drunk music like wine. He has instead labored in a mill of statistics and crammed his mind with all the most dreary and the most filthy details, so that he can argue on the spur of the moment about sewing machines or sewage, about typhus fever or twopenny tubes. The usual mean theory of motives will not cover the case; it is not ambition, for he could have been twenty times more prominent as a plausible and popular humorist. It is the real and ancient emotion of the *solus populi,* almost extinct in our oligarchical chaos; nor will I for one, as I pass on to many matters of argument or quarrel, neglect to salute a passion so implacable and so pure."

Shaw's is one of the clearest, one of the most intelligible minds of his century. It is one of the most brilliant and versatile ones in history. Bernard Shaw can argue as convincingly for six sides as for one side of any question. He champions always precisely that viewpoint that veryone else has abandoned as hopeless, and he does it superbly. His works testify eloquently to his scorn for sentimentality, no one abstains more carefully from describing things mawkish; no one is more careful to give an unemotional appearance, no one keeps more rigorously within the boundaries of pure reason than he. The most noticeable quality of Shaw's style, however, is his exquisite and exact sense of humor. Few men can be as dazzingly witty as he. Instances of this could be quoted for hours on end, but perhaps one of the best thrusts in all of the Shavian fencing matches occurs in the *Devil's Disciple* when Richard Dudgeon, condemned to be hanged, asks rhetorically why he cannot be shot like a soldier. "Now there you speak like a civilian," replies General Burgoyne." Have you formed any conception of the condition of marksmanship in the British army?" Yet unlike so many other minds which are characterized by versatility, clarity, and humor, Shaw's mind is far from shallow. Not many of his contemporaries have such a complete, such a profound understanding of life in general as Bernard Shaw. Again I quote from Chesterton, "Shaw understands everything in life except its paradoxes, especially that ultimate paradox that the very things that we cannot comprehend are the things that we have to take for granted."

To what depths of cynicism and despair we of this generation have sunk, our children will learn only from our modern literature which tells us constantly that perhaps life is really not so bad after all and that we must buck up and find courage to keep on living. But this shall be written of our time: that when the spirit that denies besieged the last citadel, blaspheming life itself, there was one, taller than his comrades by more than a head, leading the defense, in which his voice was heard and his spear never broken.

CATHARINE WAKEFIELD, '30.

AUCTIONS

AT an auction one may receive a priceless antique for the paltry sum of one dollar, or one may get a cheap, manufactured Louis XIV Chair for the large sum of one hundred dollars. Usually it is the latter case; in fact, in nine cases out of ten it is the latter case.

Mrs. Gerald Cavendish was one of the very interested spectators at an auction in an old farmhouse in her small town. Mrs. Cavendish was a young matron; you could tell because of the shining, ecstatic look which was still on her face.

The auctioneer was bellowing the merits of worn, old, worthless articles, now in a deep sonorous voice and now in high eager tones, trying to capture the crowd and to force them to part from their money. Every eye was fixed on his face. Stern business men, who should at this time of day be working in their offices, were listening intently to the words of praise about a creaking old rocker which Frederick the Great once used constantly in his sitting room.

Mrs. Cavendish, always alert for bargains and desirous of getting more furniture for her guest room, was enthralled by the tales the stout, red-faced auctioneer told. This chair was the same one in which Frederick sat when he signed the Treaty of Paris. He, Frederick, the greatest monarch of the world, had ordered this beautiful chair to be taken from his sitting room and to be placed for him in the great throne room when he signed the famous treaty. These inspiring secrets the auctioneer whispered in low but clear tones. What strength and what beauty was there in that delicate piece of furniture! What a history did it possess! How well would it look with the rose taffeta curtains in the guest room! Ah! Mrs. Cavendish yielded to the temptation in the auctioneer's room. She outbid all who feebly spoke for the great treasure, and she fairly gloated as she carried the fifty-dollar chair away from her scene of victory. Of course she realized that her husband might not approve of her purchase, but then it is not every day one can buy such a priceless antique.

When Mr. Cavendish viewed the prize he brutally asked the price as any man does who has not a sense of the beauty of antiques. He was told the amount by his wife, and immediately he fumed and fussed. This action on his part the young wife decided not to notice. She carried off the chair to the guest room. As she was placing the creaking article in the most favorable position she wrenched a piece of the worn tapestry on the seat. There was a slight crackle of paper! Mrs. Cavendish bent over to investigate and to her great amazement she discovered a worn yellow envelope. In obedience to her startled cries her still displeased husband came rushing into the room; his wife held up the envelope, and together they watched breathlessly as he opened it. Their eyes clung to the words on the worn paper inside.

Graham's Furniture Store
New York City
Second Hand Chair—$2.00

Auctions! The defeat of eager souls!

EILEEN BARRETT, '28.

CHILDREN OF INDIA

HOT sun-baked mountains gleamed above a smoky line of tree-tops, and glared blazingly down upon a lazy little village in sun-scorched India. It was little more than an opening in the midst of the jungle, and here and there bamboo huts were huddled together in the disorderly jungle growth of trees and poisonous jungle flowers. From out of one of these huts a brown, smiling face appeared; then, with a jump, the owner of the face came into view. He was a boy of eighteen, tall and straight, with coarse black hair falling over his brown muscular shoulders. After the boy came the short but stouter frame of a man whose features closely resembled those of the boy. But the man, although not old in years, had none of the quickness and eagerness of the boy. As the boy and man faced each other, the expression on their faces changed to a peculiar look of mingled fear and expectancy. The man looked away, raised his arm without speaking a word and pointed toward the densely thick blackness of the jungle. The boy followed the man's gesture with his eyes; then turned and ran into the jungle.

The boy had wandered all that morning under the terrific heat of the tropical sun, when for no apparent reason he suddenly stopped and looked excitedly at something that moved a few feet in front of him. At the sight of this moving object he suddenly became tense, and not a muscle in his body moved. His eyes stared unblinkingly in front of him and for several moments he stood thus, a living statue. A rustling noise broke the sudden stillness of the air; then, with spasmodic jerks, the long quivering body of a snake was plainly revealed in the glare of the sun. The

snake stopped moving and fastened its beady eyes upon the terror stricken boy. The snake and the boy regarded each other in stony silence for nearly a half an hour. The snake—slowly was gliding toward the boy. Within an inch of the boy's foot it stopped, reared into the air, and swayed from side to side, ready to strike. The boy watched this weird demonstration in horrible fascination until he was bathed in perspiration. He neither moved a muscle nor made a sound but stared as one n a trance. All fear seemed to have gone; he felt numb in every muscle.

The boy, as if awakening from his trance, after what seemed hours of torture, saw the snake slowly gliding away through the thicket of tangled undergrowth. His reaction was strange, in view of his trying experience, for he burst out with unrestrained laughter and his next move was to run wildly, yelling and staggering, heedless of the thorns that tore at his legs. And it was not until darkness had descended over the little Hindu village that he found himself once more at the door of his hut, eager to tell his strange story of the encounter with the snake.

This incident may not be significant to people of other countries, but in India it is an episode in the lives of the natives that occurs almost daily. Since time began it has been part of the training for the children of India to stand for hours without betraying any signs of life. This feat is practiced for the purpose of serving as a weapon with which to escape death by the poisonous reptiles when no other weapon was available. Therefore, the children of India, after years of this practice, go into the jungle to test their weird but almost always effective weapon for protection.

The end.

Gracia Puhalbrick.

THE ATTRACTION OF OPPOSITES

IF two extremely savage wolves were shut in a small room containing nothing but one juicy bone, the consequinces would be evident and gruesome. Perhaps it is less easy to picture what would result from a controversy between a couple of outcast and bedraggled sparrows, despised by all aggressive chirpers, over a choice crumb. But I imagine their vacillation and embarrassment over who should have the honor of dinner would cause them ultimately to leave the crumb to more strong-minded birds. At any rate, unhappiness would result from either of these encounters. But consider the harmony which would exist, even in the most trying circumstances, between an aggressive wolf and a meek one. After the former had gorged to his fill, he might condescend to leave some scrappings for his admiring friend. But this same admiring friend would die happily rather than begrudge his idol a morsel.

The psychological truth of the attraction of opposites continue into the human race with singular fidelity to our savage ancestors. Everyone has a strain of temperament which lacks certain qualities and naturally searches for a complement. Is it strange that Mrs. Smith, who is garrulous, despises Mrs. Brown, who is also gorrulous, and constantly extols Mrs. Jones, a wonderful listener? Mr. Jones, who is extravagant and temperamental, is always relieved to have his home managed so efficiently by his wife, even if she is so hopelessly prosaic. The synical Mr. Smith thoroughly enjoys the effect his pessimism makes on his cheerful wife, and also enjoys her carefree loquasciousness.

The attraction of opposites can usually be ascribed to variety on the part of one and to weakness on the part of the other. A "strong" person, which means frequently an imperious person, loves to lord it over a weaker one, who in turn loves to be lorded over. The temperamental, extravagant half of a friendship is usually managed and guided by the practical half. The truth remains that opposites are an attraction.

Margot Clark, '30

MEDFORD 18 CAMB. LATIN 9

The game at the Fulton St. grounds featured by heavy hitting Medford High School slugged out an 18 to 9 win over the Cantabs,. A total of 32 hits registered in all. Wright and Colclough smashed out home runs. Harlow and Hogan with 4 and 3 hits respectively featured at the bat for the Cantabs.

The score:

MEDFORD

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Boyan, 2	5	0	1	1
Over, lf	3	2	0	0
Spaulding, p	5	3	1	6
McCarthy, c	5	2	5	1
Colclough, 1	6	4	13	1
Wright, cf	5	3	1	0
Wendall, s	2	1	2	4
Kline, rf	2	2	2	0
Faucette, 3	2	2	2	3
	35	19	27	16

CAMB. LATIN

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Harlow	6	4	6	0
Reidy, s	4	1	2	1
Bracket, 1	4	2	7	1
McFadgen, cf	1	0	1	0
Droney, lf	2	0	2	0
Katz, 3	4	1	0	2
Hogan, 2	5	3	3	0
Nolan, lf	3	0	3	0
Matthews, cf	2	0	0	0
White, Crf	4	2	0	0
Lekakas, p	2	0	0	3
Casey, p	3	0	0	4
	40	13	24	11

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Medford	2	0	0	2	5	5	3	1	x	—18
Camb. L.	2	0	0	3	1	0	0	2	1	— 9

2 base hits—Hogan 2, Katz, White, Murphy, Wright 2, 3 base hits—Kline, McCarthy, Harlow. Home runs—Wright, Cloclough.

RINDGE TECH 12 CAMB. LATIN 3

Rindge Tech won the first game between the Camb. City rivals at a score of 12 to 3. Delhouis and Burke were the heavy hitters for Rindge, while the Latin batters could do very little with the slants of Galligan.

The score:

RINDGE TECH

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Burke, lf	4	3	3	0
Westberg, c	5	2	5	1
Phillips, 3	5	1	6	3
Ver'has, rf	4	1	4	0
Anderson, cf	4	0	1	0
Loud, s	4	2	3	1
Delhousie, 2	4	3	1	2
Harris, 1	3	0	4	0
Galligan, p	3	1	0	3
	36	13	27	10

CAMB. LATIN

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Reidy, s	4	0	4	1
Laroude, 1	5	2	2	0
Harlow, c	4	0	7	3
Bracket, 1	3	0	4	1
McFadgen, cf	5	3	3	0
Katz, 3	5	0	2	0
Hogan, rf	2	2	1	0
White, r	1	0	0	0
Sullivan, 2	5	0	4	0
Lakakas, p	1	0	0	2
Browning, p	1	0	0	1
Casey, p	0	0	0	0
Matthews, rf	1	1	0	0
	37	7	27	8

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Rindge	0	2	4	0	1	3	2	0	0	—12
Latin	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	—3

2 base hits, Westberg and Burke. Stolen bases, Westberg and Var'sor.

BASEBALL TEAM

BASKETBALL TEAM

AS the last school days approach, it is with great satisfaction that the debating class reviews its work of the 1928-1929 season. To be sure there has been a scarcity of outside debates, but the program carried out this year has practically assured a successful team for several years. Next year the plans will be carried a step farther; there will be Debating I and Debating II. The latter will be in the form of a forum conducted solely by the members with Mr. William Foley acting as faculty advisor. This forum is open only to those students who have been in the debating class. But for all who wish to become interesting talkers there is a great opportunity in Debating I. This class should appeal especially to lower class men who will, after a year here, be eligible to join the forum and thus to represent "Latin" in the outside debates.

Next year's forum will be composed of Crane, Norris, Segel, Alperts, O'Rourke, and McKenny. Ford and Hogan may also return. "Eddie" Crane has debated ever since entering high school, and he should be one of the mainstays of the team. Norris, who was a member of the winning Class of '30 teams when he was a freshman and sophomore, should undoubtedly be a factor in many victories. Segel and Alperts have this year risen from obscurity to veritable fame by their fine presentations in Junior and Senior assembles. O'Rourke, although rather inactive this year, has a remarkable voice which, coupled with a bit of sound thinking, should make him a hard man to beat. It is hoped that Ford and Hogan will decide to come back next fall. They both have a fine manner of delivery and their all around ability would make them an asset to any team. So, with a forum composed of these fine arguers, it is easy to see why we predict a most successful season.

According to tentative plans we will hold at least three major debates during the year. These will probably be with Andover, Rindge, and Boston Latin. The Andover meeting, which was canceled this year because of sickness at the Academy, is already a certainty. Besides these three debates we will probably meet many metropolitan high school representatives. It would be especially fine to debate Arlington, whom we have met in former years.

Next year we will surely feel the loss of Murphy, Dennehy, and Farrington, who end their high school debating careers this June.

* * *

By the time you have received this *Review* the biggest event of the debating season, the Dunnell Cup debate, will have become history. The date was set for Tuesday evening, May twenty-eighth, at eight o'clock, in the Latin School hall. The contestants were the Junior and Senior debating teams. The seniors chose to uphold the affirmative side of the question "Resolved: that Capital Punishment should be Abolished in Massachusetts"; the juniors, the negative. Mr. Cleveland accepted the invitation to preside as chairman.

John Murphy, a fine talker, was chosen as first speaker for the seniors; James Ford, who needs no introduction to debating followers, was placed second; and William Hogan, our outstanding debater, was selected to finish the prepared argument of his side.

Alperts, McKenney, and Milton Segel won the coveted places on the Class of 1930 team.

To close the debate Ned McKenney and "Bill" Hogan will each give a five minute refutation of his opponents' arguments.

We will be especially fortunate in having as judges Mr. Etzhorn, chief librarian of the City of Cambridge; Mr. Paul Cocoran, a business man of Cambridge and formerly a "Latin" debater; and Mr. George McLaughlin, also a former "Latin" arguer and now a prominent lawyer.

N. Burr McKenney.

THE OWL

(*Continued from page 6*)

character and it puzzled Bull. They were a good five miles from the nearest sheep camp, and twenty miles away and almost a mile up from the nearest town; and Bull didn't wish to be bothered with a "locoed" Mexican. Nor did he wish to tend sheep alone till his somewhat irritable boss could find another sheep hand. So he applied the cowboy's principal formula to the case.

"Fergit it," he advised, "And the next time you see a quart bottle three quarters full lyin' around another feller's camp don't get so light fingered. You coulda saved half o' it for me when I got back from town, anyway. Now then, that owl's away for good. Git some sleep an' fergit it!"

After taking off his hat and shoes Bull rolled himself in his blankets and dropped asleep within thirty seconds of his last utterance. When the first mists of dawn arose from the creek and the last faint star disappeared from the western sky, Bull arose slowly, stretched, and swore drowsily to himself. He put on his hat, and was about to don his shoes, when he noticed the Mexican's blankets empty. He jumped up and looked about him mildly. A few yards away sat Pedro fast asleep, propped up against a rock. He was surrounded by an army of cigarette butts, and even in his sleep, clutched fast to Bull's shotgun.

"Well, I'll be!" exclaimed Bull. "He musta got an awful dose o' owl."

But when he awakened Pedro, he made no allusion to the affair of the previous evening, and was relieved to see that Pedro had practically forgotten about it. Their breakfast of bacon and bread fried in grease and coffee to wash it down was soon over; and by the time Pedro had washed out the skillet and plates with mud, Bull had the horses caught and saddled for the day's work. This was, for the Mexican, to round up any sheep that had strayed in the night, and for Bull, to drive over a flock from another camp. These and other tasks filled the day, and again the two sat by the fire as on the night previous. This time, Bull had discreetly tucked his shotgun under his bedding. He noticed that Pedro had stacked the plates and cups, with apparently no idea of washing them till morning, a task which would have necessitated a hundred foot walk through the brush to the creek in the dark. Bull decided to say nothing, and started to manufacture a Bull Durham cigarette. He had just tapped out a judiciously measured pile of tobacco onto the paper, when an exclamation burst from the Mexican.

"!Dios Mio! T' owl!" he howled, and Bull heard the whistling whirr of the bird's wings only ten feet overhead. He saw the eyes shining as they passed over. Pedro dove for the gun, but Bull was ahead of him. The Mexican could not pull it from Bull's fists.

"Leave it be," said Bull, "or I'll smash you one!"

"Demelo!" pleaded Pedro frantically "That bird! Ajay!"

Bull pulled the Mexican's hands from the gun.

"Listen! you blame near wrecked everything last night. Leave this gun be. It's empty anyhow!"

This was not true. Both barrels were charged with heavy charge, but it partially quieted the Mexican. He drew close to the fire and pared around him. Bull's scalps prickled. He was glad that gun was loaded. But:

"Now see here, Pedro, you gotta quit this or get out. 'Tain't no bird gonna cart you off. A owl's got sense. Awhat good'al you do him? You're little enough use 'round here even to me, I'm a keepin' this gun right here empty myself. An' next time don't be scared to divvy up hard likker with a partner. 'S the trouble with you Spiks, Can't drink licker without getting drunk and havin' fits fer a week later. Naw calm down an' fergit it!"

"That bird, he want me," persisted Pedro sullenly.

"That oughtta be a consolation to you, that somebody kin find use fer you," answered Bull. "Awell, I'm gonna hit the hay. And this gun stays here with me."

Bull rolled up, this time keeping on both shoes and hat. Pedro crept closer and closer to the fire as it died out, apparently fearing to collect more fuel. He soon stole over to Bull's still form and felt among the blankets. He should have known that, had Bull been asleep, he would not have been so silent.

"What d'you want?" asked Bull.

"T' gun. I want t' gun. I oila gun for you," whispered Pedro ingeniously.

"You done a good enough job oilin' yourself," declared Bull, "The gun don't need it anyomer'n you did. I'm a-keeping it."

"Please, the gun geeve me. I want t' gun."

"No!"

Pedro drew over to the last few coals of the fire. Bull pitied him after a fashion, but he was afraid to give him the gun. Aside from the fact that Bull wanted the gun himself, there were too many things a crazed Mexican and a 12 guage double barrel could do. He was dozing off when the Mexican screamed.

"Huya diablo! Quitame!" he shrieked. And

(*Continued on page 18*)

Waiter (after customer had been ringing ten minutes): "Did you ring, sir?"

Gentleman: "No, no. Just tolling. Thought you were dead."

"Do you let men kiss you?"

"No. But I'm not very strong."

"What's the matter with that ball player?"

"I hear it's high blond pressure."

Mrs. Newlywed: I want to get some lard.

Clerk: Pail?

Mrs. Newlywed: O my! I didn't know it came in different shades.

Fair Visitor: And is that a genuine blood hound?

Bored Prison Official: Oh yes, mum. Come over here Jerry and bleed for the lady.

She insisted hotly that, economy or no economy, she must have a new dress, and he, with equal warmth, declined to produce the cash.

"I'll never speak to you again," she said angrily.

"How like a woman," he sighed. "When everything else fails, she tries bribery."

Dad: "What's the idea of getting in at four in the morning?"

Daughter (regretfully): "Well, Jack ran out of money and they asked us to leave."

Tell Me Not

"Has Algy any interest in life?"

"Well, he exercises the dog."

Uneasy Lies

Landlady: Good morning, Mr. Stubbs. Did you sleep well?

New Lodger: So-so. I'm afraid I'm not used to these three—season beds.

Landlady: Three seasons?

Lodger: Yes. You know. No Spring!

"Jones, here's the half-dollar I owe you."

"Great Scott Tom, I'd forgotten all about it."

"Then why on earth didn't you say so?"

"What time do you get up in summer?"

"As soon as the first ray of sun comes in at my window."

"Isn't that rather early?"

"No, my room faces west."

Fashion Notes

The vogue for knitting needles is said to be returning. Women find them so convenient for cleaning out cigarette holders.

Collars will be worn as usual by the laundries this year.

"How big is a tug boat?"

"What kind of a tug boat?"

"Oh, a big one."

"How big?"

While a college man is getting a liberal education his dad is getting an education in liberality.

"And why is he so snobbish?"

"Why he was the first man in town to be run over by one of the new Fords."

"Why did the waiter bring you two eggs this morning when you ordered only one?"

"He said he didn't have the heart to separate them after all these years."

When Cupid hits the mark he usually Mrs. it.

"If caught by traffic in the middle of the street, the best thing to do is to stand still," said an expert.

And if time permits, scribble a farewell message on the back of a visiting card.

"On what do you base your qualifications as a candidate for the baseball team?"

"Well, sir, I pitched and tossed last summer on a student tour."

....*City Librarian* (to rural applicant): Name, sir?

R. A.: Hickey, ma'm.

C. L.: Your first name, please?

R. A. (blushing): Are ye that interested?

She: What do you think of Il Penseroso?

He: It's the best ten cent cigar on the market.

"Are you the trained nurse mamma said was coming?"

"Yes, dear, I am the trained nurse."

"All right. Let's see you do some of your tricks."

Miss Simp: I hear you are a pillar of the church.

Sunday Golfer: No, I'm just a flying buttress. I support it from the outside.

A Conversation With the Gas Man

"Wha-a-a-t!

"Why the very idea, the house was shut up a whole week last month and the rest of the time I didn't do a bit of cooking on the gas stove and I was just as saving as I could be as I always am unless I have company which I didn't last month at all so you see your horrid old company is robbing me when goodness knows it's hard enough to pay honest bills without paying for something you didn't use and you go right back and tell your thieving old company that I won't pay a cent of it because one month I used the gas stove every day and had company every night and my bill was only $2.80 and so I won't pay this awful bill and — well if he hasn't gone and I wanted to pay him!"

Harvard University founded — the oldest institution of football and accidental learning in America.

When he said it was his custom
I now know what he meant
Jones borrowed my umbrella.
To religiously keep lent.

Stude: My dad says he though nothing of studying five hours every night.

Ditto: Don't think so much of it myself.

Balloonist (who has lost his bearings): Ahoy there! Where am I?

Farmer: Heh, heh, you can't fool me. You're up there in that little basket.

Agent: No, lady, this train goes to Baltimore, Boston, and points east.

Just Graduated: "Well, I want a train to Cleveland and I don't care which way it points.

Talkative Barber: Sir, your hair is getting gray.

Irate Customer: Quite possible; please hurry a little faster.

A young man was lying on an operation table ready for an examination.

Doctor (to attendant): Bring in ethyl chloride.

Young Man (jumping up): No, Doctor; please don't bring a woman in here!

Dog Catcher: Have your dogs got licenses?

Little Boy: No, sir, but they've got callouses.

Man (rushing into editor's office): See here, you've published an announcement of my death by mistake. You must fix that up somehow.

Editor: Well, we never contradict anything we have published, but I tell you what I'll do. I'll put you in the Birth's column tomorrow and give you a fresh start.

Inquisitive Old Lady: Where did those large rocks come from?

Tired Guide: The glaciers brought them down.

Inquisitive Old Lady: But where are the glaciers?

Tired Guide: They have gone back after more rocks.

"I understand that your daughter is a finished soprano."

"No, not yet. But the neighbors almost got her last night."

Cabman: You remember that horse you sold me last week?

Horsedealer: Yes. What about him?

Cabman: He fell dead yesterday.

Horsedealer: Well, I never! I told you he had some funny little tricks but upon my word I never knew him to do that before.

Nervous Lady: What are the passengers looking out the window for?

Conductor: We ran over a cat, madam.

Nervous Lady: Was the cat on the track?

Conductor: Oh no, madam, the locomotive chased him up an alley.

OUR Boy Dance, held shortly before the May vacation, was very successful and turned out to be one of the best dances of the year. Music for the dancing was furnished by a five-piece orchestra. The girls with their vary-colored gowns presented quite a different appearance in the gymn from their usual middy and bloomerd clad selves. The patronesses were Miss Olive Cox, Miss Olive Lynch, Miss Josephine McLaughlin, and Miss Alice Brown. The patrons were Mr. William Foley, Mr. William Cunningham, and Mr. Garrett Foley.

Just the sort of thing that is going to lead Ol'

Two very interesting basketball games were played between the girls who are still in school and the girls who have graduated. Alice Adams "28" was in charge of the alumnae. Alice Conant, barred from playing because she attends the Sargent School, refereed. The alumnae who made up the two teams were Alice Adams, Edith Hanson, Catherine McCormack, Margaret Sheridan, Eleanor Shaffer, Catherine Corcoran, Virginia Britt, Loretta Wetmore, Margaret Hurlihy, Gertrude Sullivan, Teresa Maloney, Eleanor Perry, Alice Terry, and Margaret Grant. The undergraduates held the first alumnae team to a tie, but the alumnae second team won.

In a basketball game with the Radcliffe freshmen, honors were almost even. Their first team won, and our second team beat theirs. One of the most exciting games of the season was played with Newton at our gym. Newton not only had a very fine team but also had the advantage of height. At the end of the first half our team was behind, but by heart-breaking degrees we crept up until the final whistle found us with thirty-four points to their thirty-two.

Our senior and sophomore class teams also beat Waltham.

The week of May thirteenth a new scheme for raising money was to be tried out. Food was to be contributed by members and sold to the hungry millionaires of the school at lunchtime. Evelyn Cummings was chairman of the committee.

Baseball is now well underway, and interclass games have been arranged. This year the Seniors and Sophomores have combined into one team. This team will play both the Freshman and Sophomore teams. The winning team of the triangle will receive silver baseballs. The present Sophomores who won last year hope to duplicate the performance.

There were many entries in the Spring tennis tournament. Grace Mills, last year's champion, was defending her cup against the field. Anne Goverman, who had charge of the tournament, proposed that the three best girl players challenge the four best boy players. Doubtless, her idea has already been acted upon. Interest in tennis is increasing every year, and it is rapidly taking a place among the major sports.

The date for the annual picnic was set for June the first at Kendall Green. Last year, it rained on the appointed day, but a small, determined group arrived at the picnic ground despite the rain. They were met at the gate by a surprised hostess. Very ostentatiously, under an umbrella, but with the true detachment of great minds they went on to picnic. A week later these same enthusiasts plus the rest of the G.A.A., attended the official picnic. All this is by way of explaining Misis Brown's remark, somewhat cryptic to the uninitiated, that this year there would be only one picnic.

The following girls were nominated in the primaries for next year's officers: for President, Gertrude Burns and Marjory Leighton; for Vice-President, Ann Goverman, Phyllis Grace, and Gertrude Dainis; for Secretary, Bradley Britt and Ruth Hibbard.

On Wednesday, the fifteenth of May, letters and numerals were given out in the assembly hall. Varsity letters went to the following girls: Bunny O'Hearn (capt.), Ann Goverman, Mary Groden, Ruth Hibbard, Marjory Lynch, Margaret O'Connell, Sally Roche, Winifred Shaffer, Florence Williams. Varsity second team letters go to Bradley Britt, Gertrude Burns, Caribel Conant, Gertrude Dainis, Francis Grove, Araxie Tasjian, Florence Shaffer, Blanche Wetmore. Letters with numerals to: Seniors, Bunny O'Hearn, Marjory Lynch, Sally Roche (capt.), Margaret O'Connell, Francis Grove, Winifred Shaffer, Florence Williams, Mgr. Shirley Trask; Juniors, Captain Anne Goverman, Bradley Britt,

(*Continued on page 18*)

THE "REVIEW" STAFF

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

(*Continued from page 16*)

Gertrude Burns, Betty Manker, Mary Groden, Marjory Parker; Sophomores, Capt. Ruth Hibbard, Araxie Tasjian, Lilla Cavanaugh, Anna White, Caribel Conant, Gertrude Dainis, Palm Zappala; Freshmen, Capt. Elaine Poehler, Barbara Farwell, Matilde Pflaumer, Gertrude Lancaster, Sarah McKenney, Clara Maloney, Helen Kenney, Myrtle White.

Numerals for playing on class teams to Blanche Wetmore, Senior, Marjory Leighton, Junior, and Una Gore and Nancy Houlihan, Freshman.

THE OWL

(*Continued from page 13*)

jumping up ran madly out into the darkness. Bull sat up stiffy a half second later than his own hair. He heard the whirr of wings above the tumult. He leaped clear of his blankets and caught up his gun with one movement. He just barely discerned a dark object crossing a lighter space of the sky. He threw the gun to his shoulder and blazed away, regardless of consequences. With the luck that often comes to those that need it, his shot flew true. The bird abruptly fell into the sage brush. But the Mexican continued to dash on madly, tripping over the knee-high brush at every pace.

"A-key awayloy! Come on back! I got him!" called Bull starting out in hot pursuit. "Come on back you fool! Vayni a-key!"

Bull followed for a hundred yards, then drew up short, startled. The swishing and tearing of the sagebrush ceased abruptly, and the Mexican's crazed shrieks suddenly changed to an agonized gasp. Bull realized what had happened. A moment later came a dull thud, then silence save for the echoes of the pattering of loose shale on the base of the cliff.

The owl had done its work.

* * *

I was talking to Bull some months later.

"But this bird I shot down," said he, "was a sage-chicken. Then Injuns are sure a dumb race."

"Then the mysterious spell of the owl was ...?" I queried.

"Marihuana cigarettes," said Bull. "It's a weed that grows in Mexico. I don't know how he got his last bunch. When a Mexican smokes Marihuana he goes plumb off his nut. He don't know one-tenth o' what he does before he smokes it, and that's a cusse'd little. An' that's what caused his death." A pause. "That and not divvyin' hard licker with a pardner."

WM. M. CONNOR, JR., '28.

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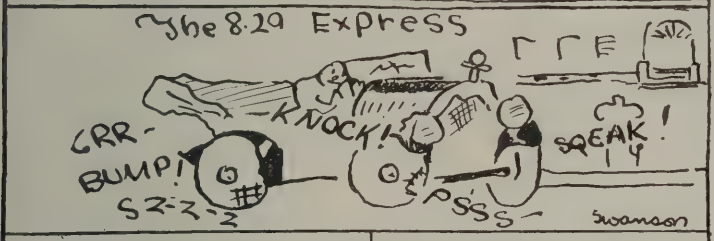

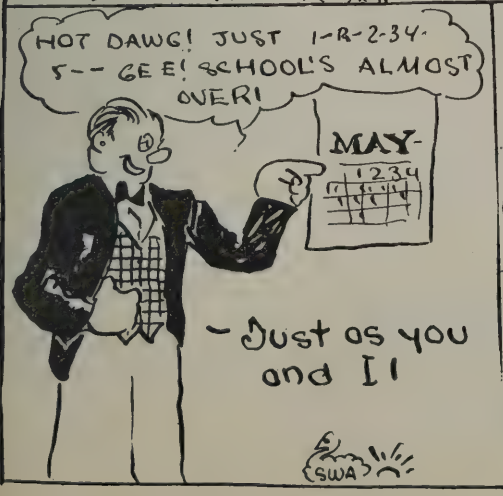

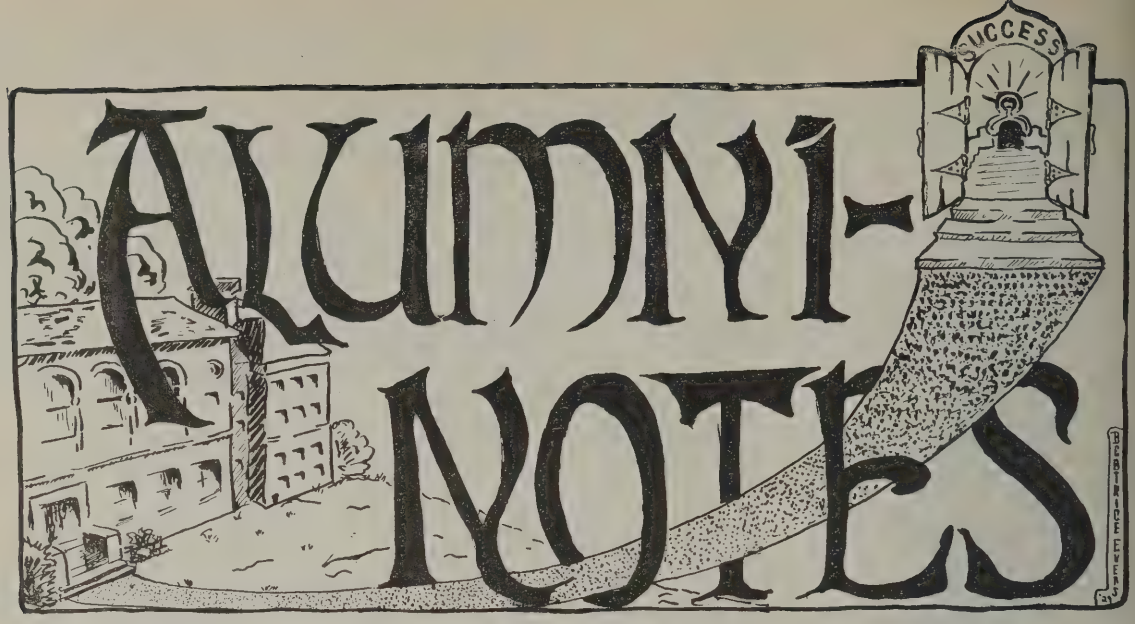

Mr. Durrell, Secretary of the Alumni Association, has very kindly sent us a list of C. H. L. graduates who have died recently; their names and dates of death are as follows:

1868

Isabelle Frances Curtis—February 5, 1929.

1870

Sarah Frances Haughtan—March 20, 1929.

1871

Walter Woodman (M.D.)—September 4, 1928.

1873

Lydia Ann Parsons—March 2, 1929.

1873

Arthur Perrin—October 8, 1928.

1878

Thomas Patrick Cantan—February 10, 1929.

1878

Mary Agnes Burke—August 26, 1928.

1884

Arthur Lincoln Howard—January 8, 1929.

1885

Clara Adelia Hall—July 13, 1928.

1889

Lena Elizabeth Daw—March 4, 1929.

1889

Albert Stokes Apsey—November 30, 1928.

1905

Robert Jewett Gilmour—July 12, 1928.

1918

John F. Hayes, Vice President of the American Oil Co. of Massachusetts is engaged to Ruth Cecelia Lyons, a 1925 graduate of Trinity College, Washington.

1919

Frances Cecilia Dwyer was recently married to Edward J. Mullen, an associate in the Trading department of the First National Corporation of Boston. Frances Dwyer has for the past last few years been chief clerk in the certifying

1922

Harlan Robinson Aldard is a senior in the Suffolk Law School.

1924

Edward Weiner, Walter Henry McClaughlin and Henry Francis Trogan are all seniors in the Suffolk Law School.

Eleanor Spencer Holmes, a former member of the Review Staff is engaged to Harry Brewerton Duane, Jr., of Boston. The wedding will take place early in the fall.

1925

Elizabeth Gerould and Shirley D. Gregson, are, according to the results of the mid-year examinations, on the Dean's list at Radcliffe.

1926

Dorothy Hager is a junior at Simmons, and is doing very will in her studies.

Julia P. Sweeney, Elsie H. Field, and Alison P. Marks are all on the Dean's list at Radcliffe.

Adele Wood has been elected Vice-President of the junior class at Radcliffe; she has also been chosen to coach "Patsy", the freshman dramatic production to be given May 3.

1927

Miriam Berkman, and Fannie McJean who are now sophomers at Radcliffe are both on the Dean's List.

Rebecca Peasler, and Edith Snow both have positions in the John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

Hyman G. Buller, Peter Pertzo, and Frederic G. Broure were recently awarded scholarships at Harvard. These scholarships were based on the marks obtained at a mid-year examination.

1928

Olive Olson, a freshman at the Lesley school, took part in a costume party recently held in the assembly hall of the school. Her costume was that of a Spanish girl.

Bernice Clute, as whistler, was one of the entertainers at Miss Hayden's concert given May 13.

Gilbert E. Mottla and Ordway Southard were among the three hundred and eighty-two under-graduates who received scholarships at Harvard recently.

Stuart Lindh is studying at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Mary Hayward is in her first year at Bryant & Stratton.

Paul O'Leary is a freshman at Boston College.

Mary Cronin is a freshman at Emmanuel.

Alice Gustin is in her first year at Bryant & Stratton.

Herman Field is a member of the Harvard Glee Club.

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For the last time I take the old machine in hand to tap out a few notes on our contemporaries. As the poet said "The first hundred years are the hardest." I'm two hundred years old. Well, here goes.

The "Blue Owl" from the School at Attleboro, Mass. This Blue Owl has purple feathers. I suppose that makes a so much wiser bird. The literary department is exceedingly interesting. I've noticed all year that Attleboro has a large number of budding novelists, an asset to any school. Their departments are very good also. On the whole a good job. Inspected and passed by censor.

The "Maroon and White" from La Salle Academy of Providence, R. I., is another fine offering. The front cover starts the good work and every page thereafter carries on. Again we find an interesting literary section. The athletic page is exceptionally fine, we'll see that boy a headliner among the sport writers yet. I like this magazine's class notes, their school is evidently not as large as ours, and they are certainly more intimate. Interesting, but you can imagine my embarassment.

Let us pick some of this "Golden Rod" from Quincy High. My Cow! I am scoprise. Here is an actual, real, true, and marvelous production of High-minded and pure-sculed Youth. Just the sort of thing that is going to lead Ol' Man World out of today and all the humdrum, silly, Main Streetish rot into the bright, shining, silvery dawn of the New Day, the Millenium, By Cracky! Hooray! Whoopee and what not. Let's all get out and push. I'm afraid our young friends have been reading the American Mercury and other similar inflamstory literature of this Age of Reason. Nevertheless, "With all her faults I love her still." Indeed I do. It does this poor old brain (so called out of courtesy) good to see somebody willing and able to get out of the rut. More power to you, Hay Fever, I beg your pardon Golden Rod.

Oh, my gracious. Just look at this Here's "the Optimis" from the South Side High School of Newark, N. J. Been sitting beside the Golden Rod for so long no wonder it's blue. To think the world is come to such a pass. Something Has Got To Be Done About This. Just what is the world coming to that a perfectly nice magazine can't even exist without running up against the jeers and jibes of this new-fangled intelligenzia. It's disgusting, etc. But maybe you get my drift all ready. The Optimist is all that the Golden Rod is not, proper, respectable, decent, refined and so on. Hey there, don't weep. I like that kind too for a change, because it is out of the ordinary. Variety for me every time. Perhaps it is old maidish but it's a fine sheet just the same.

Here my friends is THE school paper of all time. May I present The Bostonian of the Memorial High School for Boys of Boston, Massachusetts. I'm sure that you will all agree that such popularity must be deserved. Here we have an editorial on Education for Mastery, I'm sure we all ought to read that. It is extremely instructive. BLAH. And so on. Hokum and worse. Gwan, git outa here.

There now who said girls weren't as good journalists as boys, I never did. (I wouldn't dare.) Here we have some proof. The Girls Latin School over in Boston, a Jabberwock has caught and tamed it, and how. The bloomin' beastie is sitting on his behaunches and calooing and callaying with frabjus joy. I did not know girls could be beamish but I know it now. This Jabberwock is one extremely fine job. And with that I bid you one and all a fond and confectionate fare well. Cheerio. Likewise Toodle-oo.

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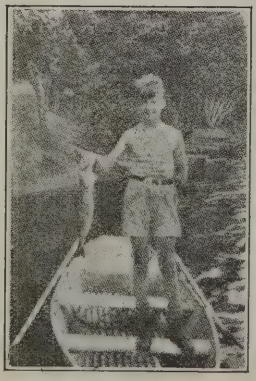

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